THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D[illegible] by Benj[illegible]nklin

APRIL 27, 1918

5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

IRVIN S. COBB — ELIZABETH FRAZER — GEORGE PATTULLO — WILL IRWIN
CHARLES E. VAN LOAN — MAXIMILIAN FOSTER — F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

The rug on the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 342. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails for $8.50. It is impossible to show here the many charming colors in this design.

ART-RUGS AND FLOOR-COVERINGS
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED
A DAMP CLOTH WILL REMOVE SEAL IF IT STICKS TO GOODS

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal ART-RUGS

This Gold Seal Prevents Mistakes

Sometimes people think they are buying Congoleum just because the dealer says "This is a felt-base material." But listen! It isn't Congoleum unless it's marked with the above Gold Seal pasted on the face of the rug. You won't go wrong if you see the Gold Seal.

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IT IS impossible for any kind of dirt, ashes, grit, dust, mud, etc., to "grind into" a Congoleum Art-Rug, because the surface is hard and non-absorbent. So there is never any back-breaking sweeping or beating necessary. A damp mop is all you need to keep these Rugs clean. Think what a great convenience that is!

Designed by Experts

The beautiful patterns shown in Congoleum Art-Rugs have all been designed for us by artists who understand the importance of choosing color-tones that will harmonize pleasantly with the average home furnishings. There are designs suitable for any room in the house where a low-priced rug is desired.

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Congoleum Art-Rugs lie flat without fastening and do not "kick up" or curl at the edges. They are sanitary. They are rot-proof. They contain no burlap. They are economical because of our patented processes that reduce costs. They wear longer than other printed floor-coverings.

Here Is What They Cost

Congoleum Art-Rugs will be found at your dealer's in the following popular sizes and low prices:

3	feet x 4½	feet, ...	$2.10 each
3	feet x 6	feet, ...	2.85 each
6	feet x 9	feet, ...	8.50 each
7½	feet x 9	feet, ...	10.60 each
9	feet x 9	feet, ...	12.75 each
9	feet x 10½	feet, ...	14.85 each
9	feet x 12	feet, ...	17.00 each

Prices in the Far West and South are 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices are 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Send for the new Rug Color-Chart

We have prepared a beautiful color-chart showing the Art-Rugs in actual colors. It gives many valuable hints on making your floors beautiful at little cost. Just write your name and address on a post-card and mail it to the nearest office. We'll send you the chart at once.

The Congoleum Company

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Philadelphia · Chicago · San Francisco · Boston · Montreal · Winnipeg · Vancouver · St. John, N. B. · Toronto · Halifax, N. S.

The Barrett Company

Be Sure to Get Genuine Congoleum

Congoleum Art-Rugs are so popular, and there are so many people *asking for them*, that it is just human nature for the dealer who doesn't handle Congoleum to try to sell you something he says is "just as good."

There is one sure way to tell the genuine Congoleum at a glance. LOOK FOR THE NEW GOLD SEAL (illustrated above) bearing our broad "money back" guarantee, which you will find pasted on the face of only the real Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings.

If you don't see the Gold Seal, *insist* that the dealer show you the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back.

YOU can buy this watch, which shows the time in the dark as clearly as in the light, for only $2.25

IT is the new Ingersoll Radiolite—with figures and hands that glow in the dark and show the time as clear as day.

The substance on the figures and hands contains a minute quantity of real radium, thus making it permanently luminous without need of exposure to the light. This luminosity, like the watch, is guaranteed.

The Ingersoll Radiolite is a 24-hour-a-day watch—a modern watch. It is the watch for people who demand full-time service from the things they own.

No one ever knows how much he needs a day-and-night watch until he has carried one. It is particularly useful as an under-the-pillow watch. Motorists need it; so do sportsmen, travellers, night watchmen, farmers, boys and so on.

The Two-in-One and the Wrist watches are widely used by nurses and by women in the home—the Two-in-One on the desk, dressing table or piano, and beside the bed at night.

For men in the service, in addition, there are soldier models—wrist watches and a special Service Watch which may be carried in the blouse pocket.

For soldier or sailor, there is no gift like a watch, nothing so useful, nothing consulted so often, nothing such a constant reminder of the folks at home.

There's an Ingersoll dealer near you. It is advisable to see him soon for the demand for Ingersolls is much larger than the supply.

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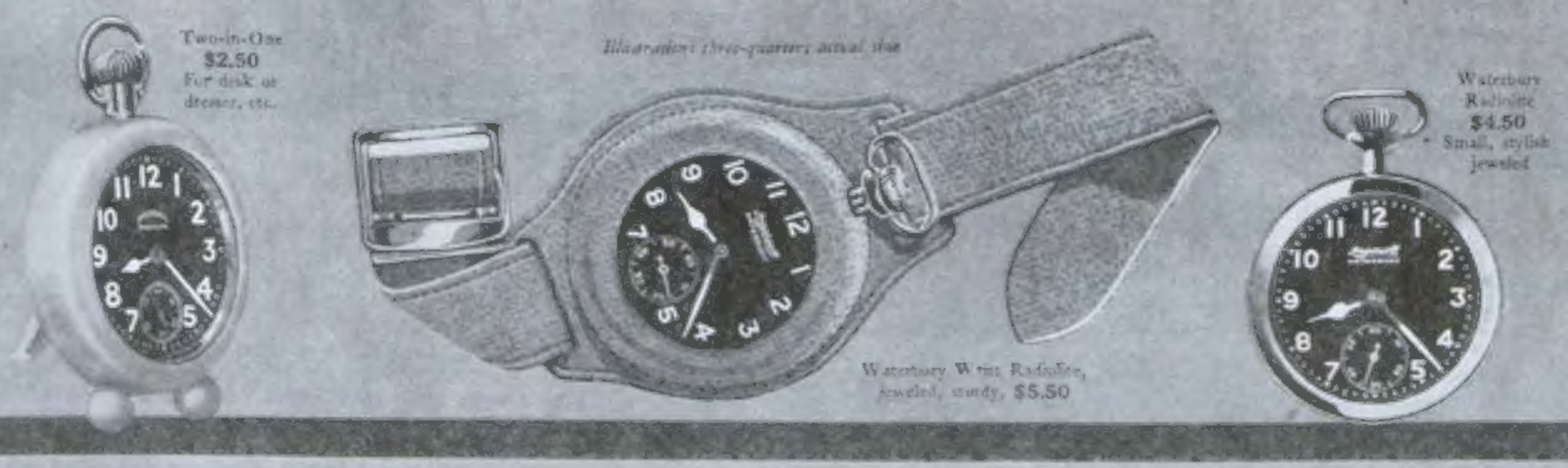
There's no Radiolite but an Ingersoll Radiolite



How can you save wool?

"Economy in the consumption of all the things needed by the nation for the winning of the war—the releasing of labor and materials from the pursuits of peace to the business of war—these fundamental necessities of our war program must be understood by all our people if we are to put our whole strength behind our men in France."

(From a statement by the Secretary of the Treasury, published in the Chicago Tribune.)

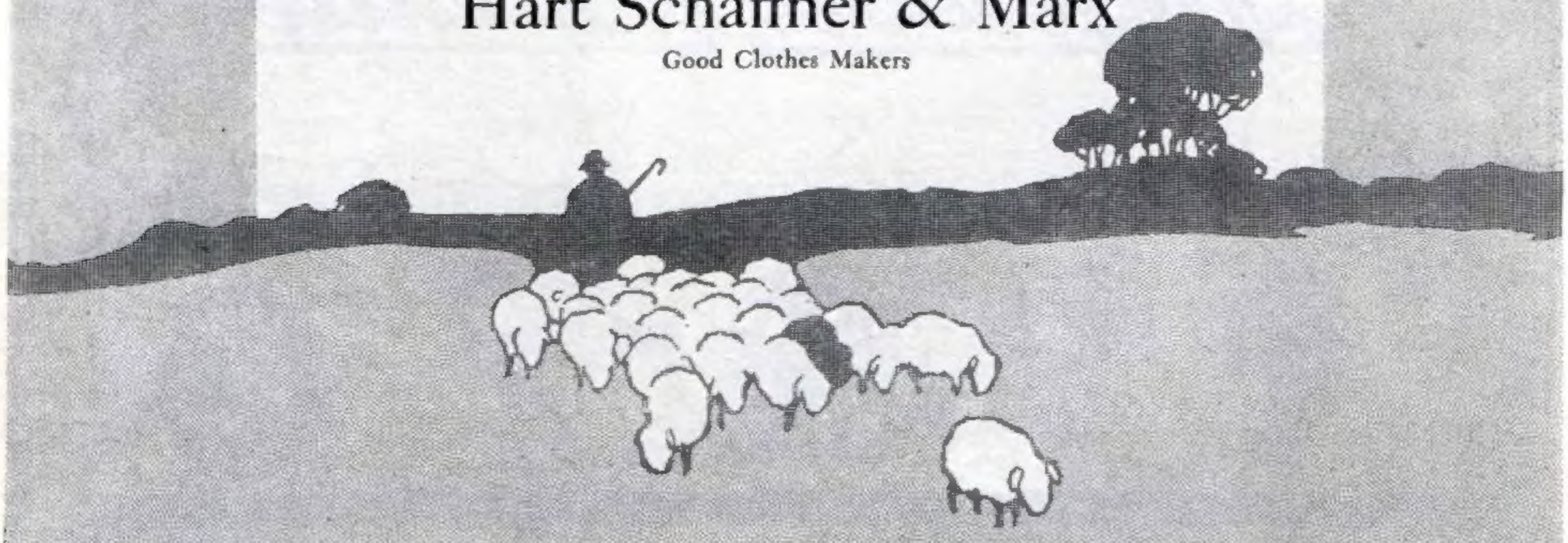
SAVING wool is one of the things the country needs, and it's one of the things you can do The best way to save wool is to stop wasting it; fabrics that don't give long wear are not economy; they're waste

The economy is in the service that all-wool fabrics give; such clothes wear so much longer, and look so much better, that even at the higher price they cost less, and waste less

That's why we make our clothes of all-wool fabrics; they save in service Our label is the sign; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers



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PEACE—By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

"ACHTUNG!" said a sergeant gruffly. "Less noise there!"

The irregular trench, traversed at short intervals, was choked with close-packed men, above whose deep-helmeted heads a bayonet glinted faintly here and there in the twilight. The first stars were just beginning to appear in a night that would be moonless. Noncommissioned officers pushed their way through the throng, verifying the equipment of their men, emphasizing final warnings and instructions. Their tone was businesslike; their scrutiny the keen matter-of-fact scrutiny of a trainer before the race.

The double rank of men, who filled the trench from traverse to traverse on a company front, were diversely armed. Here they leaned on rifles, with bayonets already fixed. There they were cramming into haversacks the last bombs issued to them by corporals who insisted that each man have his full tale. Farther on, broken into little groups, they stood over the light machine guns, now dismantled, which could be easily transported and set up in an instant. Their respective noncommissioned officers completed the last details of their inspection; swore gutturally but with restrained voices at some man more clumsy than his fellows.

The men stood in stolid silence, their faces haggard and dirty under the deep helmets that all but hid them, the faded gray of their uniforms yellow with mud where a sergeant's torch flashed on them for a moment.

They shivered in the chill of the evening. Some coughed nervously. All were obviously tense, high-strung.

In front of them, here and there, men crouched close under the solid wall of sandbags; gazed down into the reflectors of periscopes. At intervals shadowy figures, clustered about machine guns fitted in strongly armored emplacements that were invisible from the other side, came into a brief prominence of movement as they tested the arc of traverse of the gun or drew long belts of ammunition from heavy boxes.

Every man in the trench wore the same serious, determined expression. The methodical precision of their movements spoke of long habit in the performance of these tasks, whose gravity was capital. Death, in a few minutes, would be only warded off by the death they dealt; might strike them blindly even then, despite their most scientific precaution.

Yet there was no revolt on the faces of these men. They were set in a gloomy fatalism that overrode the tremors of the quivering body; the fatalism of men inured to the unchallengeable caprice of Death, which ruled their world and lurked, at all times ready to swoop, beyond that sandbagged wall. Sooner or later, in one of countless ways, it would strike. However many perils they had survived, they were hopeless of any other end. A peace rumor had long ceased to be other than a subject for savage mockery. The war was an eternity that had claimed their temporal lives. Yet was the instinct undiminished to fight to the last for their continuance.

There was, however, a special bitterness in their somber souls as they prepared for the night's work.

"*Diese verfluchte Amerikaner!*" said one of them suddenly, in a tone of murderous hatred, as he tested the edge of his trench knife against the palm of his hand. "Without them ——"

A growl of unanimity went up from the close ranks between the traverses.

"Silence there!" said a sergeant in a sharp, low voice. "You Müller! You'll have a shell into us!"

The man addressed grumbled to himself as he put the knife into its sheath; yet he was fully aware of the justice of the inhibition.

The night was deadly quiet. From those American trenches, which, after a brief hurricane bombardment, they were going to raid, came no sound. The slightest noise from them would have been significant to their ears, strained to a more intense pitch of acuteness than they realized. Far back behind them a gun spoke with a gruff double report; a shell came whining dolorously overhead. The sharp crack of a rifle somewhere along the trench was followed by the hammer tap of a machine gun. These sounds left no register on the men's consciousness; they were part of their habitual environment, as normal as the song of birds to the plowman. Their attention was focused on those silent trenches, masked by the near sandbagged wall, which they knew awaited them at the other side of the desolate, shell-pitted stretch beyond the tangled wire; was held in suspense for the commencement of that furious bombardment whose cessation would be the signal for the plunge.

A flare went up from somewhere along the line—the first of the evening. The enemy's? The signal for the artillery? They waited, holding their breath. The silence continued.

The officer in charge of the raiding party stood, restless and anxious, in the angle of a traverse. From time to time he glanced at his watch; and, as he raised the phosphorescent dial close to his face, Müller could see his boyish countenance faintly illumined in the glow. The private wondered impersonally how long this one would survive; in his long experience—he himself had marched almost with the first, had been three times wounded, was a veteran to be pointed at—he had seen so many come, strut their little hour of harshly accentuated importance and disappear.

He had no regrets for them. They all came out of the same mold, replaced each other precisely similar, superior beings whose griefs and joys touched him not, akin, though humbler Olympiads, to the mighty War Lords who moved him and his fellows across the map of Europe, flung them cold-bloodedly to die—to emphasize a diplomatic conversation.

Suddenly there was a murmur of voices farther along the trench, out of sight. A runner emerged from it as he squeezed himself round the traverse and rushed up to the officer.

"Herr Leutnant! Herr Leutnant! A message—from battalion headquarters!"

Though spent with what had evidently been an effort of speed through the obstructed trenches, he saluted as he handed over the envelope.

The lieutenant tore it open; flashed his lamp cautiously upon the sheet. Then his head jerked up in a wild cry; a laugh that was not the laugh of mirth, but apparently of delirium. The men set their teeth in savage wrath at this reckless drawing of the enemy fire.

"Peace!" he cried. "Peace! All offensive operations are canceled! It's all over!" He laughed boisterously, vacuously, like a man whose mind has been overthrown. "The war is over! Peace is signed! Do you hear?"

He yelled it at them as though exasperated at their apathy. The ranks of men did not move; stared at him with the respect the German Army enforces toward an officer,

even if he is plainly a lunatic. The officer pulled himself together, reassumed the normal tone of curt authority.

"Sergeant, the sentries will be posted as usual. No man is to be allowed out of the trench. No shot is to be fired except under the direct orders of an officer. White flags are to be hoisted above the parapet at fifty-yard intervals. White flares will be sent up frequently until the enemy has displayed similar flags. The strictest discipline will be maintained in your section."

The sergeant saluted. "*Zu Befehl*, Herr Leutnant."

The officer hurried round the traverse, disappeared. The sergeant stared after him. Then, with a deep breath, he turned to his men.

"*So!*" he said. "*Da ist's!*"

They looked at him from their unbroken ranks in silence. This was incredible—fantastic. The end of the war! Like this—without warning—at the moment when the attack was ready to spring? The end? Peace? Reprieve? The genuine ring of the curt orders compelled a credence refused to the wild assertion.

"*Mein Gott!*" Müller heard the ejaculation before he realized it was his own.

This vast event appalled him. The thing was too big to grasp. The others exchanged furtive looks under their helmets, each trying to model himself on his comrade. They shuffled awkwardly, glanced sheepishly toward the sergeant, at a loss for word or act. Their presence here was suddenly bereft of purpose. An epoch of timeless age had come to an end. The new had not yet begun.

A ragged cheer at a little distance along the trench, whither the officer had disappeared, sounded an awakening note of reality. The sergeant rose to this historic moment.

"You think you can do as you like now, I suppose!" he said with the jeering brutality of the petty tyrant. He glared at the patient squad as at so many victims; was about to continue, when he stopped—cocked his ear.

Far back a gun had boomed. They heard the wailing passage of the shell with a new acuteness—a sudden terror; a sickening collapse. Not true after all? A dream? Madness of the lieutenant? They listened, fixed in their attitudes, in an agony of apprehension—second after second. No other detonation followed.

There was no sound from the enemy trenches. The silence was unbroken. They did not even hear the shell explode. They strained their ears. Not a gun spoke in all the wide night. They had heard the last shell! The memory of its sear across the dark sky was suddenly vivid in them with its full significance—the last!

The man Müller filled his lungs as with a new atmosphere. Something seemed to drop away from him. The savage who had fingered the knife, who had lusted for blood, was suddenly foreign to him. He felt bewildered. A vast pendulum, on which he had been swinging for an endless time, had suddenly stopped. His first sensation was of an immense, a crushing fatigue. Sleep—oblivion; it was an imperative need of his being. To-morrow he would face this overwhelming fact. Sleep—unbroken by alarms; so much he grasped from this immeasurable boon that had at last descended upon a world grown skeptic of its appearance.

It was not to be. He heard the sergeant detailing his men; found himself assigned to sentry duty. The others stumbled off to execute their orders; returned with the articles they had been told to fetch. The trench was a turmoil of feverish men, desperately at work as though they feared the murderous shot might come ere they had hoisted the signal of protection. Some ripped white sandbags into broad sheets. Others nailed them to poles. Yet another had opened the box of flares; stood ready with loaded pistol to fire the first.

Farther along the trench the white lights were already soaring up amid wild shouts and tumultuous cheers. They also cheered—cheered like madmen, intoxicated with their own clamor, in an overmastering frenzy that gushed from the bottom of their souls, their loudest vociferation yet inadequate to express this vast relief they were now beginning to comprehend—as their first flag was planted upon the parapet, showing sharply silhouetted above their heads in the brilliance of the first flare.

Müller caught himself half expecting a rush of excited Americans into their trench; cordial handshakes; mutual enthusiasm. But flare after flare soared into a night that echoed no cries but their own. The American trenches lay silent, out of sight, firing no shot, uttering no sound. A regularly spaced row of flapping flags now surmounted the parapet; were illuminated by incessantly soaring, curving flares. The sky was white into the far distance on either hand with a radiance of similar origin. Still the American trenches gave no sign of life. The German soldiers, crowded on the firestep, gazed toward them with eager curiosity. A row of flags, reflecting whiteness as they fluttered in the blanched glare of the falling lights, surmounted them also; were the sole evidence of occupation.

Exasperated by this obstinate silence, a German soldier seized a megaphone and shouted with all his lungs across to them in English: "Hi! You Americans! It's peace! Peace!"

There was a pause. Then a megaphoned reply came booming across: "We know! We won't hurt you."

Baffled by the sarcasm, the German soldiers renounced the attempt at conversation, congregated in little groups for excited talk among themselves. What they were going to do when they returned home—it was one theme, with infinite variations.

Müller stood at his post, breast-high above the parapet, gazing across that strip of ground which so long had been under the ban of terror, scarcely to be spied into; to be entered only furtively by the grace of a precarious darkness, death-cheated at every moment of sojourn. Though the menace was removed, its desolate solitude was still sinister. In all the months and years of war how many multitudes had surged across it, uniformed in the fashion of the moment, shouting in the different tongues of many lands, their faces contorted with the passion and the fear of the death conflict! How many had been annihilated in the spasm of their own murderous thrust! How many had flung up their arms in one wild cry upon a woman despairfully vivid to them! How many had wrestled desperately—body to body—for a dear life that was denied! How many had lingered, inexorably doomed, through the eternities of blazing sun, of frost-chilled nights, hung on the tangled wire whose hold they could not loosen, prone in the shell holes they could not scale!

It lay now in an uncanny silence after its long torment of vicious shell bursts, of every kind of violent detonation; a place of horror abandoned to its dead. The last cry had ceased from the trenches that inclosed it; the last flare had spluttered into darkness. A sky sown full of stars arched over it, unsullied by any terrestrial reflection. From their unthinkable remoteness, this innumerable multitude of worlds and superworlds, holding—like this petty globe, invisible to them—their mysterious course through infinite space during æon after æon, illumined this hushed arena with the last pin-point rays of their blazing grandeur as indifferently as for so many hundred nights they had shone upon its clamorous agitation. Müller looked up to them in the awe of this silence, so impressive in its new and strange security, and felt suddenly the full measure of his insignificance; of the insignificance of that merciless conflict, which to him had seemed so colossal, so all-pervading, and which had now ceased without—for him at least—decisive victory or defeat. He glanced over the rusty wire that still held sacklike objects upon its barbs, across the shell-riven wilderness where so many young lives had gasped their final breath; where more tragedies had screamed in vain than all the tribunals of Europe had avenged in a hundred years.

It stretched away, to right and left of him, without a cry, in a brooding hush; a corridor left for Death to pace in an ultimate computation of his harvest; left clear through every variant of landscape, hill and valley, woodland and open plain from the Alps to the sea, which tossed its running waves over the dead there also.

He shuddered in a sudden, unwontedly acute perception of the dreadful futility of it all. Solitary there in the night, he was appalled with the magnitude of the destruction that had been wrought. His mind revolted from it. Peace! He breathed a sigh of thankfulness; a thankfulness which ignored responsibility and retribution. He thought of his own home in the German manufacturing town; of the harmless interests he had forgotten.

An immense longing for comradeship welled up in him; a comradeship that should know no distinction of race or speech; a comradeship that was the full reaction from this bitter enmity in which he had lived so long. He glanced across to the silent American trenches, their regularly spaced flags darkly silhouetted against the luminous blue-black of the horizon, and longed for dawn and the human confirmation of the pact.

He had been relieved, had had some two hours of sleep, when the trench woke again to life in the first gray of the morning. He opened his eyes with the haunting consciousness of some great happening just over the rim of memory, the vague sense of a destiny recently and definitely changed. His partially roused brain could not at first recall the circumstances; was baffled by a feeling that he had wakened to just such an emotion once before in his life. He fixed on that feeling of the past as a clew to the present queried possibilities.

The morning of an attack? A cold thrill ran through him; his stomach sank at this only too apt probability. Then, in a sudden revulsion, the truth flooded in on him: Peace! Wonderful, miraculous peace! A pertinaciously scientific little portion of his mind at the same moment identified the previous emotion with which he had felt the analogy—it had been his wedding morning. And now the two memories coalesced and reënforced each other—peace; his wife; home!

"*Mein Gott!*" he murmured, staring straight before him without stirring from his niche in the parapet of the trench. "*Lottchen! Die Kinder!*"

He stared at his rose-hung house he had left—how many ages ago?—on that hot summer morning; saw Lottchen in tears, turning away from him, snatching up the youngest-born in a passionate gesture of despair as he waved farewell. He was overwhelmed with this incredible certainty that he would return to it—to happiness—permanently. He felt like a man waking from a vivid dream of the condemned cell, execution imminent, to reassurance of continued life.

A great gush of affection for his wife was unsealed in him. He yearned out to her, to the children, to home. He visualized his return; thought, with a little glow of vanity, how proud she would be of him with his Iron Cross; with his participation in so many victories.

It was something, after all, to have fought in the war. Now, of course, the thing to do—his mind reverted to the Americans in their trenches—was to shake hands; to start business again. He did not know the terms of peace; but he felt comfortably certain that a German who had fought brilliantly against so many embattled nations was assured of the respectful admiration of the entire world.

These thoughts and many others coursed through his brain as he lay luxuriating in the consciousness that he had not to get up to fire his rifle through a loophole or restore a damaged traverse under the imminent menace of a shell. They were cut short by the clamor of voices, the rush of many feet just outside. The company was falling in. He rose, stiff with rheumatism, from his earthen couch.

At first, despite the murmured protests of the men, they were not allowed to leave the trench. The officers awaited orders.

Over the parapet they could see groups of slouch-hatted Americans interring the dead on their side of No Man's Land. From the long row of eagerly curious German faces who watched them came a continual shouting of English words, which elicited no response.

Müller found himself searching his memory for scraps of that vocabulary he had learned during a short stay in England years before. He craved to take part, also, in this demonstration of friendliness, impelled perhaps by an obscure desire to make quite sure that this new era of peace applied to him, the individual; that his personal danger was past. He felt jealous of the man on his right who insisted on explaining to him that he had lived many years in America, and that he was going back to his old friends and business. *(Continued on Page 49)*

THE SURE THING

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

AT HALF PAST seven the alarm clock on the chair beside Mr. Tomlinson's bed gave a preliminary cluck and a whir, after which it burst explosively into sound; and the instant Mr. Tomlinson opened his eyes he felt his heart throb thickly, sinking with instinctive dread. Pinned to the wall beside his bureau was a calendar, the gift of a downtown banking house; and as his glance fell on this his fears were at once confirmed. The day was Friday!

It was not, as it happened, the thirteenth of the month; but all Fridays were alike to Mr. Tomlinson. Not that he was superstitious, of course. The gentleman, however, was a Wall Street dabbler, a speculator trading on a shoe string; and like many who follow that calling he had certain deep-rooted prejudices, the fruit of his experience, which he would have hesitated to disregard. But that was to be expected. Close acquaintance with financial affairs tends to make any man conservative; and among astute investors this trait often seems developed to the point of timidity. His distaste for Fridays was typical. On that day Mr. Tomlinson refrained habitually from launching any new project, no matter how promising it seemed. Such was his dislike, in fact, that often on Fridays he did not go downtown at all. Today, however, he had little choice. The day was not only one he dreaded, but it came critically at a critical moment in his affairs. Whether he liked it or not, he was compelled to be at the brokerage office before the market opened.

The necessity was due to a number of unfortunate ventures Mr. Tomlinson had made of late. Why all these transactions had so consistently gone wrong he was unable to say; but for more than a month now he had not made a trade that had not resulted in a loss. The consequence was that his capital had become seriously impaired; so much so, in fact, that the day before he had been called on to renew his margins.

The brokerage house in which he dealt was the New Street firm of Rooker, Burke & Co. True, Mr. Tomlinson did not care for the firm's ways, nor did he care any more for Buck Rooker, the head partner and manager; but having once made a killing in the place he had the feeling all traders have, that to change one's account often changes one's luck. It was the same feeling, it appears, he had about his clothes. Whenever he won in the market Mr. Tomlinson never changed the suit he wore so long as he went on winning. Frankly, he would no more have done it than he would have violated any of the other Wall Street precepts—selling short in a stagnant market, for example; or opening an umbrella indoors. Be that as it may though, of late no change of raiment or any of the other precautions he'd taken had availed in the least to alter his run of misfortune.

In the Subway as he journeyed downtown his sense of apprehension grew. This too was reflected in the tone of the newspaper whose financial page he scanned. Gloom seemed to ooze from its columns. London was stagnant; the New York list was as dull. Call money had risen to six per cent. The bank statement was unpromising. All these sinister Wall Street omens he read moodily; then, too, at the top of the list his eye fell on the leading quotation. "Advance Rumely," he read, "13."

That ominous figure! With a gesture of disgust he thrust the paper under the seat, trampling it out of view. The truth was that unless Mr. Tomlinson made good his margins before the market opened, Rooker, Burke & Co. would close out his account.

The day before the firm had sold out like this one of Mr. Tomlinson's fellow traders. The client in question was a small, somewhat dingy person known to the customers' room as Cairns. Mr. Tomlinson long had known Cairns, yet invariably he avoided him. It was not that he disliked the man; but ill luck clung to Cairns, so that he lost virtually five out of every six transactions he undertook. Mr. Tomlinson in short had the feeling that Cairns' ill luck might be contagious.

The remembrance made him start. Was Cairns, in fact, his hoodoo? Another perhaps might have smiled at the suggestion, but Mr. Tomlinson was in no mood to scoff. His losses had continued too long and too steadily to result merely from chance; and convinced of this he sought feverishly for the cause. Besides this, Mr. Tomlinson's long experience in financial matters taught him to weigh seriously every detail of his occupation, no matter how slight that detail might be.

But that even Cairns was the hoodoo seemed after reflection debatable. Almost at once Mr. Tomlinson recalled that the one customer at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s who was making money was a close associate of Cairns'. The man, Asa Morris by name, he had never liked. He was a middle-aged square-jawed person, whose cold gray eyes and rigid mouth wore habitually a covert smile, cynical and sardonic. Queerly, Cairns was not the only unfortunate in whom Morris had shown a close, keen interest. In times past the lucky trader had made himself agreeable to others, all of whom were now only memories at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. Hickox was one; Bloom, Farwell and Logan had been others. It was most peculiar, now that Mr. Tomlinson thought of it.

The Result He Penciled Only Confirmed His Previous Calculations

However, more immediate than Morris' curious idiosyncrasy was the matter of the margins. Taking a pencil from his pocket Mr. Tomlinson began to figure hurriedly on the back of an envelope. True, he had already figured this half a dozen times; but to be doing something was better than to sit there mulling over his luck. Then, too, Mr. Tomlinson had the feeling all Wall Street men share, that to dwell on one's bad luck only invites it to continue. The result he penciled, however, only confirmed his previous calculations. One-hundred-share lots were what he traded in, but if his next transaction lost he would be reduced to a trade in fifty shares. If that lost, then he knew his fate. As fifty shares was the lowest transaction Rooker, Burke & Co. would accept, Mr. Tomlinson would be consigned to that limbo of the piker, the odd-lot brokerage shop. There, if again he lost ——

The mental progression he did not continue. Beyond the contingency of failure at the odd-lot house lay the alternative of starvation or a return to his former occupation, that of stock clerk in the Worth Street white-goods trade.

Clammy with apprehension Mr. Tomlinson left the train at Wall Street and made his way to Rooker, Burke & Co.'s.

The London opening was coming in. Instinctively, his habit that of the experienced Wall Street operator, Mr. Tomlinson critically examined the tape. The early-morning list was nearly always a barometer of the day's impending events; and he was heartened a little to see that London was somewhat active. But the satisfaction this gave him was only momentary. As he turned from the ticker he encountered the eye of Beeks, the office manager. Beeks was making his way toward him.

Mr. Tomlinson hurriedly shook himself together. "Say, Beeks," he said, forestalling the demand for margins he saw in Beeks' alert expression; "at the opening just close out that Steel of mine; the Marine and the Hide and Leather too. I've got something else in view."

Beeks looked disappointed. He'd expected a check; and checks always are useful in brokerage offices. "Oh, very well," he returned, though not joyfully; and as he made a note of it he inquired: "Got something hot off the griddle?"

"Wait and see," replied Mr. Tomlinson lightly, his air at the same time knowing. He had nothing of course; but it was no part of his purpose to say so to Beeks. A noncommittal air, besides, is always the thing in Wall Street. Inwardly, however, he was far from feeling the importance his air put on. Gloom born of his rising apprehension held him fast. He felt in his boots the order to sell he'd just given would prove ill-starred.

His air morose, Mr. Tomlinson was just taking another look at the tape when he saw Cairns, the man sold out the day before, enter the customers' room. The man was haggard. His eyes, set deeply in his lined, pallid face, were glazed and heavy; but as he looked about him they lighted momentarily. Across the room stood Morris. The stump of a thick black cigar was gripped in Morris' turtlelike jaw; and he was scowling impatiently. As he saw Cairns, however, his eyes, too, lighted quickly.

"Hello, old top!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Tomlinson stared at him curiously. Again he wondered at the lucky trader's penchant for unfortunate dabblers. Thank the stars, Morris never had picked him out as an object for his attentions! With this devout reflection he turned back to the ticker.

"Market's open!" the quotation clerk called briskly.

At once Mr. Tomlinson took a chair before the board. The moment always had in it a brisk excitement for him. From the first quotations posted every morning he augured the success or ill fortune of the day.

It came swiftly now.

"Steel!" cried the clerk: "Five hundred at eighty-eight."

A grunt of disgust escaped Mr. Tomlinson. Steel had opened a quarter of a point under the close of the night before.

A whole flock of Steel came over then. Every other quotation was in that stock; and in two or three transactions it dropped another half point. Mr. Tomlinson resumed his gloomy forebodings. He felt sure the order he'd given Beeks would be covered at the lowest figure so far, thus insuring him still more loss. Scowling, he looked away from the board. What beastly luck! What a hoodoo he had on him!

Across the room Cairns and Morris were still talking. Cairns had gripped Morris by the arm; and at what he was saying to Morris, Mr. Tomlinson had a guess. The ruined dabbler was appealing to his companion for a loan.

A touch of pity in spite of his own worries crept over Mr. Tomlinson. Cairns was not the first man he'd seen wiped out by the market; but about Cairns was something indescribably pathetic.

Ruin seemed to have enfeebled the man, so that he looked to be on the point of tears. But that the appeal he made fell on stony ears was evident. Morris' lip was curved in a covert, contemptuous smile.

Mr. Tomlinson was near enough to catch a scrap of the talk.

"Lend me a ten-spot, then, won't you?" Cairns appealed. "Anything to get me on my feet again!"

Morris' reply was a curt refusal. No sooner had he refused though than he offered Cairns a cigar.

"Say," said Morris, his air insinuating; "how's the market look to you, old man?"

The effrontery of it made Mr. Tomlinson gasp. In one breath Morris had rebuffed Cairns, only in the next breath to make him a request. Disgustedly Mr. Tomlinson turned back to the quotation board. In the interim Steel had dropped another eighth of a point; and, as Mr. Tomlinson stared apprehensively at the quotation, Beeks hurried toward him.

In Beeks' hand was a memorandum slip; and this he handed to him. "Sorry, old sport!" said Beeks; and again Mr. Tomlinson's heart clanged dismally.

It was as he surmised. His Steel common had been sold at three-quarters of a point under the opening. In addition his Marine, his Hide and Leather too, had suffered the same fate. Nor was that all. The loss had impaired his account so that his next trade would be limited to a piking trade in fifty shares.

He sat there, his face moist, striving to pull himself together. The dread that had stolen over him the moment he'd awakened swept over him now in an engulfing flood. Was he hoodooed inevitably? Was he doomed like Cairns to ruin? A hand at this instant clapped Mr. Tomlinson on the shoulder.

"Hello!" a genial voice exclaimed. "How's tricks, old top?"

Mr. Tomlinson's heart leaped into his throat.

It was Morris. He seated himself in the chair alongside and gave Mr. Tomlinson's elbow a friendly squeeze.

"How's the market look to you?" asked Morris.

A long while afterward, it seemed, Mr. Tomlinson came to himself. He did not need to be told what had happened to him. Cairns first, and now himself! Morris had tagged him too!

"Take Steel now! Steel looks like a good buy, doesn't it, old top?"

It was Morris again speaking, but Mr. Tomlinson did not reply. A chill, a sensation of uncanny cold, gripped his heart like a claw. With a dread akin to that of terror he feverishly wet his lips. Curiously, however, it was not of the ruin to which he knew himself now to be doomed that Mr. Tomlinson thought; it was Morris himself, that ill-omened bird, who held him spellbound.

What was the man's motive? Why was it that he sought out men notoriously unfortunate in the market? Or was it the other way round? Were Morris' attentions what doomed them to their ruin?

A moment's reflection told Mr. Tomlinson this could not be the case. Morris never had come near him till he was on the downhill road. But now that he faced ruin, that his ill luck had become as ruinous as that of Cairns, why had Morris sought him too? Was it that by personal contact with the unfortunate, Morris got something—some strange psychic reaction, say—that was lucky to himself? The thought made Mr. Tomlinson almost gasp.

"Or would you say to buy Marine?" prompted Morris.

Mr. Tomlinson didn't say. As a matter of fact, though, were he to trade in Marine today he assuredly would sell. Marine was in for a fall, he felt sure of that; but he did not mean that Morris should profit by this conviction.

He stumbled to his feet. His one desire was to get away from the man. In his momentary agitation he felt Morris had about him something diabolically uncanny and sinister. But as he rose Morris gripped him by the elbow, again giving it a friendly squeeze.

"Did you say buy or sell?" he suggested.

"Buy!" said Mr. Tomlinson. Then he dragged his arm free and fled.

It was the first time in his life that Mr. Tomlinson had ever given anyone a crooked tip. But Morris he not only feared, he detested him for his cynical heartlessness to Cairns. If Mr. Tomlinson had his way the tip he'd given would cost Morris all he had.

That was why he'd deliberately misinformed him.

"Steel!" Cried the Clerk: "Five Hundred at Eighty-Eight"

A harsh chuckle escaped him. But Mr. Tomlinson hardly had uttered the chuckle when he gaped, then gave a gasp.

Morris hurriedly had sought Beeks. Now he saw Beeks take out a pencil and scribble down the order. But the order was not to buy—not what Mr. Tomlinson had tipped. The pad Beeks scribbled the order on was pink, and the color pink meant sell! Morris had "coppered" the tip—that is, he had done directly opposite to the advice Mr. Tomlinson had given him.

In a flash Mr. Tomlinson guessed the truth now!

The morning was well along. Already the market had begun to display the activity the opening had forecast. However, the preliminary weakness seemed to have been purely a manipulative feint—the effort of insiders to cloak their hands. After a half hour's depression the list had hardened, and now the market was swinging the other way.

Steel led. The common had recovered its early loss and was now an eighth above the close of the night before. Marine as well and Hide and Leather also were showing strength. In spite of this activity though, Mr. Tomlinson was not visible in the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. Some time before he had hurriedly quit the place. With him, too, he had taken three of the firm's other customers. Now the four were seated in the back room of a café down the street.

In the restaurant adjoining sat Cairns. The table was spread with food, the first meal he'd had since a cup of coffee and a roll he'd bought the day before with the last dime he'd had in the world. Now, however, Mr. Tomlinson was paying the check. Why he was, though, Cairns had yet to learn.

The revelation, the discovery he had made—had left Mr. Tomlinson aghast. He knew now why Morris had sought out the notoriously unfortunate. He knew why he himself had been tagged along with the others. The fact, however, that he had become doomed like them to ruin was not what had taken his breath away—not altogether, anyway. What staggered him most, now that he knew, was Morris' uncanny shrewdness. The system the man had devised was the one sure way to beat the market.

As he glanced about the table Mr. Tomlinson nodded convincedly.

"Men, the thing's as plain as the nose on your face. That's why you didn't see it either. You thought, just as I did, that this skate, Morris, was on the inside or that some fortune teller was showing him how to beat the market both ways and through the middle. Well, that's what he was doing, all right; only I didn't guess how he was doing it till he tried to put it over on me. Then I got him. I don't think I would, though, if the tinhorn hadn't tried first to gouge poor Cairns."

The others nodded. It was evident Mr. Tomlinson had told them how Morris had curtly refused Cairn's plea for aid. It also was evident they shared Mr. Tomlinson's opinion of the man.

"The plot's this," said Mr. Tomlinson: "I say we all pool our margins, then take this system and go in and clean up the market. I say also that we trim that fellow, Morris. I remember he did to Logan just what he did to Cairns; Bloom and Farwell too. Farwell's wife was sick besides, but Morris refused to lend him even a five-spot."

It was so. As they recalled, too, Mr. Tomlinson had gone about the office taking up a collection for Farwell and his wife. But now Mr. Tomlinson wasn't thinking of that. Having found at last a method, a sure way to beat the market he was in a hurry to get action.

"It's this way now," he said briskly: "We'll fix it first with Cairns. We'll tell him that if he's willing to give us the benefit of his experience we've got a pool we'll let him in on. He mustn't see the trades we make, though, or that'll get him wise. Then after we've made a clean-up we'll give him his share of the divvy. Of course he may drop dead when we hand him the bank roll, but we'll have to take a chance on that. As for Morris, we'll make Cairns take oath he won't give the man a tip; he must give all his tips to us. I'll see, though, that Morris gets all the tips he wants; you trust me for that!"

He rose briskly, his face alight with excitement. "Agreed?" he asked.

They were all agreed. Combined, the margins of the four would enable them to carry a thousand shares of stock. The chance was big with possibilities.

A few minutes later with Cairns in tow they entered the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. Mr. Tomlinson was in the lead. The market had grown still more active. Steel was up another half point; Marine and Hide and Leather were moving too. Grasping Cairns by the elbow Mr. Tomlinson steered that now wondering person to a place before the quotation board. Then Mr. Tomlinson gazed at him expectantly.

"Well, Cairns," he inquired, "how's the market look to you?"

At once Cairns' face lighted. Once a dabbler, always a dabbler; and with that quaint conceit which ever marks one of the class when called on for an opinion on financial matters, Cairns adopted instantly a knowing air. One hardly would have recognized him now as the pitiable creature who had appealed to Morris for a loan. His look important, not to say judicial, he studied the list before him.

"Well, I dunno," he advised; "Steel's up o' course; but you can't tell anything from that. What with the bank statement and money hardening the way it is, the market don't look right. Then, too, the technical position of Steel ain't what it was. I hear the corporation ain't got so many orders ahead as it had."

Mr. Tomlinson wet his lips. "Would you advise buying or selling, Cairns?"

Cairns again studied the board judiciously. In his opinion the present activity was just a flurry. What with the Russian situation and London exchange a little soft, to say nothing of the weakness on the Paris Bourse, things did not portend a rise in securities. Besides these opinions Cairns apparently had many others to add; but at this juncture Mr. Tomlinson gave him a sudden dig in the ribs.

"Buy or sell?" he demanded.

"Why, sell, of course!" said Cairns, and he was about to say more when he emitted a startled gasp. Tomlinson, accompanied by the three others, had bolted away from him. Beeks, the room manager, was standing at the cashier's window; and Mr. Tomlinson, his face eager, grabbed him by the arm.

"Pool our margins, Beeks," ordered Mr. Tomlinson, indicating the three traders with him; "then buy us four hundred Little Steel at the market! You understand, don't you? Buy!"

Beeks understood. He was a bit astonished, though, at Mr. Tomlinson's manner, now verging on the explosive. "What's the row, Tommy?" he inquired. "Someone been handing you something from the inside?"

Mr. Tomlinson didn't reply. Across the room he had seen Morris making his way toward Cairns.

Morris' air was again suave and insinuating. Again he had Cairns by the elbow, and was giving it a friendly squeeze. But to Morris' blandishments Cairns maintained a stony front. Jerking his arm free he backed away.

Mr. Tomlinson hastened over to Morris. "Hello, Morry!" he observed genially. "What's Cairns so sore about?"

"Nothing much," Morris answered contemptuously. "I just asked the dub what he thought of the market and he got huffy, that's all." Then, his air seductive, he offered Mr. Tomlinson a cigar. "Say," he said; "what do you think about Steel?"

"It's a cinch!" said Mr. Tomlinson enthusiastically. "I'm buying all I c'n carry!"

As Morris hurried away, seeking Beeks to put in an order, Mr. Tomlinson looked after him with a mocking grin. Once more he saw Morris copper the tip; and grinning more broadly he rejoined Cairns. "Say, sport," he inquired; "what d'you think of Marine?"

Cairns at once told him. Marine, like Steel, was in for a tumble. The opinion was the same opinion Mr. Tomlinson had, but he was disposed to put the system to a test.

Sauntering back to the cashier's window he drawled to Beeks: "Say, just for roots, buy me a hundred Marine."

Beeks at this peered at Mr. Tomlinson. "What's the game, Tommy? You must be out to make a clean-up."

Mr. Tomlinson nodded genially.

"I am that," he replied, adding: "I've just doped out the one sure way to beat the market."

And though Beeks smiled—Beeks, who in his time had seen countless systems wipe out the countless dabblers who tried them on—Mr. Tomlinson's system seemed to have some merit. That day at any rate when the market closed he and his three associates again gathered in the back room of the café, their hilarity evident. Steel had closed three points up from the day's opening; Marine had gained a point and a half; Hide and Leather had gained two.

But in the midst of this jubilation Mr. Tomlinson gave a sudden exclamation.

"Say!" he said; "we haven't made any mistake, have we? You don't suppose, do you, there's anything wrong with this system?"

The others were instantly alarmed.

"To-day's Friday," said Mr. Tomlinson; "I just remembered it!"

Those acquainted with Wall Street ways and methods will of course have guessed by now the nature of the system, the one sure way of beating the market, Mr. Tomlinson had fallen upon. It was, in fact, so simple, yet so sure, that he and his associates wondered they had not discovered it long before. Briefly, the system was based on that pithy Wall Street phrase, "The sucker always loses!" Given the sucker—that is, any stock-market dabbler—all that was necessary to win was to "copper" his tip on any trade.

That was why Morris had inquired so intently Mr. Tomlinson's opinion as to the market. Mr. Tomlinson's luck had quit him, and Morris knew it had. In the same way, previously, he had exploited Cairns; and before him, Farwell, Logan, Bloom and others. The more Mr. Tomlinson thought of it the more he marveled at Morris' acuteness.

His own experience confirmed the worth of the system. Some dabblers are wiped out at once; others, more lucky,

go on dabbling for a while. With the luckiest of these, though, two years is about the limit. That this is so is verified by the fact that every second year all brokerage houses are forced to drum up an entirely new set of customers. The sucker always loses! Q. E. D. Consequently, to win one has but to pick any dabbler or set of dabblers and bet against the trades they make. The more unlucky the trader the more profitable it is to bet against him. All brokerage houses know this. That is why every now and then one of them gets caught bucketing its customers' orders.

But in all systems—all Wall Street ones at any rate—time seems to develop some flaw. None is perfect. None is without that indeterminate factor, *x*.

The morning following, the hands of the clock had just marked half past nine when Mr. Tomlinson entered the customers' room. In spite of his success the day before, his air still seemed a bit submerged. The fact is, apprehension still desolated Mr. Tomlinson. Friday is not a day on which to begin any of life's adventures; besides which he was too well versed in financial matters to count his chickens before they were hatched.

"Hello, there," he mumbled.

It was Cairns he addressed. With Cairns were Mr. Tomlinson's three other friends. They looked brisk and chipper enough; but Cairns seemed to share Mr. Tomlinson's lugubrious mood. An undertaker at his own obsequies could not have seemed more distrait.

The cause was evident. Cairns having tipped his benefactors to sell Steel as well as Marine, the two stocks had instantly soared. The phenomenon was by no means unusual to Cairns, of course; but, as he thought, it had cost his friends a heavy loss.

Mr. Tomlinson didn't disabuse him of the belief. Crossing the room he made his way toward the stock ticker in the corner. Again the London opening was coming in. It was a bit feverish, it seemed; reactionary too; and in Mr. Tomlinson's opinion the rise of the day before had been only a flurry. To-day it would probably sell off again. Convinced of this, in fact, he returned to Cairns.

"Well," he inquired, "what d'you think of it?"

At once Cairns again assumed his air of judicial interpretation. "The market's going off. Yesterday's rise was just a flash. The card to-day is to sell!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Tomlinson.

He had been so sure of his own judgment that he was not prepared to hear the hoodoo, Cairns, agree with him so exactly. The others, too, seemed startled. Excusing themselves from Cairns, who again was mystified by this secrecy the four held an animated powwow in the corner.

"Why, look at it yourself!" protested Mr. Tomlinson; "any boob c'n see the market's bound to drop to-day!"

"'S right," agreed the others.

The situation seemed serious. By their agreement, of course, they were to give the system a thorough test; but though Cairns had said to sell, to buy now looked like flying in the face of providence.

They were still debating it, all of them unnerved by this unlooked-for complication, when the door opened and Morris entered the customers' room.

"Ah there, Tommy," he greeted; and advancing pleasantly he gave Mr. Tomlinson's elbow another friendly squeeze; "Steel still looking good to you?"

"I betcha!" Mr. Tomlinson instantly replied.

Morris at once hurried to the cashier's cage. Intently Mr. Tomlinson spied upon him. Again, in contradiction to the tip to buy, Morris ordered Beeks to sell. As Mr. Tomlinson saw this, all doubt fled from him.

"That settles it! If that skate's got nerve enough to hang to the system I've got as much as he has. Right or wrong I'm going to see it through!"

Then, Morris having departed, Mr. Tomlinson hurried over to the cashier's window and addressed himself to Beeks.

"Say, Tubby," he said to that rotund personage; "buy us a hundred Steel at the opening; then another hundred at each two points up!"

Once more Beeks eyed him with mild surprise.

"What's the plot, Tommy? You out to corner Steel?"

Mr. Tomlinson's only reply was a grunt. It was sink or swim now, but his mind he had grimly made up. The worries of the last few days had exerted a curious influence on him. For the first time in his career he began to hate gambling in stocks. Let him once make a killing and he would bid good-by to Wall Street forever.

How many countless dabblers have arrived at this conclusion sometime in their careers it would be impossible to say. "The sucker always comes back," is another pithy Wall Street saying, though; but whether he was to come back or not he was sincere now in wishing he was out of it. All that morning he sat in the customers' room, his eyes feverish in their intensity and fixed on the quotation board. But in spite of his belief that the market was bound to tumble it was the contrary again. Saturday is a half holiday in the Street; and at half past eleven the market began to buzz. At the close it was still buzzing. The system again had made good.

"The System's All Right, Haven't I Guessed Wrong Every Time I've Done My Own Guessing?"

At one o'clock Mr. Tomlinson and the others once more assembled in the back room of Frank's place down the street, Steel had risen another point and a half; Marine, and Hide and Leather also had scored gains; and Mr. Tomlinson figured hastily on the back of an envelope the paper profits they already had. But notwithstanding the fact that these profits already were large and still were growing, Mr. Tomlinson's air continued fitfully depressed.

"It's this way, men; I'm no jay, to go on conning myself with some hazy dream; and I've been doping out this system. I was right in what scared me yesterday. There never was a system that hadn't something wrong in it. What's wrong in this I don't savvy yet; but if it didn't have something wrong in it, it wouldn't be natural—not in Wall Street anyhow. System or no system the only thing that ever lets rubes like us win is luck, just luck!"

The others looked at him agape.

"What's eating you, Tommy? Still remembering yesterday was Friday?"

"Never you mind," retorted Mr. Tomlinson.

But that he was right—that it is only by luck the boobs ever win; that every system has its flaw—events were shortly to prove.

Sunday passed; in turn, Monday followed; and the week ambled along. It was a week, too, of brisk activity in the market. Occasionally there were breaks, slight recessions in the movement of prices; but on the whole the trend of the market was upward. Nor were these occasional setbacks without their benefit. They had the effect of stimulating Cairns' market opinions.

In spite of Mr. Tomlinson's forebodings, the system still was making good. Each day when the conspirators plied Cairns for his tips, then coppered the tip, the trade invariably won. But of these winnings Cairns, of course, knew nothing. It was no part of the plan to let him learn the truth, for if they did they feared his infallible judgment in guessing wrong might go astray. But burdened with worry over how much his tips must be costing his benefactors, the hoodoo's air daily grew more submerged. He shrank visibly whenever one of the four came near him; and no longer when he was called on for an opinion did he put on an air of importance. Advice came from him hesitantly and timidly—as if he dragged it from himself with an effort. He seemed just as morose as Mr. Tomlinson; not quite, of course; but nearly so. The fact is Mr. Tomlinson's apprehensions now had become abysmal.

Friday had come again. Again, in his bedroom uptown, he rose that morning with a leaden, dismal prevision of something about to happen—something in guise ill-starred if not disastrous. Of course this was the feeling Mr. Tomlinson had every Friday, but now it engulfed him. On the way downtown in the Subway he tried to shake it off, but the thing wouldn't shake. He was no simp. The pool, backed by the system, still was winning; but that made no difference. It was as they said in Wall Street, "The sucker always guesses wrong!" and though Cairns, of course, was still doing that, that was just the point. The rule worked both ways: What if they too had guessed wrong in guessing Cairns always would?

Mr. Tomlinson was quite unnerved by the time he reached Rooker, Burke & Co.'s.

Cairns and the others already had arrived. "Well?" inquired Mr. Tomlinson; and Cairns stirred uneasily. His eyes were shifty and uncomfortable. "I don't see why you ask me," he mumbled. "Every tip I've given you has gone wrong."

"Well, I c'n ask, can't I?" snapped Mr. Tomlinson, his nerves now at the breaking point.

Cairns went over to the stock ticker, rasping and clacking in the corner. As the tape showed, the London market had grown firm and active, forecasting for the day's New York list a strong upward movement. Mr. Tomlinson himself had seen this, but now, no matter what his private judgment was, he abided by the system, coppering invariably Cairns' daily tips. But that the market was going up to-day any boob could see.

Cairns left the ticker and came back. His eyes now were more than ever shifty. "How about Steel?" demanded Mr. Tomlinson.

Cairns' voice as he spoke cracked audibly.

"Steel's going to—to break. You must sell; sell—you understand!"

Then turning away hurriedly Cairns almost galloped from the room. As he departed Mr. Tomlinson and the others gazed after him in wonder. The man's manner certainly had been queer. However, Cairns had given his regular day's best bad guess; and going over to Beeks Mr. Tomlinson as usual coppered it.

He had just done this when Morris entered the customers' room.

During the last few days Morris' sneering, sardonic looks had undergone a good deal of a change. Each day he had besought Mr. Tomlinson for a tip; each day Mr. Tomlinson had accommodated him; and every time after he too had coppered the tip Morris consistently had lost. Finally he had ceased asking for information. His air savage, he hung over the ticker closely studying the tape; and what method he was now employing Mr. Tomlinson had to guess. The man was doping out the market for himself.

The fact made Mr. Tomlinson grin. Already a whisper was going the rounds of the office that Morris, once so callous to others' ruin, was himself now on the rocks. As he saw Mr. Tomlinson he started perceptibly, his eyes momentarily savage. But the look went swiftly, and Morris sauntered across the room.

"Well, what's the card to-day?" he drawled.

"Oh, I dunno," mumbled Mr. Tomlinson; "I haven't figured out."

"Steel looks active," insinuated Morris; "would you buy or sell?"

Mr. Tomlinson shot a glance at him. This man's air, too, seemed queer, as queer as Cairns'. Again Mr. Tomlinson wondered.

"I'm buying," he answered. "Steel's in for a rise."

With a grunt Morris abruptly departed; and Mr. Tomlinson grinned as he saw him seek out Beeks. But the next instant the grin faded. He had told Morris to buy and

(Concluded on Page 41)

THE STREET PARLIAMENTS

By Carl W. Ackerman

"JUSTICE" in the military courts of Germany when strike cases are tried follows the arrest of the victim as speedily as thunder follows lightning during a storm. A band of strikers is arrested in the morning, convicted by the testimony of policemen in the afternoon, and sentenced before sunset by the special military judges to from three months' to five years' imprisonment. The workers get the minimum term, the leaders the latter. In this manner General Ludendorff, who is now called the Young Napoleon, maintains order in the war industries. In times of internal disturbances in Germany the symbol of Justice is the Imperial sword, not the scales! And Ludendorff, who as First Quartermaster General of the army is the dictator over all the factories, becomes also the dictator of labor.

So it happened that on Monday, February fourth, the last day of the recent strikes in Berlin, twenty workers were led before the extraordinary war court and condemned to imprisonment and short rations. So it happened a few days before, when the strike was at its height, that six laborers were sentenced to death because a policeman was shot and the guilty party could not be found. These six were suspicious. Because none would confess, all were executed. Military justice, to be effective, must be severe and not impartial! To delay the process of military law might be considered a weakness. An investigation and a long trial would mean delay. For this reason the speed of the winds was brought into the courts.

The record of the Berlin extraordinary war court, which met on February fourth, reads more like an index of the cases tried than as a record of the trials themselves. The only man who was granted a hearing was Herr Wilhelm Dittmann, one of the Independent Social-Democrat members of the Reichstag. Because Deputy Dittmann held an official position, the hearing in his case lasted several hours. The ordinary strikers were sentenced without trial.

A Short Shrift for Strikers

IN DITTMANN'S case the defendant was ushered into the courtroom. The government charged him with treason for attempting to address the strikers and for resisting arrest. Two of his colleagues, Herr Haase and Doctor Hertzfeld, who were assigned to defend him, were permitted a few brief moments to state their arguments. The prosecutor, Director Lene, of the State Supreme Court, demanded six years' imprisonment. Dittmann pleaded not guilty to the charge of treason. The policeman who arrested him testified that Deputy Dittmann spoke about a democratic peace and that the crowd of twelve thousand workmen cheered his remarks.

The trial was at an end. Before the few score officers and civilians in the courtroom could take a deep breath the judge sentenced Herr Dittmann to five years' imprisonment for treason and three months additional for resisting arrest. There was no opportunity for an appeal, and the next case was called. Dittmann was led out of the room by two members of the Berlin police force and taken to the prison where Dr. Karl Liebknecht sits in silence. Instead of one there are now two members of the Imperial Parliament behind the bars, both of them martyrs to the cause of democracy and the revolutionary movement which beats in the hearts of the masses of German workmen.

When the next case was called twelve employees of the Daimler Motor Works, of Marienfelde, were lined up before the military judges. They were charged with the violation of the order of February first, issued by the commanding general of the Mark of Brandenburg. They refused to resume their work on February fourth, as General von Kessel had commanded. Each was sentenced to three months. No one was permitted to defend them; they were prohibited from defending themselves. And again there was no appeal.

The third case was called. Adolph Baldhauer, a twenty-three-year-old employee of an automobile concern, appeared. A charge of treason was read against him because he was on strike duty near the Boaschen factory. Four policemen testified that he knocked two of them down when they attempted to arrest him. The court pronounced six months' sentence and he disappeared.

A barber, named Emil Stirius, and Frau Schenk were charged, when the fourth case was called, with being among a crowd of people who dumped a street car over on its side in Landbergerstrasse. Both were condemned to a year in jail; but before they were taken out a nineteen-year-old coal-yard employee, named Herbert Haase, was brought into the room. He had cut some electric wires inside a street car and was sentenced to two years at hard labor.

The court record continues in this fashion: Frau Kramme was given three months because she refused to obey a policeman and go home. She protested that she was standing on a street corner awaiting a tramcar when she saw a crowd of men and women running through the streets, followed by policemen waving their sabers, by police dogs and mounted officers. When she refused to join the fleeing throng she was arrested—and convicted. Minnie Schiele was sentenced to six months for slapping a policeman. Clara Scherwatch was ordered to serve one year for hitting another officer. Two workers in an aëroplane factory were sentenced to three months' imprisonment because they refused to speed up their work when they returned to the factory after the strike.

In this manner, upon Ludendorff's orders, the February strike was ended. In this manner the army restored order in Berlin. The sword was the judge!

I have begun with the end of the great demonstration that more than five hundred thousand workers inaugurated in nearly every industrial center of the German nation, because the end of this strike may mark the beginning of others; because this strike was the first public political demonstration of the war; and because it is either the last of all great strikes or the dress rehearsal of revolution.

The revolution? How often the world has expected and speculated upon a revolt within Germany, and how often the world has been deceived! The hand of Fate seems to stay the storm and spare the enemy during every crisis—because the hand of Fate still holds the sword!

But what of the strikes? What were the causes? How were they started? How extensive were they? How were the demonstrations stopped? What were the temporary, what the permanent results? And the Reichstag? Were there no reactions in the German Congress? Was the army silent—those millions of troops whose brothers, sisters and mothers went on a strike? Did the soldiers or the Annexationists and the aristocracy look upon the home guard as traitors? Were the strikers traitors?

After Berlin was placed under strict martial law and work was resumed in the factories Frau von Oppen, a prominent member of the Prussian nobility and the wife of the owner of a large feudal estate, wrote to the editor of the Vorwärts the following letter:

Last year I erected a colony on my estate. A large band of children from Berlin came and satisfied their hunger. I gave them my love—and now—shall I invite children to visit again this year; children whose parents are traitors to the Fatherland, who busy themselves and do everything possible so that our men and brothers at the Fronts are sacrificed because of their insane treason at home?

Do you think our love for humanity goes that far? I should be a traitor myself! I fear it will be difficult this year for your children to be received by the owners of estates. If so, who is to blame?

Yours truly, M. S. VON OPPEN.

The Socialist newspaper printed this letter with the simple heading:

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"—BUT NOT THOSE OF STRIKERS!

Traitors the strikers were in the eyes of the military authorities and the nobility; traitors because they advocated a democratic peace.

The strikes were started peacefully. Hundreds of thousands of pamphlets containing arguments for a democratic peace were distributed secretly throughout the nation early in January. After Count Hertling and the Vienna Minister of Foreign Affairs had replied to President Wilson and Prime Minister Lloyd George, the discussion of peace terms enveloped the factories. Harsh words were spoken about the Teutonic leaders. From tongue to tongue, from factory to workshop and from city to city and to the Front spread the agitation for a political strike. Messengers carried strike appeals from one industrial center to another, but by accident a copy fell into the hands of the police. Reports were sent immediately to the army and the federal authorities, and the government intervened. The laborers were informed that if they brought about a strike conditions would be unbearable and the success of the proposed election-reform bill would be endangered.

Stern Repressive Measures

IN EVERY large city of Northern Germany and the Rhine Valley the police closed all theaters and public halls. Public meetings of all kinds were forbidden. Workingmen were prohibited from having in their possession any peace literature not sanctioned by the censors. Orders were given to the Social Democrats forbidding their executive committees from meeting. Labor unions were notified that their monthly meetings would have to be stopped. Soldiers were ordered to take no part in political demonstrations and not to discuss politics. They had already been prohibited from writing to members of the Reichstag and from commenting upon politics in their letters home. The railroads were instructed to refuse to sell so-called depot tickets to persons who wished to go onto the railway platforms with departing relatives or friends. Special police were placed on duty to break up street meetings. Police secluded themselves in the basements of public buildings and palaces with police dogs and ropes, so that upon a moment's notice they could blockade the streets and public squares if the people

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From Tongue to Tongue, From Factory to Workshop, From City to City Spread the Agitation for a Political Strike

The Great and Only Lesley

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

TO A PERSON in possession of all the facts in the case the most exasperating feature of the whole affair is the thankless attitude of one J. Aubrey Benedict, lately—and very lately—an extra man at three dollars a day.

Benedict has had an amazing stroke of luck, but he seems to err in appraising his bolt from the blue. Worse still, he takes unto himself credit for a thing that the average human being would regard as a miracle. Snatched off the lot in California, transported across the continent, dropped into a director's job at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a week—this is indeed a miracle; but Benedict calmly describes it as a fitting if somewhat tardy recognition of the genius within him.

He struts like a pouter pigeon, when he should be walking softly and inconspicuously and keeping his fingers crossed. He talks of Dramaturgic Values, of the Limitations of the Screen and the consequent Hunger for the Human Voice; he discusses the Future of the Motion Picture—about which he knows as much as the next man, which is nothing at all; and he does all these things loudly, blatantly, when a wiser person would be holding his breath lest he burst his pretty bubble and fill his eyes with stinging regrets.

The picture game is rather new to Benedict, and in his melting moments he will admit that such is the case. The game is new, but while in California his eyes were open and the latest advices from Fort Lee indicate that he is making giant strides in the right direction. For instance, when last seen he was wearing riding breeches and puttees which never saw a horse; and if his luck holds—and there are excellent reasons for believing that it will—he may yet achieve a sport shirt and Mexican spurs, and jingle the latter in a monogrammed limousine padded with purple velvet. Give him time and he will jostle the very immortals on the Olympus of Filmdom.

"Oh, it's All Right," Smiled the Boy Reassuringly. "I'm Not a Regular Convict, You Know"

Benedict does not fear the immortals. He proved this by his treatment of one of them—none other than the Great and Only Lesley, king of romantic screen actors, and the celluloid successor to Alexander Salvini's tinsel crown.

The Great and Only Lesley! Who has not heard of his palatial California bungalow, with its acres and acres of garden; of his imported motor cars; of his fabulous salary, beggaring even the florid imagination of a press agent?

The Great and Only Lesley! His name, etched in electrics over the portals of a film palace, spells "standing room only" every night in the week—provided the fire commissioners do not catch the management in the act.

The Great and Only Lesley! All over the land young women sigh for him, old women cry for him, husbands and best fellows endure six, seven—yea, eight reels of him! And after this nothing remains to be said.

But listen to Benedict, with his foot on a bar rail in the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-second Street.

"Personally this Lesley is probably all right. I'm not saying he isn't, though some of his press stuff makes me sick. Nothing to say on the personal end, understand me. Not a word, but as an actor ——" And here Benedict grasps his nose firmly between the thumb and first finger of his right hand.

Mr. Benedict stands alone, a rock of protest in an oily sea of approval. To a person in possession of all the facts his attitude is exasperating; yet that very attitude is due to Benedict's belief that all the facts are in his possession.

In order to ascertain whether he is justified in this belief we must go away back to the town of Pewahmo, in a day when actors worked for fifteen dollars a week and didn't get it, and millionaire film stars were unknown.

It is not such a long jump as you might think—barely a decade.

I

THREE loafers sat on a baggage truck in front of the railroad station in a small town in the Middle West. One of them lifted his head and gazed down the twin streaks of rust which linked Pewahmo loosely with the outside world.

"Darned if she ain't on time this morning!" he exclaimed. "Monday, too! Ole Ed must have a date or somethin'."

Half a mile away an ancient locomotive whooped querulously at the county-road crossing and rumbled slowly into the town, panting as if exhausted by the effort of dragging three empty freight cars and a combination coach. It came to a stop opposite the baggage truck, wheezing and groaning and complaining in all its joints, exactly like an old man with rheumatism. Ed Plunkett, the veteran engineer, thrust his round red face out of the cab window. "What's your hurry?" asked one of the loafers. "Somebody scared you down the line?"

"Brought ye a show," grinned the engineer, ignoring the sarcasm. "Yep, town hall to-night, boys! Town hall to-night!"

"Medicine show?" asked the loafer, brightening a trifle.

"No, sir-ree, bob! Reg'lar dramatic troupe. Benedict's Excelsior Stars—got a brass band and everything. They say they're pretty good ——"

But like many another man Ed had talked himself out of an audience. Pewahmo was well acquainted with wagon shows and medicine shows, but a genuine dramatic troupe traveling by rail was a novelty, and the loafers hurried toward the combination coach.

They arrived in time to witness the dignified disembarkation of Mr. Benedict himself. The owner, business manager and star of the Excelsior Stars was a tall stately gentleman of thirty-five years or thereabouts, whose dark curly hair, eagle beak, piercing eyes and blue-black chin proclaimed his profession as loudly as any trumpet blast. Mr. Benedict could never have been mistaken for anything but an actor, and he doubled the effect of his entrance by striding stiffly across the station platform, à la Ingomar the Barbarian.

Sartorially speaking Mr. Benedict was up to the minute and several jumps ahead of the Chicago mail-order houses. His shoulders were the widest and the cuffs of his trousers the narrowest that Pewahmo had ever seen; he carried a gold-headed cane, presented to him by the citizens of Muscatine, Iowa, and he wore a large diamond on the third finger of his left hand.

The loafers were so busy staring at this vision of prosperity that they overlooked the undeniably shabby appearance of the other members of the troupe, as Mr. Benedict intended they should. There were three women—a tall, weary-looking brunette, whose face bore traces of a vanished beauty; a small faded blonde, who threw one glance at the town of Pewahmo and murmured "Oh, my Gawd!" and a plump motherly creature, who seemed strangely out of place in her surroundings.

Of the men crowding down the steps of the coach only two might have been mistaken for actors—the sad one with the melancholy eyes, who was the comedian; and the jolly one with the pink grease paint on the rim of his collar, who played heavy parts. The others were nondescripts, carrying brass instruments under their arms.

"Joe!" called the manager, striking the platform violently with his cane. "Where is that confounded boy? Joe!"

"Yes, sir—coming!"

A boy stumbled out upon the platform of the coach. Slung under his left arm was a black-leather case containing Mr. Benedict's E-flat cornet. In his left hand he carried a small pasteboard box, carefully tied with twine. Under his right arm was a fat imitation-alligator-skin traveling bag, marked with the initials J. A. B. His right hand dragged an immense bass drum, upon one side of which in large gold letters were the words:

BENEDICT'S EXCELSIOR STARS
CHANGE OF BILL NIGHTLY

This last member of the troupe might have been nineteen years of age—still in the growing period, as coat sleeves and trouser legs bore witness. A self-respecting ragman would have sneered at the boy's clothes; his shoes were badly in need of patching, and even his disreputable cap was torn; but in spite of all these things no woman could have passed the youth with a single glance. His skin was pink and clear, his eyes were bright and blue, his well-shaped mouth opened on a double row of perfect teeth; and best of all he seemed not to be aware that he was a strikingly handsome young rascal with a face that might easily become his fortune.

"Gimme that bag!" ordered Mr. Benedict. "And get the rest of the junk over to the theater right away. Parade at twelve-thirty!" The nondescripts nodded and followed Mr. Benedict as he led the way toward Pewahmo's only hotel, leaving the boy alone on the station platform.

"Good-lookin' kid," commented one of the loafers.

"Yeh," said another. "It's a wonder he wouldn't git a job."

Joe Hopkins caught the last remark and his face twisted into a grin. A job! For eleven weeks he had been doing the work of three men and a dog—Benedict's dog. He was the juvenile man and the property man, the baggage hustler and the bill poster, the dodger distributor, the custodian of the wardrobe and the bass drummer in the band. A job! Benedict was the sort of man who could be trusted to make a stage-struck youth pay a price for ambition.

Joe had run away from home to be an actor—"anything, just so's to be with the troupe"—and there had been some mention of a business arrangement—"ten a week and cakes," Benedict had said. The cakes had been forthcoming—even a beast of burden must eat—but the ten a week had not materialized. If a seasoned trouper considered himself lucky to collect half his salary from Benedict, what chance had a raw recruit who could not even double in brass?

In the eleven weeks of his trouping Joe Hopkins had received exactly four dollars and fifteen cents; and he needed clothes, shoes, underwear—in short, he needed everything.

"Clothes?" Benedict had laughed at the very thought of such a thing. "What for? I suppose you want to stand round on the street corners and knock the dames dead after the matinées! Don't I supply all your stage wardrobe? Don't I let you wear that swell blue suit in East Lynne? Well! What are you kicking about, with business as bad as it is? Of course if you want to quit me I can get another juvenile man easy enough. Just say the word."

But Joe did not want to quit, and well the manager knew it. Joe wanted to be an actor, and Benedict had discovered that he could always silence his meek complaints by referring to him as the juvenile man. It was a cheap trick, but the manager's whole life was a bundle of cheap tricks and cheaper pretenses. He had made Joe believe that he was doing him a favor by allowing him to remain with the troupe.

Blinded by the footlights the youngster regarded his companions as superior beings, and looked up to the petty larcenist Benedict as a great man and an artist. He swallowed the manager's savage abuse and thought it helpful criticism; he did the work of three men and believed it a necessary part of his training as an actor.

If any of the other members of the troupe pitied Joe they did not let him know it. They called him a foolish farmer boy, and said there was more outside his skull than inside it. Doubtless they were right.

Promptly at twelve-thirty the Excelsior Stars burst upon the startled community, storming the quiet streets of Pewahmo with a tremendous braying of brass instruments, a whanging of cymbals and a booming of drums.

The week's engagement was to open with that rare, old sure-fire melodrama, The Convict's Daughter; consequently the eleven male members of the troupe appeared in convict's stripes—suits of the cheapest white material, crossbarred with black paint. A more economical band uniform could not have been devised, in addition to which the stripes advertised the opening performance.

High and shrill above the blat-blatting of the trombones and the oomph-oomphing of the lone tuba rose the piercing notes of Mr. Benedict's E-flat cornet, "carrying the air." It was not much of a band, but it made an astonishing amount of noise, no small part of which was furnished by Joe Hopkins, who brought up the rear, thumping away at the bass drum with one hand and manipulating the cymbals with the other. The boy had no ear for music, but it was his proud boast that he could "keep time till the cows come home."

After the parade Joe took off his black mustache—the Excelsior Stars always made up when they doubled in brass—put on the official overalls and set out to borrow the properties needed for the opening performance.

"Talk 'em out of the stuff if you can," ordered Benedict; "and don't give away any passes unless you have to."

"Yes, sir. And say, Mr. Benedict?"

"Say it; your mouth's open!"

"Do—do I eat at the hotel this week?" faltered Joe.

"After Wednesday," lied the manager glibly. "When you get the to-night dodgers distributed go down to the section house and tell the boss I sent you. He'll fix you up fine—nice comfortable bunk, and everything."

Joe's face fell. He knew those nice comfortable bunks—and everything that went with them.

"But those Bohunks," he sighed; "they smell so like the devil!"

Joe was wedded to his art, but he could not love the forty-cents-a-day fare dished out to railway section hands, nor was he able to smother the deep-rooted conviction that a juvenile man, however far he might fall short of perfection, was still a bit above swarthy day laborers who spoke no English but snored in all the languages living and dead.

It took Joe two solid hours to collect the poverty-stricken trappings in which to dress The Convict's Daughter. This done he changed back to stripes once more, glued the mustache under his nose, seized a bundle of lithographs and dodgers and set out to snowball the town. The lithographs were for the windows in the business section, the dodgers for the residences.

At five o'clock Biddy Bradley, sentimental and seventeen, closed the trashy novel which she had been reading and let it fall into the hammock beside her. At exactly four minutes past the hour she found herself walking slowly down the flower-bordered path toward the front gate. Biddy had no business which demanded her presence at the front gate, no clear motive for going there, but Fate,

"Don't Know Me Now, Eh? But You Know Me a Minute Ago, You Four-Flusher!"

which has a way of moving its puppets without consulting them, had ordained the time and the place of meeting. Had Biddy Bradley known that there was to be a meeting she would have been thrilled to death. Biddy was always being thrilled to death about something.

When Fate puts on the show there are no tiresome stage waits. Biddy had scarcely reached the gate when she came face to face with a handsome youth, alarmingly clad in broad stripes of black and white. Surprised by this apparition Biddy squealed.

"Mercy sakes alive!"

"Oh, it's all right," smiled the boy reassuringly. "I'm not a regular convict, you know."

Biddy began to giggle and to make use of her eyes, after the manner of her sex.

"It wasn't that," she said; "but you—you look so much like a zebra!"

Joe plucked off his round convict's cap and made her a low bow—the very best bow of Richard Hare in East Lynne.

"No," said he gravely; "another kind of an animal—an actor."

"Oh!" cried Biddy, clasping her hands. "An actor! And I've never seen a real one—close up like this! I'm too thrilled for words!"

"I'm a little bit thrilled myself," said Joe.

"And—you're really on the stage?" asked Biddy breathlessly. "Really and truly? Cross your heart and hope to die? Tell me what it's like!"

"Well," said Joe, "it's the only life there is. You meet so many nice people." And he bowed once more.

"Ho!" scoffed Biddy. "That's what you tell all the girls!" She shook her blond curls down over her eyes and ambushed her victim through the golden screen.

"No," said Joe with simple directness; "I don't usually speak to 'em at all. I meant that or I wouldn't have said it."

Biddy giggled again.

"Why, the very idea! And I don't even know your name!"

"Here it is, right on the dodgers," grinned Joe—"Norval Montressor. You can see for yourself."

"It sounds," said Biddy suspiciously, "like a name out of a book."

The striped youth leaned across the gate and his voice took on a confidential tone.

"I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you," said he, "but that's where I got it—out of a book. My real name is Joe—Joe Hopkins; but that wouldn't look good on the bills." Confidence for confidence.

"That's nothing—everybody calls me Biddy. Isn't that a perfectly awful name?"

"No," said Joe stoutly. "I like it a lot better than Geraldine or Hortense or any of those fancy names. Biddy. Gee! It sounds kind of old-fashioned and sensible—and nice."

"Oh, but I'm not sensible at all! I do the most terrible things! What do you suppose my aunt would say if she knew I was standing out here talking to you—an actor?"

"Well," said Joe, effacing himself against the hedge, "I haven't been an actor long enough to hurt. We're not all as bad as you think. Actors are pretty much like other folks—when you get to know 'em."

"I expect they are," said Biddy; "and I guess you've got a girl somewhere. Heavens to Betsy! You might even be married!"

"Who, me?" Joe was actually startled. Then he remembered something, and his hand traveled swiftly to his upper lip. "It's just this confounded mustache," said he. "See, I'll take it off. And I'm not married, nor I haven't got a girl anywhere. Honest Injun!"

"You look better without that thing on," said Biddy after a critical inspection.

"You oughtn't to wear one, ever. It doesn't become you at all; and anybody could see it wasn't real. Well, I guess I'll have to go now."

"Coming to the show to-night?" asked Joe.

Biddy shook her head and retreated slowly from the gate.

"Maybe you'd like East Lynne better," suggested Joe. "That's our Wednesday matinée. Thursday night we do The Two Orphans. I got a good part in that—the hunchback, you know."

"I'm terribly sorry," said Biddy. "I'd just love to see you act—I'd be perfectly thrilled—but you see, I live here with my aunt, and she—she doesn't believe in shows."

"Maybe you could fix it to slip out for an evening. I could get you a pass ——"

"Oh! Could you?"

"Sure. No trouble at all. You be thinking it over, and I'll be round to-morrow morning, about eleven, I guess. And I won't wear this band uniform, either."

"It is kind of—conspicuous," said Biddy. "So you're a musician too?"

"A kind of a one," said Joe modestly. "I'll see you to-morrow, then?"

"Yes, to-morrow. And if I said anything nasty about actors I take it all back!"

Before Joe could think of any fitting rejoinder Biddy was halfway to the house.

The Excelsior Stars played to good business in Pewahmo that week—such unusually good business that on Friday night after the performance of The Silver King the juvenile man was emboldened to ask a favor of the management.

In addition to his other duties Joe was the custodian of the company wardrobe, which was the personal property of Mr. Benedict. The owner of a ten, twenty and thirty rep show must also be the owner of the stage costumes, for he never knows when an actor may desert him; and if the clothes remain with the troupe shift may be made to cover that desertion. The loss of an actor is nothing; the loss of the only frock coat is a serious matter.

After every show Joe collected the various suits worn by the male members of the company, folded them carefully and packed them away in such a manner as to bring to the top of the pile the costumes for the next performance. He was engaged in burying The Silver King and resurrecting that good old Saturday matinée, Camille, when the manager passed within speaking distance.

"Say, Mr. Benedict?"

"Well?"

"You know that light-blue suit—the one I wear in East Lynne?"

"The Richard Hare suit? What of it? You didn't get it spotted up, did you?"

"No, it's all right."

"Well?"

"Nothing, only I was wondering if you wouldn't let me borrow that for an hour or so after the show to-morrow night."

"You can quit wondering right now, because I won't."

"I'd be awful careful of it."

"That's what they all say. I loaned a suit to a tramp actor once—he said he had a date and wanted to make a flash—and he jumped the town and left me flat. No sir! Nothing doing!"

"Only an hour, Mr. Benedict. My own suit ain't fit to be seen—you know that. And—and I have got a date, honest."

"You won't mash any chambermaids at my expense."

"Maybe I could rent it from you. You owe me ——"

"There you go, starting that again!"

"I'm not starting anything, Mr. Benedict, but if you'll do this for me ——"

"Now see here, young fellow! You want to get this girl idea out of your head. You went up three times to-night lost your lines entirely—thinking about this date, I suppose. Nearly ruined the whole performance. I won't stand it again."

"Then I can't have the suit?"

"Absolutely, emphatically and positively, no! And the next time you go sleep-walking through your part and gumming up the show I'll fine you a week's salary. Think that over at your leisure!"

The manager drew out a flat silver case, flipped it open, extracted a cigarette, tapped the cork tip on his thumbnail and made a slow dignified exit. There was rebellion in Joe's eyes, but he did not open his mouth until the stage door closed. Then he began to talk to himself, mumbling bitterly as he bent over the tumbled heap of clothing.

"Wouldn't have hurt him any to do it. . . . Wouldn't have hurt the suit any, either. . . . Talked like I wanted to steal it. . . . Fine me a week's salary! Huh! Better pay me one first!"

The last straw does not always break a camel's back. It is only the feeble-witted camel that stands still and waits for it.

On Saturday morning Joe passed a slip of paper across the front gate and Biddy squealed with delight.

"There you are, little lady. Best seat in the house—if you come early enough. How did you fix it with your aunt?"

"Oh, she thinks I'm going to a surprise party!"

"Well"—and Joe chuckled—"she ain't very far wrong."

"But—I don't understand."

"Neither will the rest of the audience. You see, it's this way: Everywhere we go we let the people vote on the play they want to see Saturday night. Mostly they stick to the old ones that they've seen before, but they put something over on us in this town. When we counted the votes last night The Ninety and Nine was a snowstorm. That's a big New York success, the boss says. He thinks the people read about it in the Sunday papers. Anyway, that's the one they all want, and we haven't got any script of it and don't even know what kind of a play it is. To-night they'll all be there to see The Ninety and Nine, and that's where the surprise party will come in."

"What will you do?" asked Biddy.

"You can search me," replied Joe cheerfully. "Last town we were in they voted for The Charity Ball, and what do you think we handed 'em? Charley's Aunt! Oh, he's a slick one, Benedict is; but he's a great actor—best I ever saw I've learned more just by watching him work more about acting than I ever knew before. You'll be crazy about him."

"Oh, I don't know," cooed Biddy. "Maybe I'm already crazy about—somebody else."

"How many guesses do I get?" demanded Joe, whereupon Biddy saw fit to change the subject.

"That's a pretty set of furniture you're going to give away to-night. I saw it down in the window at the store Myrtle Hastings has got fifteen coupons. Wouldn't it be funny if she should win it?"

"Yes," said Joe, "it would. But don't worry, Myrtle hasn't got a chance. If we figured to come back here next season she might have. . . . Now listen: When the show is over you wait for me in that little restaurant round the corner from the theater."

"Cusick's? Oh, I couldn't do that! It's so—so public!"

"Nothing of the sort! Just sit down at one of the tables behind the screen, and I'll join you the minute I get washed up. We'll have a bite to eat—oysters or something—and then I'll see you home. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"It would be heavenly," sighed Biddy—she was passionately fond of oysters, that girl—"but my aunt ——"

"Shucks! Who'd tell her anything about it?"

"Everybody! You don't realize how folks gossip in this town. It's all they have to do!"

"But nobody'll know who I am," urged Joe; "and besides, I—I'll wear a different suit, and everything. I'm going away to-morrow and I may never see you again. You don't want to—to say good-by like this, do you? Right out in broad daylight, where we can't even shake hands? Please—just this once!"

Now Biddy Bradley though young was not entirely inexperienced along romantic lines. There had been many moonlight farewells at that same front gate, and nearly all the boys had tried to kiss her. She remembered best the few who had been content with a handshake, and after these unusual and rather disappointing episodes Biddy had looked searchingly into her mirror before going to bed

"You're sure you really want me to?" she teased. "Tell me, would you be thrilled if I said yes?"

"I'll be broken-hearted if you don't."

"Poor little heart!" whispered Biddy softly. "I wouldn't break it for worlds and worlds! . . . You think there won't be a crowd at Cusick's?"

Following the plan outlined by Fate and ordained from the beginning Biddy gave her promise to meet Joe at Cusick's restaurant—gave it thinking only of herself and the risk of being seen eating oysters with an actor at eleven o'clock on Saturday night. Biddy fancied herself the star of the evening's performance, for how could she have guessed that she was cast for a small and inconspicuous part in the one important scene of that wayside drama the climax for which all else had been no more than preparation? Her lines were to be few, her stage business insignificant, her exit hasty and humiliating, her last thought that night one of bitter disappointment; but as Fate never rehearses the scenes in which its puppets play parts Biddy sang blithely to herself as she went about her work and anticipated with a fluttering heart a long evening of thrills.

In the language of the most eminent of all barnstormers "that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"; so Pewahmo laughed uproariously at The Ninety and Nine, and never suspected the grave wrong done to the author of a celebrated farce comedy not too often seen in the provinces.

At the end of the riotous third act the set of furniture was "given away," and Pewahmo clutching its coupons sat in breathless silence while little Minnie Daly drew the winning number from Mr. Benedict's silk hat. To the intense disgust of the audience the green-plush parlor set fell to Hink Applebee, the town drunkard, who held but one coupon in his moist right hand—and had held it there ever since a brief business conversation with the manager of the Excelsior Stars.

When the curtain fell at the close of the play Joe hustled the actors out of their costumes and began packing with

(Continued on Page 30)

Lesley Shifted His Glance to Meet That Piercing Stare. . . . Almost Instantly There Came the Crash of Metal and the Thin Tinkle of Shattered Glass

SITTING ON THE WORLD

By GEORGE PATTULLO

THE telephone in the dugout tinkled faintly. "I wonder what the blue blazes they want now!" grumbled the captain, dragging the instrument toward him across the table. "Hello! Hello! . . . Rockport. . . . What's that? . . . Yes, Limburger! Huh? I don't get that. . . . What? . . . Oh—yes. Gorgonzola. How's your throat? . . . Fine! Tomatoes. . . . No, it's all right. . . . Catchup. Good night."

"Ordering the groceries?" I inquired.

"We have to talk in code. They can hear what we say."

"How?"

"Oh, they tap the wires somewhere; other ways too. Probably they hear every word we're saying right now."

It was a harrowing thought. The notion of the enemy listening to our conversation enraged me; it was like him to grab an education cheaply.

"We do the same," he added. "All you have to do is lay an amplifier not far from their trenches and connect it with a receiver back in ours. There're three guys who can talk German listening to what Heiny is saying at this moment."

"What do you do in case the telephone is put out of business? How about it when a bombardment smashes the wires?"

"That might happen, but then we have runners, of course. It's extremely unlikely anything could cut us off entirely from telephone connection. For instance, there're fourteen ways of reaching the regimental P. C. from this sector."

He had just taken over H 3 from a company of another regiment. The relief had been made without a slip, without receiving so much as a single shell. And because some of the men were of the replacement class recently sent from America, and the remainder of the company were going up against real war for the first time, the captain felt like a man who has been playing with his last chip and suddenly wins a fat jackpot.

Much Travel and Little Sleep

THE dugout was about twelve feet long by six in width, heavily beamed and buttressed, and had a board floor. Two bunks filled each end; a table took up the middle space. On the table burned a couple of candles, held upright in their own wax. One chair, a small bench and a shelf completed the furniture. Not such a bad little home, as homes go on the American Front.

"Isn't that darned stove going?" demanded the captain.

It was not. What's more, I had doubts that it ever would. For the thing was improvised out of an old bacon can, bound with strips of iron; a jam tin did as the base of the pipe; then there were a few feet of real pipe, and the outlet was a heavy bit of three-inch drain.

"No wood!" the captain barked, searching in all the corners. "Just about what you might expect from that bunch. Those Steenth fellows aren't worth a hoot! No coal—no nothing! Well, we'll just have to freeze until our wagons get here. They'll be along about one o'clock."

The hour was midnight. The dugout had a door, but it was wide open, and the portière of sacking which kept in the light failed entirely to keep out the cold.

"Call me a runner, will you?"

I stepped out to do so and up the stairs. A sentinel was on duty not far from the mouth of the dugout and he was shivering in the wind.

"Runner!" he called into the dark.

"Coming!" replied a voice.

The night was clear and frosty. A few stars glittered in the sky, but it was plenty black enough for dirty work.

The runner came stumbling along the duckboards and we descended into the dugout. I noted with satisfaction that there appeared to be ten to twelve feet of earth and stone above its stout roof. Every little bit helps.

Down in the Shelter of a Dugout One of Our Soldiers Reads a Letter From Home. Above—Hospitality With the Mercury Below Zero

"Take this to the battalion P. C.," ordered the company commander, "and bring me back an answer."

"Yes, sir."

He lifted the flap and was gone. The captain gave a tired yawn. We had marched twelve miles to make the relief; before that the officers had walked up to H 3 for a reconnaissance, then back; thirty-six miles in as many hours, and only four hours of sleep. It takes men of fine stamina to withstand the strain of a company officer's work.

A few minutes and steps were heard on the stairs. The flap was raised and in came a tall, gangling youth in a leather jacket, carrying a rifle. He gave the captain a sort of salute and presented a note. Then he leaned his weight nonchalantly on one leg and his rifle, and waited. He may have been twenty years old but looked younger, and of all the cool customers it has been my good fortune to meet, that boy carried off the palm.

"What the Sam Hill does he want now?" exclaimed the captain, opening the paper. "I bet ——"

A loud explosion interrupted him; then another and another. Somebody was shooting rifle grenades; somebody else was abetting him with a shower of hand grenades. A minute, and a crackling rifle fire added to the din.

"Who's doing that shooting?" the captain cried. "I told those men not to open up until they actually saw a German making for them."

"Oh, those guys over on the right've got some kind of a war on," replied the runner carelessly, with the tolerance of a veteran of a dozen campaigns.

A Good Kid

PRETTY soon the noise stopped and quiet settled again over the trenches. The captain wrote a reply to the note, and the battalion runner departed.

"That's a good kid," remarked the commander. "When we were in the line for training last November he carried a message half a mile through a hell of a barrage. Never so much as batted an eye, either."

After that we waited for the platoon commanders to make their reports.

"Here comes one now."

But it wasn't. A sergeant shoved his head inside to announce that a covering party had been left out in the wire and wanted to know what to do.

"Covering party? Do you mean to say that company went off and forgot 'em? Damn! Well, I guess you'd better send up a rocket, sergeant. Or, wait—no. The fool artillery'll mistake it for a signal and put down a barrage. Send somebody out to call them in and then have them march out. That's a fine piece of business, I must say!"

The telephone tinkled again. It was the major, anxious to learn how everything went. The captain hung up the receiver; as he did so we caught the rumble of wagons.

"There's our stuff now," he said. "Want to go and see about your bed roll? No? You won't get a chance to use it to-night anyhow. What do you say to taking a little walk along the trench to see how they're making it?"

We donned tin hats, slung gas masks from our necks and climbed out. There was a hush over the lines, but it was the brooding hush that makes one tingle to the finger tips with apprehension of what it holds. Far back of our sector the American artillery crouched sullenly on its haunches, waiting with unwinking eyes for the signal that would start it to belching death and destruction from a hundred roaring throats. And across from us, on the other side of a wire-choked valley, masses of the enemy's guns were breathless to strike. What wonder that the darkness became people with strange shapes, that the glimpses one got of No Man's Land revealed stealthy creeping foes in every hump and post!

Our way led through the silent ruins of the village in which the captain had his post of command. For a few yards we moved aboveground, because the piles of débris afforded shelter; then the duckboard path dipped into a trench, and now we were headed for "Pershing Front Line," as the boys had dubbed it.

Going along a trench in the dark is no whit different from a night trip through a zigzagging sewer in which ladders have been laid horizontally. Now, of course, you know what it's like. Sometimes these ladders were not; they had either disappeared in mud or had never been put down; and then we sloughed through mire. From time to time a piece of the chicken wire that served for revetment reached out a claw and grabbed our coats. And once, going under some crosspieces put up to make a collapsible gate of barbed wire, I banged my helmet against them. The smack of it went echoing across No Man's Land.

Instantly a boche machine gun began to chatter like a startled prairie dog.

"Watch that you keep down," warned the officer.

Waste of words; I was going along bent almost double. And there was need of this precaution, for where a hole

gaped in the parapet bullets were sending out spurts of dirt. The hidden machine gunner was a marvel; he seemed able to clip the tops of our trenches at will.

"That guy's worth a battalion to the boches," remarked the captain. "He can keep three companies on edge all night. They don't need a patrol out with him on the job."

A few minutes of stumbling progress; twice, thrice we slipped off the duckboards into mud up to our calves. At last he halted.

"Right here," he explained in a whisper, "we have to cross a little bridge. A kind of creek runs along here and makes a break in the trench. But it's only about twenty feet across."

"Well, let's go then."

"But," he continued, "you see there's no trench until you get on the other side of the bridge! And that damned machine gunner has a clear sweep of it. He pumps 'em over every so often. Maybe he'll be peppering somewhere else, but if he should happen to crack down on this while we were in the middle we'd be out of luck."

"Hadn't we best go back and build that fire?" I suggested.

The captain listened a while. The boche marksman was shooting away at something, but we couldn't hear the whine of his messages.

"I guess it's all right. Take a long breath and—ready? Then beat it!"

We hurried over the bridge on the balls of our feet. Nothing happened, but somehow I couldn't get that "out of luck" from my mind. Later I was to cross the bridge a score of times without mishap. It was all right in the daytime, but never once at night did I go over without a queer feeling at the pit of my stomach. It's the mischief trusting to the whim of a squarehead German!

Safe in the trench on the other side: "Why the Sam Hill don't you go after that fellow?"

"We intend to. I'm going to frame up something for him this week. Say, we'll let you in on that."

Hospitality is all right up to a certain point, but you can overdo it.

"And if they give you permission I've got a fine little party on for you."

"What kind of a party?" I inquired suspiciously.

"Out on night patrol. What do you say to that?" he replied in the tone of one conferring a boon.

Not a word did I say to that; I couldn't. My gratitude was voiceless. But as we went along I began to lose some of my liking for the captain.

Private Ward's Challenge

WE WERE traversing an exceptionally deep stretch of trench when suddenly a large object leaped above our heads and between us. It scared me out of a year's growth.

"Cat," observed the officer calmly. "There're quite a few round in this sector."

Next thing we knew, a cautious voice challenged from the void in front: "Halt! Who's there?"

We came to an instant stop.

"The captain."

A short pause; then the same voice asked in an uncertain whisper: "Are you a friend?"

The Members of Our Hospital Division are in Trim for Duty Along the French Front

Probably the soldier ought to have been sternly rebuked; but we both laughed. He was one of the new men and doing the best he knew how.

The captain led the way to the post from which the challenge had come. It was an alcove in the trench, with the floor raised above the duckboards; a stout parapet of sandbags protected the men in it. There were loopholes for them to fire through.

"Everything all right?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, sir," answered one of the three stationed there.

"How're you getting along, Ward? You'll have to learn to challenge better than that. A boche could have sneaked up on you while you were thinking what to say next."

"No, sir!" declared Private Ward firmly, "he couldn't. If you'd moved an inch I was going to shoot. But Shorty here knew your voice." Right then I determined never to wander round the trenches alone at night.

We stepped down from the post and continued on our way.

"That fellow Ward's a corker," said the captain. "He never seems to be paying any attention to what's going on round him, but he never misses a word. You'd think he was in a coma; he doesn't say two sentences in a whole day. But I believe he'd put up a fight."

Less than half an hour was to elapse before Private Ward proved it conclusively.

We were sitting on empty boxes in a lieutenant's dugout—a duplicate of the captain's, but smaller and with only two bunks.

"There goes a rocket for a barrage, sir," reported the sentinel at the door.

Sixteen seconds later the first American battery opened up. That is almost a record. Immediately afterward it seemed as if all the guns in the world were giving tongue. The air above us was a shrieking, whining chaos. The dugout quivered. Away to the right and at our backs the horizon was one spurting flame.

"Boy howdy, but those guys're sure on the job!" cried the sentinel.

Helping the Artillery

THE shells were bursting in No Man's Land; evidently that was to drive back any raiders who might be trying to sneak across. They came with a rushing crash, made a wall of leaping fire. And as we watched, the wall began to advance. It was moving slowly over No Man's Land toward the German positions.

"And now what's up?" cried the captain, adjusting his helmet.

From the direction of the post we had just left came five loud explosions in rapid succession Their flashes showed a short distance in front of our trenches

"Holy mackerel!" groaned the captain. "We're a good eight hundred yards from the boche line and Ward and those other guys're throwing hand grenades."

They certainly were. Whoever was doing the job had his mind on the business. Slam! Whang! The three of them were evidently at it, manfully helping the barrage.

"They'll smash all the wire for a hundred yards," raved the captain. "Wait here for me. I've got to stop that."

He had barely disappeared when the German guns opened in reply. Apparently under the suspicion that our furious firing presaged a raid, the boche gunners let fly a deluge of shells. They rained all over No Man's Land, and spattered up and down the American trenches. Take it from me, a dugout's the thing!

The lieutenant had flown. He wasn't running away from danger, but running into it. He had gone to join his men and see that they took cover; also that they should be ready to repel an attack if one were attempted.

"Ward must have been hit, sir," reported the sentinel, who remained standing under the tip of the dugout roof "A shell bust right where their post is, and now I don't hear 'em."

It was only too true. I listened, but not a sound came from the able assistants to the barrage.

A minute later, however, there was another flash close in front, followed by the unmistakable crash of a hand grenade. Private Ward had recovered; he was once again bombing an imaginary foe. Abruptly as they had begun, both barrages ceased. The Germans quit first; then our

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Mopping Up the Trenches

Ready for Any Gas Attack

THE DIPLOMATIC MESSENGER

By Lawrence Byrne

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

The Stewardess Was Just Like the Others. Anyone Could Have Seen She Had Been Instructed to Find Out Where the Bag Was Kept

WHEN Mrs. Caldwell had settled herself comfortably and had adjusted her steel-rimmed spectacles, she took from out the folds of black alpaca that covered her meager bosom a large gold watch. It was extraordinarily large and heavy, with a cover that made an alarming report when opened; attached to it was the original chain of heavy links which the long lamented Mr. Caldwell had worn up to the moment, even at the moment, of his departure from this world.

One minute remained before the train was scheduled to depart. Mrs. Caldwell sighed contentedly. Perhaps she was going to be left in peace! Perhaps there were going to be no jabbering foreigners this time, who when they were not waving their hands and swallowing sandwiches whole and picking their teeth were jumping up and closing all the windows as tight as wax. Why couldn't they stand a breath of fresh air anyhow? They certainly needed it. Yes, she was sure she was going to be left alone; and what a comfort! For she was tired, dead tired; and twelve hours of night travel lay before her—all the distance from Geneva to Paris.

She closed her eyes and lay back against the pillow she had hired at the station.

Suddenly in the midst of this soothing mood the door of the compartment was jerked violently open. A leather mail bag appeared first, hurled through the air. It fell at the far end of the compartment. Then followed several valises; after which a man, giving the effect of being thrown into the carriage, fell headlong at her feet. The next moment the door was slammed to and bolted, a thin blast sounded from the conductor's horn and the train began to move.

The man pulled himself together and stood up. In the dim light Mrs. Caldwell made him out to be young, quite young, with light hair, a good deal of color and nice, boyish, laughing eyes. There was something altogether pleasant about him, even if he was a foreigner and an intruder.

The young man looked at her, smiled, finally broke into a gay laugh and said something in a language she did not understand.

This was the first time a foreign gentleman had addressed her, and she stiffened immediately; she had been told that a woman alone must be very careful; in Europe age was no protection at all.

However, the young man didn't seem to notice her frigidity and began gathering together his scattered luggage and placing it on the shelf. This finished, he again turned to Mrs. Caldwell and addressed her. She saw quite plainly that he was going to be insistent and would have to be put in his place at once. Assuming a most self-righteous and New England attitude of spine she opened her lips sufficiently to announce distinctly:

"I'm American."

The young man smiled broadly. "Are you? How jolly! So am I!"

Mrs. Caldwell allowed her spine to relax; an expression of relief spread over her rather pinched features; indeed she even smiled, though timidly.

"Just made this train by one minute—got into the first carriage I saw—was just wondering what luck I'd have in here—usually these carriages are crowded."

The young fellow went on talking pleasantly, all the time arranging his luggage and giving special attention to a small leather mail bag. This caught Mrs. Caldwell's attention at once. Though small, it had a particularly important air. Several red wax seals, a large leather tag and a brass padlock dangled officially from the leather strap that bound it. The tag was particularly interesting, as it contained a card on which something was printed; in English, Mrs. Caldwell thought, though she wasn't sure.

"Been away from home long?" the young fellow asked, finally sitting down opposite her.

"Quite a spell," Mrs. Caldwell replied. "Six weeks."

"That's not long. I've been away three years."

"Land's sake! Three years! Ain't you most dead with homesickness?"

"Not a bit. I love Europe, don't you?"

"Can't say as I do. I traveled over to visit with my sister in Switzerland. She's teaching there in a school. But it just seemed like I couldn't stand it—the food and all, so foreignlike, so I packed up my grip and started back home." Her withered face lit up feebly. "The boat's leaving day after to-morrow."

"Day after to-morrow! What boat?"

"The Roachamboo."

"The Rochambeau! How extraordinary! I'm sailing on her too."

Mrs. Caldwell's heart gave a leap of joy. Here, at the very start, she had met a pleasant-spoken young man who was going on the same boat! And somehow he made her feel real comfortablelike, though she didn't usually take to strangers. It must have been something about him that made her think of Amos, her boy, so many thousands of miles away in Vermont.

"Do you make your residence in Geneva?" she asked after a little pause.

"No. Constantinople for the present; usually anywhere the Government wants to send me."

"Have you come all the way from there? Land's sake, you must be all tuckered out!"

"I am rather fagged. If it hadn't been for this"—he patted the mail bag almost affectionately—"I might have been fairly comfortable. Can't let it get out of my sight for a moment. I hate responsibility, don't you?"

Mrs. Caldwell's New England spirit rose with a bound. If there was anything she liked most in the world it was responsibility. She wiped her glasses and took another look at the bag. "Supposin' someone who didn't ought to should get a hold of that!"

"No one can. I always sleep with it under my head."

"That's right!" Mrs. Caldwell nodded approvingly. "If I had a thing like that on my hands day in and day out, seems to me I'd most pass away with worrying."

"One becomes accustomed to responsibility after one has been in diplomacy three years." The young man delivered this with a touch of professional pride. It would have been lese majesty to have belittled his mission before a lady so evidently impressed.

"I guess your mother's real proud of you," sighed Mrs. Caldwell reflectively. "I've got a boy, too, back home. But he's kind o' pindlinglike; his food don't seem to nourish him. Anyhow, I guess nobody'd get that bag away from him, neither, if he had it. Say," she added after a moment, "what's this diplomacy business? We don't hear tell of it down in Vermont. I'd like to be able to tell the folks something about it when I get home."

The young fellow looked at her quizzically, then broke into a gay laugh. "You're rather hard on my profession! If you don't know what it is, bless me if I know how to explain it."

Mrs. Caldwell frowned. "Is there something wrong about it?"

"I sincerely trust not. You do know the United States has its representatives in foreign countries, don't you?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Caldwell exclaimed with relief, "I know what you mean. You're a consul! I had to go to see one in Geneva."

"Something like that—with subtle differences." The young fellow yawned under his hand, rose and looked about as if wondering how he could make himself comfortable for the night.

"If you don't mind I'm going to stretch out here and try to go to sleep." He straightened out the mail bag, preparatory to using it as a pillow.

"You can't get a wink laying on that," Mrs. Caldwell protested. "Here, you take my pillow."

He looked at her in surprise, even a little confused by the unusual kindness of the offer, and declined it.

"I'm not a mite sleepy," she insisted; "and you are. Just you take it. I can see that bag's real hard."

"Thanks, I'm used to it. Besides, it's safer under my head."

He put his legs up on the seat, stretched out full length and was soon sound asleep. Not so Mrs. Caldwell; her eyes rested almost tenderly on his face. He sure was like Amos. She brushed away a tear and prayed that those thousands of miles that separated them might be quickly and safely passed. If the good Lord let her get back home again they never would persuade her ever to leave there, no matter what they told her about seeing the world. Vermont was good enough for her, anyway. Once she leaned forward to take another look at that important tag. It was hanging down now so she could look at it without awakening him. She could read it distinctly: "The Department of State, Washington, D. C., U. S. A." She caught her breath with excitement, then looked quickly about the compartment. If anyone should come in and happen to see it there might be trouble. She supposed there were heaps of spies about, ready to run off with it at a moment's notice; and he such a heavy sleeper. She sat bolt upright for a whole hour, thoroughly determined to watch through the night for him. If only she weren't so sleepy. . . .

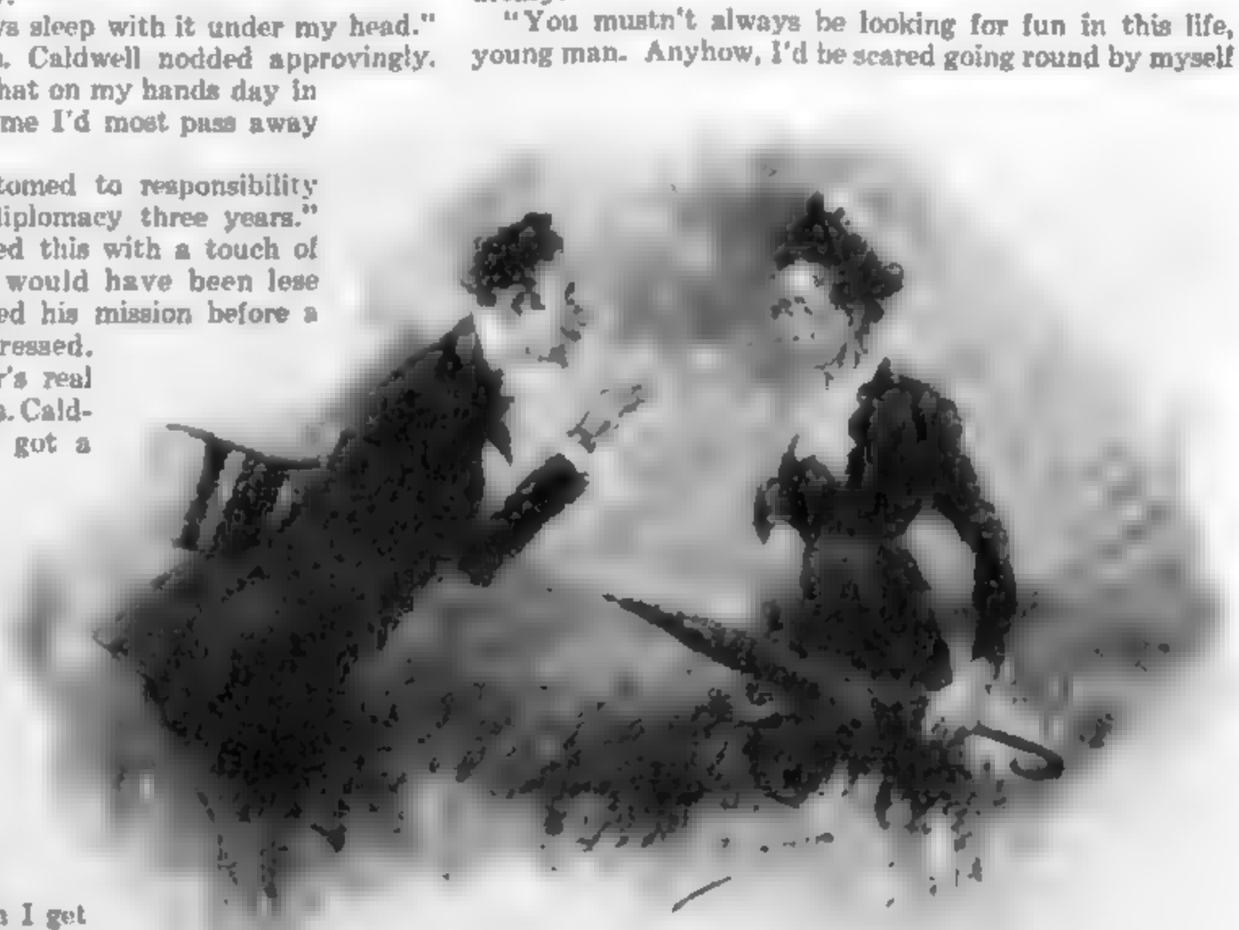
Suddenly she started up. The compartment was filled with the gray light of dawn. The young man was sitting up and smiling at her.

"We're arriving in Paris," he said. "Dismal outlook, isn't it?" He waved toward the shabby outskirts of the city. "Which hotel are you going to?"

A faint blush overspread Mrs. Caldwell's face; her lips tightened. "I guess I'll stay right in the depot till the train to-night. Mr. Cook's man is real cordial; he'll show me the ladies' room."

"Spend all the day in the station! That's frightfully dreary."

"You mustn't always be looking for fun in this life, young man. Anyhow, I'd be scared going round by myself



"They Do Say at How a Frenchman Will Come Right Up to a Lone Woman and Start Jabbering to Her"

When Mrs. Caldwell's Eyes Rested on the Statue of Liberty Her Troubles Were Not Yet Over. The Captain Was Standing With Another Telegram in His Hand

in this great, wicked city. They do say as how a Frenchman will come right up to a lone woman and start jabbering to her."

The young fellow suppressed a laugh. "But you must not stop all day in the station," he went on more seriously. "Let me see. I wonder if you would come to my hotel. Somehow, you know, I hate to think of your sitting twelve hours in a dreary station. If you'll come to the hotel I'll make them give you a room on the Place Vendôme; and if you don't want to go out you can sit there and be amused. Won't you do it?"

Mrs. Caldwell shook her head. "You're mighty good, but I couldn't do that."

"Why not? Don't you trust me?" He smiled nicely.

"'Tain't that." Mrs. Caldwell colored again.

The young man colored, too, understanding for the first time that it was a question of expense. Suddenly his heart warmed toward the forlorn little figure in black alpaca. He leaned forward. "I want you to come with me as a favor—as my guest. I haven't seen a real American mother for three years. You've made me homesick for mine. Won't you come with me?"

Mrs. Caldwell's eyes softened in spite of her firmness. "I couldn't accept all that from a stranger."

"But I'm not a stranger. We're both Americans in a strange land. It will be a great pleasure to me to make your day more comfortable. Some day, in return, when I come to Vermont you can give me a real New England dinner—with doughnuts and rhubarb pie, and all sorts of good things." He ended with a smile that Mrs. Caldwell found irresistible.

"I don't know what the folks at home would say, but you put it so kind o' cozylike"—her thin fingers played nervously with the heavy links of the chain that would be Amos' on his twenty-first birthday—"it just seems like I couldn't say no."

Mrs. Caldwell had the sensation of having done a daring thing. "But foreign travel does change folks; and it is a comfort not to have to struggle for a whole day with outlandish ways and customs in a strange land," she reflected as she was being whirled up to the hotel in a motor. The young man himself escorted her up to a sumptuous room. It was quite beyond anything she had ever imagined. She felt it would be taking an unheard-of liberty to rest her weary limbs on the gorgeous bedstead with its lace coverlid. And the mirrors! She had always heard Frenchwomen were vain; now she knew it. Two large windows opened on a square through which hundreds of motors and thousands of people seemed to be passing. "Must be Main Street, I guess," she commented, peering timidly out through the lace curtains.

"Lots of streets like this in Paris." The young fellow smiled. "Now you're comfortable, I'll go. Have an engagement to spend the day with some friends who are here. If you want anything just ring this bell."

As he turned to leave with the promise to come back in time to fetch her to the train a page entered and handed him a telegram. He tore it open, looked at his watch and frowned. "I hope it ain't bad news," Mrs. Caldwell said, at once anxious. A telegram in her town always meant tragedy.

"Bad news? Yes, in a way it is. My friends aren't in Paris; they're at Fontainebleau. They've telegraphed me to take the nine-thirty train and come out there. I've only twenty minutes to catch it in."

"Well, I guess you can do it in this town. Things out there seem to be moving fast enough to catch anything."

"I could if I didn't have this." He looked down at the mail bag, which he still carried. "I must leave this at the embassy first. I couldn't lug it out there with me. And if I go to the embassy I'll miss the train."

"Can't you leave it here at the hotel?"

"A bag of diplomatic dispatches! Why, do you know, my chief, the ambassador at Constantinople, sent me on this journey for no other purpose than to deliver this bag into the hands of the Secretary of State himself at Washington."

His evident disappointment distressed Mrs. Caldwell. "Say, I'm real sorry. I wish I could help you some way. Now"—she suddenly looked at him as though with inspiration—"why couldn't you leave it with me! I ain't agoing to leave this room. It 'pears to me as it ought to be safe here."

The young fellow appeared struck by the idea. "I don't see why I shouldn't do it—if you are sure you are not going to leave the room?"

"I certainly ain't! I'd be too scared to."

"Then—I believe I'll do it. Only" he hesitated again—"you see—I don't even know your name. I suppose I ought to know that."

"I'm Mrs. Naphelet P. Caldwell—Maria Caldwell; and my home's in St. Johnsbury, Vermont."

The young man glanced at his watch. "I'm going to do it!" he exclaimed. "Otherwise I'd miss seeing my friends. Nothing can possibly happen to the bag, can there?"

"Don't see how there could."

"You won't let someone, by chance, get it away from you?"

Mrs. Caldwell's New England spirit accepted the challenge. "I guess I'd like to see 'em try!" she replied dryly.

He carried the bag to the table and laid it there, looking at it thoughtfully, even a bit doubtingly. "Of course I haven't any business doing this. I mean," he added quickly, "putting this responsibility on you. But you see—I'm sure it's all right. I'll be back promptly at eight to fetch you to the train. Thank you a thousand times."

He grasped her hand, gave it a hard pressure and left the room as though in fear of changing his mind.

Left alone Mrs. Caldwell first locked the door that led into the hall, then tried the one leading into an adjoining room and found it already locked. Satisfied on this point she rolled a large chair to one of the windows, picked up the bag gingerly—it was surprisingly light—carried it to the chair and placed it smoothly on the cushion. Then she sat down upon it and spread out her skirts so that no one could possibly have seen it.

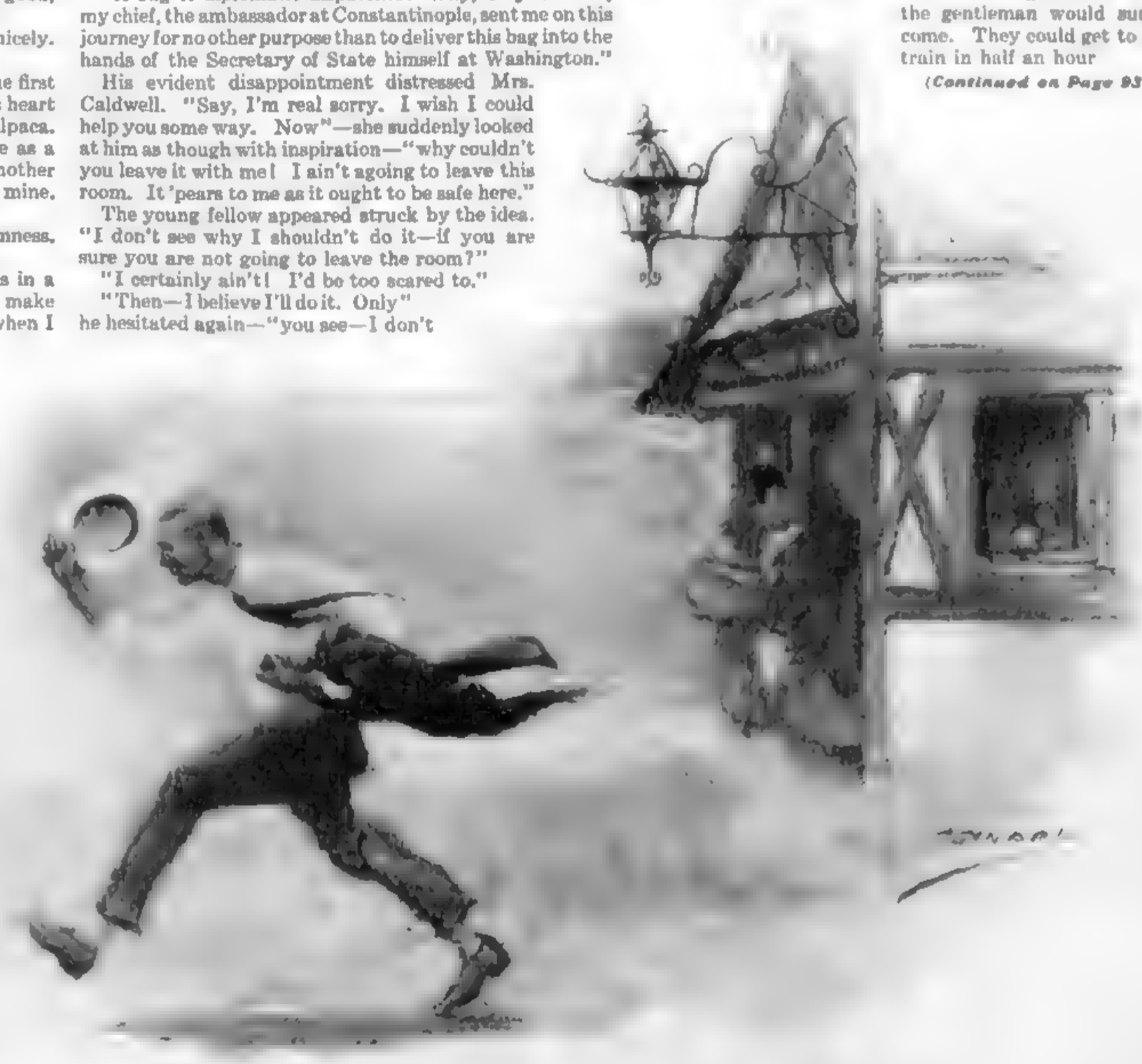
"I guess no one will get it from under me," she said grimly, and settled herself to wait there until eight o'clock.

II

AT TEN minutes of seven Mrs. Caldwell put on her bonnet and tied the ribbons firmly beneath her chin. She had dined at six on a cup of tea and a plate of soup, which had been handed to her through a crack in the door—she would not let anyone enter the room—and was now ready to resume her travel. At ten minutes of eight she became a little nervous and with culminating decision picked up the mail bag and descended to the man at the office. "Ain't that young man come yet?" she demanded.

The concierge reassured her; the gentleman would surely come. They could get to the train in half an hour

(Continued on Page 93)



"I Know I'm Disgraced—But—There Was an Accident on the Train. No Way to Get Back to Paris—Except Walk. I Ran All the Way"

Humane Treatment—German Style—By Irvin S. Cobb

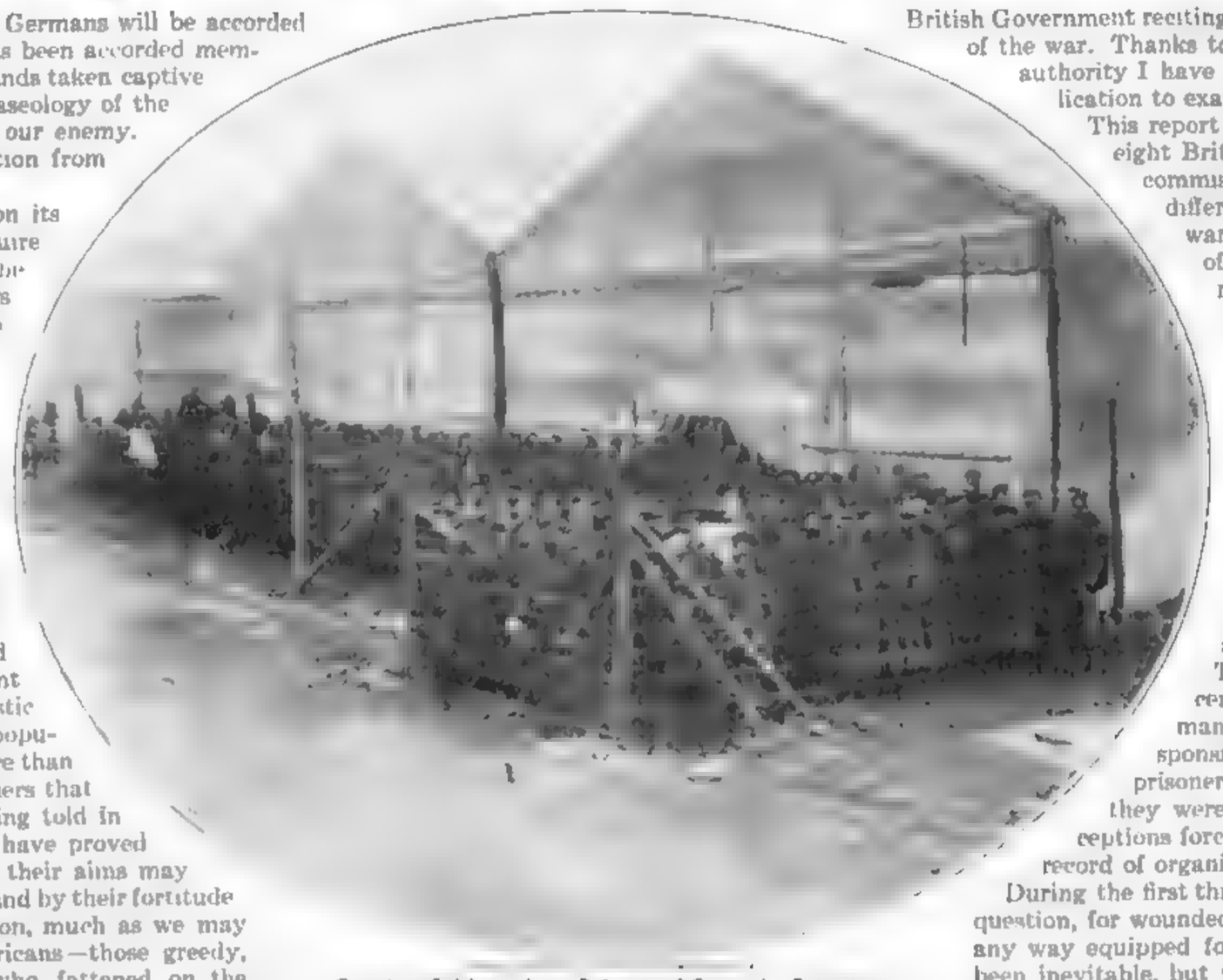
IT IS stated on behalf of the supreme military authority of Germany, meaning by that the All Highest, that American soldiers and sailors falling into the hands of the Germans will be accorded the same humane treatment that has been accorded members of the fighting forces of other lands taken captive by them during this war. The phraseology of the declaration is substantially that of our enemy. The foregoing is in effect a quotation from official sources

This statement being accepted on its face value, it is worth while to inquire into the methods employed by the Germans in their handling of prisoners other than American with a view to ascertaining exactly what humane treatment is when applied according to the Prussianized system and the Prussianized standards.

As we go along it is well, too, to remember this fact: There are not wanting signs that the Germans are preparing—if indeed they have not already undertaken it—to transfer the burden of their national hatred from England to us. Through its professors, its pastors, its press and its publicists the German Government is arranging to turn that most plastic and ductile of instruments, German popular opinion, to hating Americans more than its other enemies. Indeed one gathers that already the German people are being told in effect this: "After all the English have proved themselves hardy foes. Selfish as their aims may have been, they have fought us well, and by their fortitude and courage have won our admiration, much as we may despise their aims. But the Americans—those greedy, vulgar, money-grabbing Yankees who fattened on the necessities of the rest of the world, who sold our enemies shells with which to kill Germans, and who only came into the war when they believed Germany was hopelessly outnumbered and hopelessly beleaguered—it is they whom now we hate most of all and upon whom we mean to visit German frightfulness."

What Will Happen to Our Boys?

ONE may well imagine leading German orators saying this, and distinguished German writers writing it. Indeed, according to the best available information they are now saying it, now writing it. And it is fair to assume that the German mind will respond to this propaganda—fair so to assume because we know the docile German mind always has responded to propaganda that was inspired of the throne and uttered by the chosen and peculiar mouthpieces of the throne. Therefore it is no more than logical to premise if the burden of German hate be transferred from England, which for three years and more has borne it, to us that the Germans undoubtedly will treat American prisoners in 1918 as they treated British prisoners in the fall of 1914 and in 1915 and in 1916, and, in some instances, as they still are treating English prisoners. This being taken for granted, it is my present purpose to set forth some proven facts with a view to showing Americans at home what they may expect that their boys who fall into German hands are likely to undergo unless the fear of retaliation by our people deters the Prussian from his favorite sport of straffing the helpless.



Russian Soldiers in a Prisoners' Camp in Germany

For more than three years now the Committee on the Treatment by the Enemy of British Prisoners of War—a committee of which Lord Newton is the head and of which Mrs. Livingstone, the American-born wife of an English officer, is secretary—has been painstakingly and carefully compiling a record dealing with the bestial atrocities committed upon British prisoners while in transport to Germany during the first few months of the war. It was characteristic of the English Government that it did not print the evidence accumulated through more than three years of inquiry, investigation and comparison until every available bit of proof had been exhaustively compared with other proof to the end that only what indubitably was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth might finally be offered as an indictment for the judgment and the verdict of the civilized world.

It is quite probable that before these lines are printed a White Paper will have been issued by the British Government reciting the completed history of this phase of the war. Thanks to the kindness of certain persons in authority I have been permitted in advance of publication to examine completed proofs of the report This report is based on the statements of forty-eight British officers and seventy-seven non-commissioned officers and men, captured at different times between the outbreak of war and the end of 1914. They consist of a series of extracts describing the railway journeys of these men from various towns in Belgium and Northern France to the prison camps in Germany where they were interned. These journeys always took place some days and even weeks after the dates of capture; and when all possible allowance has been made for the difficulty of insuring proper transport and accommodation for the prisoners, many of them very severely wounded, the most and worst of their sufferings are still entirely unaccounted for. The committee was careful to include certain evidence that some of the Germans, chiefly of the humbler sort, responsible for the care of the British prisoners were ashamed of the proceedings they were compelled to witness. These exceptions force into all the greater relief a hideous record of organized cruelty.

During the first three months of the war there was no question, for wounded prisoners, of traveling on trains in any way equipped for their treatment. This may have been inevitable, but there was no excuse for the all but invariable rule that the British wounded should be left on the journey without any medical attention whatever. Throughout the period under consideration there is hardly a single instance of any English prisoner, however severely wounded, receiving medical care from the enemy during journeys which habitually lasted for several days.

Wounded Habitually Neglected

OFFICERS of the Royal Medical Corps were captured in the first weeks of the war, and it might be supposed, if German surgeons were lacking, that these officers would be given the charge of their own wounded on the journey.

At Cambrai, for example, on September 3, 1914, two medical officers were informed that they were to be placed in charge of a trainful of wounded about to leave for Germany. During this journey, which lasted for five days, these officers were twice allowed to leave the third-class compartment in which they were confined, for the purpose of examining some particularly bad cases in another part of the train. This was the entire use made of their services, and otherwise the wounded were left altogether without attention.

At Cambrai again, on the fifteenth of September, a similar trainful included five English medical officers. One of them describes how he was twice allowed out of his compartment, though the train stopped frequently during the five days' journey, in order to visit a wounded prisoner in one of the cattle trucks in which the men were crowded. On the platform, as he passed down the train,

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PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Prisoners Arrive at the German Camps

Fighting the Great White Plague

France and Tuberculosis—By Elizabeth Frazer

HERE is a very good example of what I mean," said the visiting supervisor to me as we paused beside the bed of a young French soldier with tumbled blond hair, propped high against his pillows. The wasted features; the brilliant eyes, blue, wistful as those of a lonely child; the transparent complexion, and the little bloom of hectic color in the thin cheeks betrayed the fatal progress of the disease. He was beautiful, that sick youth, with a kind of fine unearthly beauty, and whether he knew it or not he was nearly at the end of his march. He was in fact too ill to be moved from his bed.

It was in a barracks for tuberculous soldiers in Paris. Patients were all about, some in bed, immobile recumbent figures with closed eyes the game already played out; some sitting up, thin hollow-eyed ghosts who coughed feebly; some strolling about the ward in pyjamas and slippers; some sitting in the doorway smoking and playing cards; and still others making a bowling alley in the grounds. Doors and windows were flung wide open though the day was bitter cold; upon the beds gay counterpanes relieved the military forlornness of the place; and the American flag prominently displayed revealed that this was one of the barracks where the American Red Cross was lending a hand. All of the men were soldiers; all had tuberculosis. Fighting the boche they had been captured, unaware, by an even more terrible and invincible foe.

This Motor Contains the Entire Equipment for the Scientific Exploitation of the Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign. Above—An American Red Cross Hospital

How Germans Treat Prisoners

MY EYES came back to the face of the boy beside me. "How did he contract the disease?" It was my usual question. For in this investigation I was trying to get back to first causes.

"That's what I wish to tell you," the supervisor replied. "He was a prisoner in Germany for nineteen months. Before that he was a fine healthy Breton lad, a sailor. See the marine blue of those eyes! Well, they put him to work in the salt mines. Now he is—what you see. They used him up; they broke him; they won't be burdened with his expense; so they've flung him back on France to die."

She bent above the sick boy tenderly. "How goes it, *mon petit?* A little better in this fine sunshine—eh?"

"No." The blue eyes went a shade darker.

"What's the matter? Tell me!"

"I want to go away from here."

"But why? The food is good. The *infirmières* are kind."

"I want to see my mother," he said; and now there was open anguish in those dark-blue eyes. "It's three years since I've seen her. I'm the only son she has—the *chef de famille*. I'm—tired of all this." He waved a ghostly hand at the ward. "I want to go home!"

"Good. You shall go home. Some of these days—very soon. Yes, you shall go home! Courage!"

She turned abruptly away.

"Is there much tuberculosis among the returned prisoners?" I inquired.

"The percentage is very high," she replied grimly.

"There was some talk of the Germans' inoculating their French prisoners with the tubercle bacilli. Is that true?"

"Oh no! They don't trouble themselves to do that. They just underfeed them, treat them like brutes, work them to death in the mines and factories; and then if our men die under these miseries or catch tuberculosis they say it's because we're a decadent race!"

Let us call that boy's case Exhibit Number One.

Just what are the exact statistics for tuberculosis contracted by the French prisoners during their captivity in Germany it would be difficult to determine exactly, but the following statement made in the French Senate December 14, 1917, by M. Godart, Undersecretary of State in charge of public health, reveals the gravity of the situation. He says, speaking of these French prisoners:

"Messieurs, I wish to dwell a moment on those last two words: Our prisoners! How many of them come back from over there badly infected? Already we can form an idea from those who have been returned to us. Out of 10,260 French military prisoners sent back from Germany we have counted 950 tuberculous, and 946 stricken with pulmonary affection. And that does not include those who have died of the disease in Germany or the very considerable number who are still interned with the disease in Switzerland!"

From that military barracks I went on a tour of inspection with a visiting nurse in the Nineteenth Arrondissement of Paris, a poor overcrowded district in the older quarter of the city, where a great number of the refugees are lodged under more or less unsanitary conditions until better arrangements can be devised by the government

Unspeakable Housing Conditions

THE first place we visited consisted of three small rooms on the court floor of a miserable tenement dwelling—dark; unutterably dirty, with a stench so foul, so dense and upstanding that one could have carved off slabs of it with a knife. This was the home-sweet-home of a family of eight refugees.

No need to ask why the mother had tuberculosis. I wondered that the entire family was not down with the black spotted cholera or the bubonic plague. Nevertheless, I put my usual formula. "The conditions here are very favorable for the development of the disease," replied the district nurse. "Look about you. Not much light. No air. Windows hermetically sealed, as is the case in most French families. Overcrowding. And, of course, malnutrition. Not all the refugees are housed so badly as this; some are better, some worse. At the beginning of the war, when France was invaded, two million or more people fled from their homes in the north, and these had to be provided for afresh. Some of them stayed near the Front close to their farms, but by far the larger proportion came to the big cities. Without money or any permanent means of support these families inevitably drifted down into the worst crowded quarters, where living was cheap and rents were low. In order to protect these poor unfortunates, Belgian and French, the government passed a law prohibiting the landlords from evicting their tenants for nonpayment of rent. But this law, beneficent as it was in intention, acted in exactly the opposite direction. For the landlords, unwilling to incur the loss of their incomes, refused to give lodgings; or, when forced, gave only those of the cheapest description, in wretched overcrowded tenements where sanitary conditions were already deplorable. The result

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Practical Demonstrations for Children Invariably Draw Large Crowds

SHOT WITH CRIMSON

By George Barr McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VII

THE doctor arrived at eight. He could not afford to disregard the summons of such a man as Davenport Carstairs. So he told his wife to go on to the opera without him; he would join her as soon as possible; in fact, it might be possible to get there before the overture was ended or at the very latest soon after the curtain went up. Make his apologies, and all that. This was an urgent case.

Close on his heels came two men to see Mr. Carstairs.

Miss Hansbury was in a pitiable condition. For the better part of two hours Frieda Carstairs had been with her. Everyone else, not excepting her uncle, was denied admission to the room. From time to time the sound of voices came through the closed door—one shrill and rising to the pitch of agony; the other firm, gentle, soothing—one that seemed to croon. A sharp-eared listener outside would have caught an occasional sentence wailed in the despairing treble, but he would have made little of it, for it dwindled away into a smothered, inarticulate jumble of words. He might have distinguished the oft-repeated cry: "You know it isn't true! You know it! You know it!"

"What I Have Confessed to You I Would Die a Thousand Times Over Rather Than Confess to Another Living Soul"

Carstairs grasped the doctor's arm the instant he entered the apartment.

"For God's sake, doctor, give her something to quiet her immediately. I—I cannot endure it. We should have waited. I had no idea it would be like this. Mrs. Carstairs hasn't left her for an instant. I can hear her moaning and ——"

"Is it this—ah—news about young Steele?" inquired the doctor blandly. He rubbed his hands.

"Yes—yes! We thought it best to tell her before she got it from the servants, or the papers, or ——"

"Dreadful affair; most shocking! I knew him very slightly, but he seemed a most delightful chap. By Jove, it is really distressing the way the Germans have undermined our very ——"

"She is in a most deplorable condition, doctor. Don't delay an instant, please. And do not leave her until you are convinced there is no danger of ——"

"Ahem! Yes, yes—ah—I'll remain as long as—ah—I feel the least bit uneasy about her."

"All right, doctor. If there is the remotest danger of ——"

"Oh, I fancy there isn't any real danger of that, Mr. Carstairs. Compose yourself. We'll have her sleeping like a baby in no time at all. Had you an inkling that Steele was that sort of a ——"

"And will you please send Mrs. Carstairs out of the room at once?"

"Yes, yes! Immediately. Leave it to me, leave it to me!"

And off he went with a sprightliness that would have surprised his dignity if he had had the slightest notion at that moment that he still possessed such a thing.

But Mrs. Carstairs refused to be sent out of the room. She remained steadfast at the girl's side, holding and stroking her hand.

"I cannot—I will not leave her, Doctor Browne," she said, compressing her lips.

The butler apologetically stuck his head into Mr. Carstairs' study a few minutes after the doctor's arrival.

"Sorry, sir, but there's two gentlemen asking to see you."

"I told you I was not at home to anyone, Hollowell. Is it necessary for me to repeat your instructions?"

"No, sir. Thank you, sir. But these gentlemen say they must see you, sir. They are outside, sir, in the hall. I asked ——"

"Who are they? What is their business?"

"I asked both those questions, sir," said the butler, in evident distress.

"Yes, yes. Well, and what did they say?"

"They simply said 'Never mind,'" said Hollowell.

Carstairs stopped suddenly in his tracks.

"I thought you said they were gentlemen."

His brow darkened. He had sensed the truth—secret-service men.

"My mistake, sir; my mistake," mumbled Hollowell. "Ahem! I can only add, Mr. Carstairs, that they seem to think you are at home, and—ah ——"

"Conduct them to this room," said Carstairs.

A few minutes later: "Come in, gentlemen, and be seated. I suppose you are here to ascertain if I can throw any light on the Derrol Steele affair. It is no secret of course that he was my niece's fiancé, and that he was a constant visitor here. I am afraid, however, that I can be of no assistance to you. Captain Steele ——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Carstairs," said one of his visitors, a sharp-eyed, clean-cut man of forty, "but, as a matter of fact, our business here is really with Mrs. Carstairs. Will you be good enough to ask her to step into this room?"

His companion had closed the door, and both remained standing.

"I assure you she knows as little as I do about this distressing affair. My niece is very ill. She cannot leave her. You must allow me, for the present at least, to speak for Mrs. Carstairs."

"Deeply as I regret it, Mr. Carstairs, I must insist that your wife ——"

"You heard what I said, didn't you?" demanded Carstairs coldly. Two vivid red blotches shot into his cheeks.

The two men looked at each other. Then the spokesman gave a significant jerk of his head. His companion opened the door and stepped quickly into the hall. As the door closed the one who remained drew nearer to Carstairs.

"In the first place, Mr. Carstairs, you cannot speak for your wife. I am not here to make inquiries, sir, but to escort her to the offices of the United States district attorney, who will ——"

Carstairs started up from his chair. "What infernal nonsense is this?"

"I am afraid it isn't nonsense," said the other quietly. "My instructions—my orders, I may say—are to confront Mrs. Carstairs with certain charges—in your presence, by the way—and to remain in this apartment until further orders. There is no alternative."

"Charges?" gasped Davenport Carstairs incredulously. "What do you mean? What charges have been brought against us?"

"There is nothing against you, sir. I am instructed to exercise the greatest consideration for you. A great deal, I may add, is left to my discretion, after all. Your wife, I am compelled to inform you, is charged with a very serious offense. In plain words we have indisputable proof that she is and has been for several years in direct communication with the German Government through ——"

"It is a damned, outrageous lie!" shouted Carstairs furiously. "How dare you come here ——"

"Just a moment, please," interrupted the other sharply. "My instructions are to treat you with the utmost respect and consideration. I must ask you to accord me the same treatment. Will you send for your wife or must I resort to the authority that ——"

"For God's sake, man, wait! Let me get this thing through my head. I—I—will try to control myself. There has been some terrible mistake. Let us discuss the matter calmly. I can explain everything. We must spare her the mortification, the humiliation of being —— Why, my dear sir, it would—kill her. She would not survive the ——"

The agent held up his hand. "There is no mistake. It may be possible to spare her the disgrace, the ignominy of public exposure. That, sir, rests with her—and with you. We recognize your position, Mr. Carstairs. There is a disposition on the part of the authorities to protect you. With that object in view I am instructed to grant Mrs. Carstairs the privilege of remaining in her own room until to-morrow morning. We are to take no definite action to-night; unless, of course, you and she decide that it is best for her to accompany me to the—er—to headquarters. It is up to you and Mrs. Carstairs, sir."

Davenport Carstairs was a strong, virile character. He possessed the arrogance born of power and a confidence in himself that had never been shaken. His home was his stronghold, his wife its treasure. In his serene strength he could not conceive of discredit falling upon either. Instead of faltering, now that the first shock had been weathered, he drew himself up and faced the situation with a courage that excited the wonder and admiration of the man who came with evil tidings.

"Be seated," said he, indicating a chair. The man sat down. "You may be partially if not entirely ignorant of the nature of these charges. Am I right in assuming that you are not at liberty to discuss them with me?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Carstairs, I have been advised to do nothing until I have talked the matter over with you. I am in possession of all the facts."

"Is the department content to allow me to pass judgment on my wife?" inquired Carstairs with a touch of irony. He maintained a calm exterior; at what cost no one but him will ever know. The secret-service man made no response. "I shall have to ask you to explain everything to me before giving you my consent to approach my wife."

The agent, who shall be called Jones, nodded his head, and then leaned forward in his chair

"A man named Hodges was in your employ as a butler up to a fortnight ago. He had worked for you exactly seven weeks and one day. Do you know where he came from and who he really was, Mr. Carstairs?"

"No. Mrs. Carstairs engages the servants here. Are you going to tell me he was a German spy?"

"Far from it, sir. He was a British secret-service agent. His name was Bridgeford. He was killed by an automobile, but not accidentally, as you have been led to believe. We have been looking for the driver of that car for two weeks. Last night we got him. He has confessed. Since six o'clock this evening three other men have been arrested—all subordinate figures in the game. Before morning we expect to land at least one or two of the principal members of the shrewdest gang of spies operating in the name and interest of the Kaiser."

"Including my wife," said Carstairs, lifting his eyebrows.

Jones allowed the remark to pass without comment.

"Bridgeford—or Hodges, as you knew him—was sent to this city from London. For a long time he worked independently. A few days before his death we received instructions from Washington to get in touch with him. That was the first we knew of him, I'll confess. The British Foreign Office advised our department that he had finally got hold of something big and tangible. But evidently the German Foreign Office also was wise to him. He reported to us on the afternoon of the day he was killed. He said that the time was not yet ripe to take positive steps, but that he would soon have the goods on four or five prominent people. He gave us the names of these people. Two of them he was sure about; the others were in doubt. Believe me, they were prominent! We were to hold off till he said the word. That night he was killed. But they didn't do it soon enough. We had all his information, incomplete as it was, and we've followed it up. That's why I am here."

He paused; and Carstairs said harshly:

"Well, go on! Why do you hesitate?"

"We know now, beyond all possible doubt, that information of the most vital character has reached the German Admiralty and the Foreign Office through Mrs. Carstairs," said Jones deliberately.

"I may be pardoned if I repeat that it is a damned lie," said Carstairs, gripping the arms of his chair.

"You have said just what you were expected to say, Mr. Carstairs. Before I have finished, however, you will realize that it is not a damned lie. I am authorized to exhibit certain memoranda from the department. You will then agree with us that the information came from this house, from this apartment, in fact."

"In the light of what happened last night I may go so far as to concede that such may have been the case. Permit me to remind you of the suicide of Captain ——"

He broke off abruptly, struck by the expression in the other's face. Jones shook his head slowly. There was genuine distress in his voice when he spoke.

"Captain Steele was murdered, Mr. Carstairs," he said.

Carstairs sprang to his feet. For an instant a flash of joy transfigured his face.

"By Gad, I knew it, I knew it! I would have staked my soul on that boy's honor. Murdered? And for what hellish purpose is his name blackened by the foul reports given to the press by your ——"

"A very grave injustice has been done an honorable gentleman," interrupted Jones with real feeling. "Captain Steele was murdered by assassins in the employ of persons connected with the German Government. When I have finished my story—I shall make it brief you will understand that, far from being a traitor to his country, Derrol Steele was a patriot who would not have hesitated to denounce ——" He withheld the words that rose to his lips in vindication of the maligned officer. "A careful search of his rooms to-day resulted in the discovery of a document in his own handwriting, written after he left your apartment last night, and put under lock and key sometime prior to the arrival of the assassins. I have a copy of it with me. You will observe that he does not make definite accusations against anyone, and that he employs initials only in designating the persons involved. He goes no further than to express his own misgivings, his suspicions and certain observations that prove how keenly alive he was to the—real situation. Sit down, Mr. Carstairs, and look over these papers. Begin here, sir, with the data obtained by the man you knew as Hodges. I beg to assure you in advance that my superiors entertain no thought that you were at any time cognizant of what has been going on in your own home, and there is the profoundest desire on their part to spare you —— "

"Enough, sir! Let me see the papers."

"Just a moment, please. There is one gap in the sequence of events leading up to the death of Captain Steele. We are confident that the leaders of this great conspiracy were warned late last night that Captain Steele suspected a certain person, but we have been unable to discover by what means or through whom this warning was delivered. The men under arrest, with the exception of the chauffeur, absolutely refuse to make a statement of any kind; and he, we are confident, does not know who the go-between was. All he knows—or thinks, at least—is that he and his pals were double crossed last night by—well, by Mrs. Carstairs."

Davenport Carstairs read the papers placed in his hands by the secret-service man. One by one they fell from his stiff, trembling fingers, fluttering to the floor each in its succeeding turn. At the end he looked not into Jones' eyes, but past them, and from his own the light was gone.

"Will you ask your wife to come in now, Mr. Carstairs?" said Jones a trifle unsteadily.

Carstairs stared at him for a moment unseeingly. Then he passed his hand over his eyes as if to clear them of something revolting. The moment was tense, spasmodic; prophetic of approaching collapse. The strength and courage and confidence of the man had sustained a shock that made ruin of them all. He wondered dumbly whether he would ever have the power and the desire to lift his head again and look into the eye of this man who sat there with him. The whole fabric of existence was torn to shreds by the merciless revelations contained in the papers he had read with the steel in his heart. They were complete, irrefutable indictments. There was no such thing as going behind them. Steele's blighting conjectures suddenly became truths of the most appalling nature; the astonishing record of Hodges, the butler, laid bare a multitude of secrets; the brief, almost laconic summing-up of facts in the possession of the department took the heart out of his body and scorched it with conviction—for he knew that the secret eye had looked into the very soul of the woman he loved and cherished and trusted.

"If you do not object I will speak with her—alone," said he lifelessly. He struggled to his feet, and by the mightiest effort of the will lifted his head and fixed his haggard eyes upon the face of the man who had cast the bomb at his feet—a far more potent agent of destruction than any that Germany herself had ever hurled! It was to destroy heaven and earth for him.

Jones cleared his throat

"That is for you to decide, Mr. Carstairs," he said; and there was something significant in his voice and manner. "Will you take these documents ——"

"No. I do not wish her to see them. Be good enough to step into the drawing-room and wait. This way—through this door. And please call your companion. It is not necessary for him to stand guard over her. You have my word that she shall not escape."

"We are to respect your wishes in every particular, Mr. Carstairs. The authorities appreciate your position. It is their desire to spare you, if possible, the disgrace, the pain ——" He stopped.

"I think I understand," said Davenport Carstairs slowly.

A moment later he was alone.

Presently he unlocked and opened a small drawer in his desk. He took out something that glittered, examined it carefully and then stuck it into his coat pocket. His jaws were set; in his eyes lay the hard, cold light of steel.

He did not falter.

She had not been fair with him, but he would be fair with her. He would stand by her to the end. She should have her chance. He would see to it that the newspapers and the world—dealt kindly with her. He had loved her. If possible he would see to it that he was the only one in all the world to hate her.

He went to her room.

VIII

FAR in the night Davenport Carstairs said to his wife: "It is the only way. I shall leave you to yourself now, Frieda. The rest is with God and you. To-morrow morning they will take you away. They may, they probably will, shoot you as a spy. I cannot save you; nothing that I can do will be of avail in turning aside or tempering the wrath of justice."

She sat limply, with bowed head. Her fine body seemed to have shriveled; emptied of its vitality, it had shrunk as with age before his eyes. Everything that had fed her blood for years seeped away, leaving a waste of sunken flesh; pride, arrogance, defiance and, last of all, fury—all had gone out of the house of her soul. There was nothing left but the pitiful thing called life.

She raised her eyes.

"I cannot take your way out, Davenport," she said dully.

He pointed to the revolver he had laid on her dressing table.

"That, Frieda, is the only friend you have in all this world to-night."

"Are you heartless? Have you no pity, no love, no ——"

"I have pity—nothing more. Love? I have given you love for twenty years and more. You have defiled it. Do not speak of love!"

"You know I love you. You know I would die for you a thousand times over. You are my man, my master, my ——"

"Enough, Frieda! You have played a great game, but an ignoble one, and you have lost. You have begged me to—to become your executioner. You ask me to kill you. You ——"

"I do not ask it now," she broke in, looking him full in the eye. "Go, Davenport!

(Concluded on Page 93)

"By God, I Knew It, I Knew It! I Would Have Staked My Soul on That Boy's Honor. Murdered? And for What Purpose Is His Name Blackened ——"

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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Are You a Bond Slacker?

THE law says merely that you must not give aid and comfort to the enemy. Good conscience says you must give aid and comfort to your own country. One test of a man's attitude is this Liberty Loan. There is the pro-German at heart, who wants the Kaiser to win and obstructs this country by the mean treason of passive resistance—doing all the harm he can without taking a risk. There are willful dead beats, who deliberately choose to sponge on their neighbors by taking all the advantages the United States offers them and shirking as many obligations as the law permits. Others, not pro-German or willful dead beats, are merely lazy and lukewarm. They could raise a hundred dollars, or many multiples of a hundred dollars—to be repaid out of their income in the next six months—if the alternative were some personal calamity; if default meant that they were going into bankruptcy or into jail. But they do not make an exigent personal problem of this Liberty Loan. They think other people will subscribe; the banks will furnish the money. Let George do it!

All these people come to exactly the same thing. Indifference and selfishness are exactly as serviceable allies of the Kaiser as the man who secretly chuckles over the weekly U-boat toll. Every inhabitant of this country who does not do his utmost to put his income at the service of the Government is playing Hindenburg's game.

Their Miscalculation

IF ONE should take the press quotations cabled from Holland and Switzerland as reflecting the German state of mind he would say that something in the nature of a revolution happened in Germany between November and April. The tone and color of such newspaper expressions as reached this country showed a great change.

The Bolsheviki, you remember, counted upon revolution in Germany—only the change we mean was in an exactly opposite direction. They thought that by April German thought would be pretty completely under the sway of proletarian communism; but, in fact, it seemed pretty completely under the sway of the General Staff. Instead of moving powerfully toward pacifism, it seemed to move powerfully to militarism. Never since the war began was less dissatisfaction with the government reflected in press reports that reached this country than just when Hindenburg was stunning the national imagination with his great drive.

To judge by these reports the Bolsheviki had indeed wrought something like a revolution in Germany. Undoubtedly the frightful pass to which they had brought Russia reacted in a conservative direction upon German thought. The spectacle of a great nation brought by revolution in a few months not only to the most humiliating impotence against a foreign foe but to chaos and the verge of starvation internally must have raised some doubts concerning revolution in liberal German minds. And Russia's military collapse gave Hindenburg a free hand for his stunning Western exploit. It was not what they intended; but pretty largely the Bolsheviki did it.

We do not take these press reports as a real measure of Germany's mind. The huge battle suspended criticism, or even suspended thought, as any overwhelming physical spectacle does. There will be a revolution in Germany sufficiently extensive to shift the center of effectual political power into the hands of the people. And when the evidence is all in it will probably be found that the Bolshevik performance retarded rather than hastened it.

Wanted—a Big Boss

WHEN the United States declared war, more than a year ago, it stood empty-handed in the matter of airplanes. It had fallen far behind every other important nation in developing mechanical flight.

It was immediately evident to everybody that creating a powerful air fleet was one of the nation's most exigent tasks—second in importance only to the building of ships—to which the country must address itself with all its energy. And it was equally evident to everybody capable of judging that a proper organization, from the top down, was a necessary first step.

Not even the sketch of such an organization existed. The War Department had something to do with airplanes. The Navy Department had something to do with them. Nowhere were authority and responsibility centralized. As soon as the field was fairly surveyed—many months ago—the demand arose for a Department of Aeronautics to take complete control of the aërial arm of national defense. It was so obviously what the situation required that this weekly urged it repeatedly. General Goethals, Chairman Coffin and a great many others recommended it earnestly.

This plea for efficient organization fell on deaf ears. A board was created; and, as usual, there were plenty of advisers. Men of ability were called in to do this or that piece of the work.

We were then fed on the most cheering prospects. Airplanes multiplied on paper. Official Washington talked as though the official program were being carried out to the letter.

Then, with a sickening jolt, came the fact—that airplane production was not up to the mark.

We say again: Create a Department of Aëronautics, with supreme, exclusive authority, and put at the head of it a proved executive, a man who has demonstrated his ability to handle a big job and get big results.

Men and Money

IF GERMANY should win this war the first book of American history would be definitely closed. Away back at the beginning we had a month's excitement over the prospect of war with France. In 1812 we fought a little war with England. Many men still living remember the twenty-four-hour flutter over Cleveland's Venezuela message to England. But for a hundred and forty years war with a great European Power has played about as much part in our national calculations as one of those supposititious collisions with a comet does in the calculations of an individual. As a nation we have grown to full manhood unafraid.

Everybody outside a lunatic asylum knows that condition would definitely end if Germany should win this war. So long as the German power continued at anything like such a height as victory would now raise it to, preparation for national defense would be our foremost and overwhelming national interest. That the United States can continue to be any such free, roomy, elastic affair as heretofore if its paramount interest becomes a military interest is certainly unthinkable.

That—the future organization, complexion and bent of the United States—was one of the questions Hindenburg elected to try out on the Western Front in the third week of March. At one stage of the trial a report from Holland said it had cost the British and French two hundred and fifty thousand men—while Pershing's bulletins put American casualties at a few score.

Our Allies are dying by the hundred thousand in this cause. We are furnishing money and goods. The least we can do is to furnish the money cheerfully and abundantly. The man who reads the news from France and does not subscribe to the limit of his ability to this Liberty Loan is no American.

Hindenburg Bread

A RECENT statement by the Food Administration that further reduction in the consumption of wheat is necessary is not pleasant reading. The occasion for such a statement should not have arisen. This problem of war economy presents many difficulties. In many cases it is hard for anybody—whether sitting in authority at Washington, or trotting down the street as a humble individual—to say whether a given expenditure should be made, a given enterprise be undertaken.

But some things are as plain as a pikestaff. Food is one of them. Certain exportable foods, wheat being the chief, must be saved to the utmost. Saving them is the easiest thing in the world. Good substitutes are available everywhere. Mere habit, or an acquired preference of the palate, or even in some cases slightly greater cost, is no excuse.

The extent to which consumption of wheat has been reduced shows how easy it is; but the extent is not enough. On the winter statement, showing that the Allies needed seventy-five million bushels additional of American wheat, the consumption of that cereal in this country should have been cut much further than it was. It is such an easy thing to do, so indubitable a thing to do.

A friend took tea at an acquaintance's the other day. There was a flag over the door and various emblems were displayed within. But everyone was served with large, warm, pure-white rolls—half the portion to be merely mussed up. Let us have war bread. Pure white bread is Hindenburg bread.

Letters From Home

MANY people at home are doing their soldier sons and brothers the greatest injustice by writing them despondent letters, picturing the unhappiness of the family at the enforced separation—and especially by begging the soldiers to come back for a visit or try to get a discharge. "Hundreds of cases of that kind have come to my attention," an army chaplain tells us. "A man told me the other day that he could be a good soldier if only his mother would stop writing blue letters to him and imploring him to come back. Every now and then some man is driven half frantic and made almost useless for army work by a letter that describes conditions at home in the darkest possible colors and entreats him to return." We hear of one case where a soldier, driven desperate by such a letter from home, actually deserted. He is now under arrest and liable to a long prison sentence. If the battleline were not three thousand miles away he would very likely be shot.

Unless the attempt to make an American Army is to turn into a mere farce, furloughs and passes must be granted very sparingly; only, in fact, in extraordinary cases. Despondent letters from home simply make the soldier miserable.

War is an affliction that always falls hardest on women. There never was a war in which mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts did not do the greater part of the suffering. That is their lot—the price they pay for their affections.

When you write to a beloved soldier you are taking his happiness into your hands. You can make him miserable or cheerful. Why sentence him to useless suffering?

Bolshevik Finance

THE London Financial Times calculates that Russia owes the Allies eight billion dollars—meaning that Russian securities and obligations in the hands of governments and citizens of allied nations, including the United States, come to at least that much. Probably more than half the total is owing to France.

The Bolsheviki proposed to deal with this item by the simple expedient of repudiating it. Like all the rest of their program, that will stand if the remainder of the world—or a majority of the remainder—turns Bolshevik. Otherwise it falls. Their military program was based on a notion that Germany was about to turn Bolshevik. In that case it would have been an excellent program; but against an anti-Bolshevik Germany it was the worst program imaginable. Their fiscal scheme is in exactly the same state.

A repudiator can, no doubt, trade with another repudiator on some sort of dog-eat-dog plan; but there can be no basis for dealings between him and a man who expects to pay his own debts—and collect his credits. That would be like trying to arrange a currency swop between a man with good money and a man with counterfeit money, or to figure out the basis of a joint omelet between a man with a real egg and a man with a china egg. It is impossible to trade on any but the most meager and primitive scale except on credit; and if one party's credit is worthless there can be no trade.

If Russia is ever to trade with a non-Bolshevik world it must acknowledge its debts and restore its credit.

Europe To-Day and To-Morrow

The Age of Lies—By Will Irwin

YES; we owe a certain debt of gratitude to Germany. Since this war began she has reduced so many false propositions to absurdities! True, she cannot see that they are absurd; she puts her grim jokes on an altar, sets them up as gods and worships them. The greatest of her comic gods is that "state with a soul" which is to be placated with human sacrifice; that nation whose glory and good name must be served though every individual in the nation be more miserable as a direct result.

Religion may or may not be identical with morals; but at least no religion ever existed without a parallel moral system. State worship, which goes hand in hand with imperialism and the theory of aristocratic control, follows the rule: it has its own code of morals. Judged by the ethics by which most of us conduct our private lives, we should call it rather a system of immorals.

Some maintain that the police power, within tribes, states or empires, came before morals. Seeing that society could not exist if individuals robbed, raped and murdered at will, our savage forefathers assembled, passed certain rough rules of conduct and agreed collectively to kill or restrain anyone who broke them. So were both morals and law born of the police power. Whether or not this speculation be true, police power and morals have always gone hand in hand. Property rights must be respected, else the medicine man, the constabulary, the king's procurers or the roundsman stepped in. Life must be respected—else the headsman swung his ax. In the beginning a state was just a convenient grouping to secure the enforcement of the moral law—the greatest good to the greatest number. However this ideal has been perverted, it has persisted. However kings usurped its power, it had within it always the seeds of democracy.

Between tribes, states and nations there was never any real moral agreement, because between them there was never any police power. A state might behave just as it wished, provided it had the power. "Might makes right" was the basis of the moral or immoral relation between nations. The frankest philosophers have recognized this—the old school with a dim sense of unease in face of this moral negation, the later German school with the joy of a criminal who finds that the lid is off.

Chivalry in Warfare

STILL, the moral sense of humanity began to feel that something was wrong with this double system of morals. "I slew his men," sang the ancient Assyrian inscriptions; "his old and useless I slew. His children and his women I carried away for slaves; the God did I thereby glorify." By Roman times we find Julius Cæsar in bad odor with Cicero and with at least a minority of the Senate, because he massacred, after a victory, the women and children of the Morini and Monapii. The political spirit of Christianity, which is also the spirit of democracy, was at work even before Christianity existed.

From the time when this new religion got power over men we find it groping to modify the immorality of international relations, and especially of war. Kings who broke treaties for a chance of personal advantage had to present some excuse, no matter how flimsy. The chivalrous knight, the "happy warrior," became dominant in armies. Killing the whole civilian population of your enemy, so that he may never trouble your people again, is doubtless a useful military measure. Under Christian chivalry this was not done; or, when occasionally done, it was considered a stain on national honor. Chivalry, or its direct descendant, civilized warfare, tried gradually to limit the classes that could be killed in war, and finally got them down to armed opponents and spies. Even among armed opponents, chivalry introduced modifications. No longer might one kill prisoners or the wounded.

Then came the Hague Conventions, which not only confirmed these agreements but barred certain cruel new instruments and methods of warfare, such as explosive bullets, poison gas and bombardment of open towns by aircraft. These were palliatives, not cures; they assuaged the symptoms without getting at the disease. For there was no police power to enforce these agreements between nations, as there is and has always been a police power to enforce agreements between men. The Hague Conventions depended upon honor, that hazy margin of morals beyond the law. And a power sat at the boards of the Hague that was soon to repudiate all honor, to work out the old-fashioned imperialistic idea of the state to its terrible but logical absurdity.

The circumstances of the first poison-gas attack at the Second Battle of Ypres will show how Germany went about this, and will also serve as a text for my subsequent remarks. I was sniping for news at the British rear when that battle occurred; and now, three years afterward, I can publish some facts which censorships kept secret at the time.

The French understood the possible uses of poison gas. Indeed, a certain French inventor had presented to the Ministry of War a plan for employment of an especially deadly gas. The French looked his plan over, found it practicable, and rejected it on the ground that it was contrary to the Hague Convention. The plan and the secret formula were kept by the War Office against the possible event that the Germans should throw civilized warfare to the winds and make effective use of such devices. As for the British, they had never considered poison gas at all.

This next incident really has nothing to do with the main thread of my story; but I tell it here because of its side light on British intentions.

In the early days of April, 1915, a German private crossed No Man's Land and deserted to the British. Upon being questioned, he said: "We are soon going to attack you with clouds of deadly gas. Pipes are being laid from Lille." Now prisoners, especially deserters, often spin fairy tales in order to make themselves important or to get special treatment; and deserters sent over to plant some strategic lie are not uncommon. The thing was so preposterous that the Intelligence Department paid no attention to the story.

A day or so later the German official communiqué contained two or three lines stating that the British had gained a temporary success on a certain sector by the use of deadly gases. Headquarters, I understand, was more amused than puzzled over this palpable whole-cloth lie; the General Staff took it as a clumsy German attempt to slander the hated British.

What it all meant became instantly apparent on the afternoon of April ninth. Just as the sun was getting low, an iridescent, greenish-yellow pillar of cloud, opalescent in the low rays, rose thirty feet over the trenches. It drifted down a light wind, settled like marsh gas on No Man's Land, reached trenches held in the midst of the British by two brigades of French Colonials, and wherever it settled men tumbled over, strangling, unconscious, dead. Only the superb valor of the Canadians, who held the reserve lines, gas or no gas, saved the channel ports that day.

Now that fake bulletin of the Germans illustrates a point: The Christian spirit, even most Christian forms, had died out of the governing class that held Germany in its grip. Already were there whispers about the old Odin worship as a truly German religion, as a manlier faith than the effeminate religion of a Judean dreamer. But they were only whispers. Christianity still held pretty strong in the populace; and the political philosophy of Christianity, which, so far as men had carried it, was the spirit of chivalry, demanded civilized warfare. That false communiqué, though partly intended to keep the good opinion of the neutral world, was mainly intended to justify the German military command before the German people.

Specialists in Scientific Falsehood

FOR more than a generation the reactionary but intelligent German aristocracy, taught by that able archdevil, Bismarck, had been preparing this burst of imperial conquest; and perhaps the main item of their program was popular education. The people, in general, were to be educated far enough to make them good soldiers and obedient workmen, and no farther; that would tend to implant dangerous and disturbing ideas. That education, its teachers bond servants of the ruling class, aimed, first, to make them docile, and, second, to implant the idea of Deutschland über Alles!—the instinctive belief that the glory of the state must be served without question.

However, they could not entirely break with Christianity, even had all of them wished to do so. They compromised by painting the picture of a warlike but chivalrous state—a knight in shining armor. Every barbarism necessary to victory they intended to introduce into warfare; nevertheless, though not wholly necessary, it was convenient to keep up the popular illusion of a chivalrous army.

So they began a system of scientific, subtle lying to their own people that has no parallel in history. Autocratic rulers, bothered with slight symptoms of revolt in the lower classes, have always lied to them more or less; but never before was the lying made universal, systematic and scientific. Perhaps, rightly considered, that is the chief intellectual talent of the modern German—making falsehood scientific.

Already immorality had conquered, with them, in the field of international affairs: Germans generally seemed to have accepted without question the principle that any act contrary to the accepted moral law became at once moral and highly commendable when performed in the service of the state. That, indeed, is one of their practical strengths in this war. They have maintained for thirty years, in

France, England, Italy and the United States—they are maintaining yet—a system of espionage which none of us can equal. Other nations recognize that spies must be used; yet the truth is that, in peacetime, and even in war, they find it hard to get their spies, owing to the common dislike among able people for a vocation whose basis is deceit.

Germans, in this generation, seem to be troubled by no such scruples. "Do not use the word spies of them," said a German to a friend of mine in Belgium; "that word carries an unpleasant suggestion in your language. Call them secret agents, doing a useful work for their Fatherland." They perform espionage with conviction, as the rest of us cannot, being handicapped by our implanted instincts.

A titled German officer, a man of the highest social connections and polished manners, before the war made regular house-party visits to a certain château in Northern France. In the first advance of the war he returned, guiding the German pickets. He had with him a map of the whole estate, made, as he admitted, from sketches he had drawn secretly during his successive visits. Further, to secure for the Kaiser his proper loot, he had a rough inventory of the house contents and a most exact inventory of the livestock; those, too, he had made while a guest.

I do not see Frenchmen or Englishmen or Americans turning a trick like that. If a French officer had been entertained at a German château, and if, after war was declared, it became necessary for the army to know the lay of the land, I imagine him describing it for the Intelligence Department from his memory. The declaration of war, he would doubtless feel, had made a difference. Yet in the ethics of modern German militarism this was a highly meritorious act. It served the state; nothing else mattered.

The ethics of the German state religion was established: a wrong was not a wrong when perpetrated by a German for the advancement of German interests on a member of the inferior races—which meant the non-German races. The second stage in the moral breakdown of the modern Teuton had already begun, though the world did not perceive it. At the foundation of their mechanical, state-controlled system of education for the masses—not their excellent technical education, which is another matter—lay a structure of lies.

How Germany Lies to Her Own Liars

"WHAT is Germany?" said the primary geography. "It is your Fatherland, entirely surrounded by enemies." At the time when this lie was being recited by rote, those enemies, groaning under the armaments that Prussian military preparation had forced upon Europe, were looking for some way to get permanent peace with Germany and to lay down their arms. The Prussian state preacher of the official Prussian Church, who advanced in his profession according as his views and expressions matched Junker ideas and plans, preached from the pulpit the lie that a hostile world was waiting to strangle Germany; the state-endowed teacher echoed it from his desk.

The German national conceit, which has given us many a laugh, was worked up by these same agencies. Germany was a heaven. Nowhere in the world was the working class so well off as in Germany. All this in face of the facts that the German average wage was as low as the lowest in Europe; that German hours of labor were the longest in Europe; that the German tuberculosis rate and infantile death rate—those two barometers of poverty—were the highest in Western Europe; that half of the working-class families of Berlin lived in one room. These lies were swallowed as a whole—accepted as gospel by a people as accustomed to absorb untruth as their rulers were facile in giving it forth.

Yet that second stage in the moral breakdown of Germany was not completed until the second stage of this war. The plan of a quick sweep-up in France, a decisive blow against the heart of Russia and a complete victory after three months of intensive warfare was foiled by the French victory at the Marne and the British stand at Ypres. After November, 1914, the German military caste saw that this was going to be a long war. They mobilized to that end all the resources of Germany; and nothing was more thoroughly mobilized than the forces which control public opinion, such as the press, the pulpit and education.

From that time on army press committees in every district of Germany issued daily and weekly bulletins, telling the editors just what tone to adopt toward any and every topic concerning the war, forbidding discussion of a thousand matters outside the legitimate scope of an army censorship. By this elaborate machine they insured free circulation for any lie that would keep up the morale of the German people or serve to quiet troublesome consciences.

Here is a recent example, which I quote because it happens that I know the truth on the other side:

The ethnological department of German military intelligence had been collecting for a generation exact information on the races of Europe—their distribution, their history and their peculiarities. In some obscure corner of the filing cases was the section devoted to the Flemish and Walloon elements in Belgium.

The Flemings are a people of Teutonic origin; the Walloons are akin to the French. By a long stretch of scholarly imagination the Flemish can be described as related to the prevailing population of Germany—about as nearly as the Saxon element of England, say. The imperialists of Germany, now fully established in the saddle, intend to keep, if not all of Belgium, at least the profitable parts, and especially the port of Antwerp; and it happens that those regions are inhabited mainly by Flemings. So, not long after the martyrdom of Belgium, they began the grim joke of a movement to restore the Flemish domination in Belgium—to "rescue that people of kindred blood from debasing French influence."

Now if there was any choice, the Flemish hated the Germans a little more heartily than the Walloons did. The latter have a touch of French *blague* and cynicism; after all, they can laugh a little at the grim humor of their enslavement. The Flemish have a sturdy and serious Dutch character; when they hate, they hate all through. The Germans, who had come to rescue them, made no discrimination between Fleming and Walloon when they seized Belgium. Flemish men were shot against walls, Flemish women ravished, Flemish children murdered as they emerged from houses suspected of harboring a sniper. Also, when Germany began to need labor Flemish workingmen, along with Walloons, were hauled into Germany and tortured to death or permanent disability if they refused to work for the conqueror.

But never mind; the Germans went straight ahead rescuing Flemish nationality. First they started a Flemish university, to restore the language to its former glory. In May, 1917, when I last had accurate knowledge of it, that institution had been running for two years. It had forty professors and thirty students. Part of these students were of German blood; the rest were renegades. "And," said a Fleming to one of the agents of our Commission for Relief in Belgium, "they will leave when the Germans go—or we will hang them!" I heard recently that attendance has not increased this last term.

Yet on that foundation the Germans built a Flemish movement. A few older renegades were recently cajoled or forced into signing some kind of pact of Flemish nationality. At this the spirit of poor little Belgium flashed out again. In the grip of their conquerors, with armed Germans on every street corner, the Flemish started riots of protest. There are about as many supporters of the Flemish movement in Flanders as there are of the Stuart Pretender in England.

It is no longer necessary for Germany to put up a front before the outside world; that time is past. No; this Flemish movement is mental camouflage for her own people. The illusion of a chivalrous Germany—a knight in shining armor—must be maintained. For still there is the troublesome Christian conscience to deal with; there are persons among the common people who, though believing that the glory of the state is the supreme duty, still think that the glorious state should be a moral state, as Christianity weighs morals—foolish people, incapable of following a premise to its logical conclusion; but still they must be dealt with. So the press of Germany, lying and knowing that it is lying, sets to work on Flemish nationality.

As the matter is presented in Germany, the Flemish, always impatient of the Walloon yoke, have risen to welcome their deliverers. From Antwerp to Nieuport they are demanding separate nationality—under German protection. The movement is too strong to be ignored. Germany owes this kindred people a duty—to give them a nationality of their own. So the permanent retention of everything Germany wanted when she stole Belgium is perfectly justified to the average deceived German.

The newspapers lie in concert; the press bureaus lie; the pulpit lies; the platform lies. Also, there are other channels of falsehood: Since the beginning of the war the government has been issuing to second-rank officials, such as high judges and heads of bureaus, a secret bulletin instructing them just what to say to the people. In one department of this bulletin there is confidential information for the guidance of the recipient, not for general dissemination.

A copy issued in February, 1917, came to my notice not long ago. It contained the statement in the confidential section that the unlimited submarine warfare, just then begun, would, on the calculation of the Naval Department, render England's situation hopeless and end the war within six or seven months. Everything now points to the belief that the German naval command never expected any such thing—probably never expected the submarine campaign alone to end the war at all. The incident is notable simply as showing the German Government in the light of lying to its own liars.

Where Bad Faith is Thought a Virtue

SO THE rule is established by pitiless German logic: first, duty to the state supersedes the ordinary moral law when you are dealing with outsiders; second, it supersedes the moral law when you, an aristocratic official, are dealing with your fellow citizens. Therefore, the cynical bad faith of Foreign Minister von Kuehlmann's recent state papers—documents unrivaled for duplicity and intended to deceive, not only the outside world, but the German people—becomes perfectly justified. He acts for the glory of the state, as that glory is interpreted by the rightful anointed powers. One who acts to that end can do no wrong.

Through this war the democratic nations of Western Europe have become more democratic, and autocratic Germany more autocratic. The rulers of her destiny have found ways and means to tighten their hold. Possibly they never dreamed before 1914 that they would find in the printed word, perfectly controlled, so admirable an instrument for their use. If Germany wins this war the aristocratic element also wins. It is unlikely, quite unlikely, that these people will abandon any of the methods they have found so efficacious in Armageddon. Let us consider what this means:

Since the invention of printing the literary man in politics has often been a sinister figure. Tyrants and demagogues have had their paid hacks, their pandering pamphleteers, to fool their people or deceive their enemies. Yet in the main the writing clan, from John Milton down to the penny-a-liner of Fleet Street, has been on the side of liberalism, reform and progress.

The democratic movement owes more to printing presses than to armies, however. Richelieu, in the play, said all that when he declaimed "The pen is mightier than the sword." As the newspaper, the pamphlet and other forms of popular literature got their bearings and began to touch on politics, the autocratic rulers of the time tried to suppress them by force of law. They found the job very hard—so hard that they gave it up; and the liberty of the press was established by a series of compromises.

London—to take an example—when printing began to be a political power, was a city of perhaps two hundred thousand inhabitants; and the persons who made public opinion for England were mostly concentrated in the capital, while the rest of the nation merely vegetated. With a very little money one could strike off secretly, from a press not much larger or more expensive than a sewing machine, a thousand copies of a pamphlet. These, circulated at night by the author and a friend or two, and thereafter passed from hand to hand, were often enough to turn the trick for a rebel against constituted authority.

The world has grown and things are different. The very presses of a modern newspaper cost a fortune; the press bureau that serves it rivals a government department for size of personnel and plant, and is dependent on a telegraph system usually government owned or government controlled. To reach

(Concluded on Page 90)

"I need it in my business!"

In a very real and practical way *Campbell's* wholesome *Soups* fulfil an important need of our Government and our people.

"Only the best and most nourishing food to sustain my gallant boys!"—is Uncle Sam's idea. And the Government regularly provides these sustaining soups for our Navy and our expeditionary forces abroad.

Not least among the home comforts enjoyed by our battling heroes is their welcome supply of

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

And—what is equally important—Americans at home, from one end of the country to the other, find this satisfying soup a constant reinforcement in their daily tasks.

It is a food particularly adapted to promote good physical condition and active energy. It combines the strengthening properties of choice vegetables and nutritious cereals with the invigorating meat juices of selected beef.

We include large white potatoes, tender carrots and sweet yellow turnips—diced. We add small peas, Dutch cabbage, baby lima beans, Country Gentleman corn, green okra, the best tomatoes, celery and parsley. Also "alphabet" macaroni, plenty of barley and rice, and a pleasing hint of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.

No wonder this tempting soup is a national favorite. Its extreme economy in use is another reason. It involves no expense to you for added materials, no waste, no labor, no cooking cost.

You receive it completely cooked, seasoned and ready for your table any time in three minutes.

Now is just the season to order a dozen or more from your grocer, and enjoy it often.

21 kinds 12c a can

This war is *your* war!—Will you grudge Uncle Sam the *loan* of your dollars to win it? You get it all back with interest if we win. And if we lose—But do *your* part and we can't lose—**Buy a Liberty Bond to-day.**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Confessions of an Opera Singer

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

THE Grand Duke of Hesse was always very good to me. He liked talking English with my sister and me, and always referred to the Germans as "they," never as "we." He asked me to the palace one evening to dinner. We dined in a room hung with portraits of his beautiful sisters. They looked like fair angels, the portraits having been painted when both the Czarina of Russia and her sisters were quite young girls. We were told by friends that the Czarina used to be perfectly exquisite as a young woman, usually gowned in pale gray with a huge bunch of violets.

After dinner we went up to the Grand Duke's own private music room, where guests were seldom invited. The piano was set high, on a hollow inlaid sounding box—an idea of His Royal Highness' which improved the tone immensely. Behind it on the wall was a life-size painting of a Buddha-like female figure. This was in creamy brown and gold, inlaid with chrysoprase, and lit mysteriously at will from either side, on top or bottom. The lighting he preferred, and which he told me he used when he played for hours—he knew not what—was provided by four rings of glass suspended horizontally from the ceiling, through which a radiant sapphire light poured. I don't know how it was managed, but it was very beautiful. In one corner of the room was a grotto, also blue lit, with a charming, quiet nude figure and a fountain that drip-dripped as you listened. I sat down at the piano and played and sang all the negro melodies my father had collected in the Bahamas years before. I think the guests were rather bewildered by the swift pattering English, but the Grand Duke and his cousin, the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, were charmed with them. Princess Victoria and her mother, Princess Christian, King Edward's sister, were afterward good enough to be patronesses at my first recital in London.

The Grand Duke loved beautiful Oriental effects, and never seemed to me to be the least German. He came to a supper dance once, given by a Baronin O——, dressed as an Oriental potentate of sorts. He kept the several hundred guests and the good dinner waiting more than an hour, because he insisted on making up the whole court himself. His wife wore a wonderful headdress she made herself, copied from the fresco in his music room. It was all gold beads and emeralds. Round her neck was a huge pear-shaped green stone. I was thinking of the chrysoprase I had seen inset in the wall of the music room, and said: "What a wonderful chrysoprase, Your Royal Highness!" "Not chrysoprase; emerald," she gently corrected me.

Grand Ducal Court Manners

THE baroness had engaged some people to entertain the Grand Duke at supper, served in the huge new ballroom, but two days before the ball she telephoned she was in despair, as the entertainers had disappointed her and she could get no one else. Would I be so awfully kind—as I was coming anyway—as to help her out? Everyone in town knew all my intimate songs, as I had sung them at various functions where the court was invited, so Marjorie and I had to put on our thinking caps to find a new stunt. Marjorie played the lute—that big, graceful instrument so popular with the lovesick girl in Germany—and I knew some old French songs, like Clair de Lune, that I sang to her accompaniment. I went to the theater and borrowed the tenor's Pagliacci costume, whitened my face and dressed Marjorie as a Pierrette. At a given signal I sprang from between purple curtains, put my finger to my lips, turned and beckoned to the Pierrette and led her to the little stage the baroness had built. The songs went off very well, and the day was saved.

Later I changed to a Dalila costume, and danced with the Grand Duke—dances he invented as we went along, a favorite amusement of his. He always held his partner to the side, with one arm about her waist, and I must say it was very practicable and comfortable. He danced beautifully, and his favorite partner was a tall Fraulein von B——, a friend of ours. Once returning from a concert in a little town in the Bergstrasse, at which I had been singing, and which had been attended by part of the court, this same court lady and a famous violinist happened to be with us. We took fourth-class tickets, which entitle you

Miss Howard Believes That the Time Will Come When an American Girl Can Find in Her Own Country Full Opportunity to Prepare for an Operatic Career

to travel with the peasants in large wooden box cars with benches running round the walls. We all danced to the violinist's playing, while the peasants looked solemnly on from their benches. I collected pfennigs in a hat, which the violinist then put on his head, pfennigs and all. It was a lovely trip.

We heard that some of the formal court balls were most amusing. We never went to them, as we had not had ourselves presented formally, though this could have been easily arranged. The supper usually consisted of ham and spinach, typical of the German royal simplicity. The dancing was conducted under difficulties. Reversing was not allowed, and all the dancers had to go in the same direction. When the Grand Duke wished to dance, his chamberlain went in front of him to clear the way, as it was always dreadfully crowded. The women were not permitted to pick up their gowns, though trains were *de rigueur* and no short skirts allowed. As nearly all the men were in uniform, including spurs, the ladies had to make frequent trips to the dressing room to repair damages.

And yet it was fatal to wear an old gown, for the Grand Duke had a terrific memory and would say: "Oh, that is the charming gown you wore at Kiel two years ago, isn't it?"

All the officers above the rank of major and their wives had to be invited to the court balls, and in a small principality like Darmstadt those of lower rank received invitations too. One lieutenant, a member of one of the oldest and poorest Darmstadt families, brought his bride to her first court ball. She was pretty, but beneath him in social position, and he had forgotten to tell her the rule about the trains. She lifted her bridal finery out of the way of the devastating spurs, and was politely requested by a messenger from royalty to drop it again. Alas, she forgot the warning and again switched her train up from the floor, upon which she was requested to leave the dancing floor. The poor husband felt it so keenly that he asked to be transferred to a regiment in another town, and his request was granted.

They have a custom of choosing a dance leader for every big ball. He is usually one of the young officers of the highest birth, and his duties are to assist the hostess in every possible way and lead all the dances.

Before we went to Darmstadt the Grand Duke had had a tragedy, from which they said he never recovered. His adored little daughter Elisabeth was the idol of everyone and the town children's fairy princess. She was asked to visit her aunt, the Czarina, at Petrograd. While there she died very suddenly, though in perfect health when she left Darmstadt. She is believed to have eaten some poisoned food prepared for the Czar's own children. A monument to her in the *Herren Garten* at Darmstadt shows a glass coffin of the fairy-tale type; in it lies sleeping "Snow White," with the gnomes round her. Above, a weeping willow brushes soft fingers over the sleeping princess.

We had several *backfisch* admirers; the English "flapper" comes nearer to translating this strange word than anything else I know. These girls followed us closely in the streets for a year, and finally met us. At first my sister had her band and I had mine. Finally they dwindled to just two—very sweet, charming young girls, of whom we became very fond. Marjorie's was the daughter of a colonel, who was very strict and military with his delicate flower of a girl.

As I have said, strange revealing glimpses of the Hun element came to us now and then, the spirit that now seems to engulf nearly all the German people. Two of our girl friends were daughters of a famous noble house. Their father was a very old general who lived in great seclusion. His pretty, fair daughters L—— and E—— were often at our house, and were very fond of my mother, who lived with us then. The old general finally died, and the girls were worn and bent with grief from his long illness and the trials of nursing him. Their brother was with his regiment, and for some reason could not get to them in time to make arrangements for the funeral. The girls were left badly off and could not afford a pretentious ceremony. When they tried to explain this to the undertaker he was incredulous, but finally said with a brutal, sneering laugh: "Of course you can have a pauper's funeral if you want one." Everything was done in a way to make it all as hard as possible for the poor girls by these brutes, and they used to come and tell us with floods of tears of the insults they had to swallow. At last the brother arrived, and of course as soon as he appeared, in uniform, he was bowed down to and served as only a uniform is served in Germany by such types.

During the second year, in October, word came to us that the Czar of Russia was coming to rest with his family at the Grand Duke's hunting lodge, just outside Darmstadt. We were nervous at the thought of all the Russian students who always throng the technical school at Darmstadt. It seemed such an easy thing to bomb a man in such a small quiet town. The authorities took great precautions, however, and nothing happened.

Cravings for American Victuals

I SANG many times for the Czar, in command performances of Dalila, and others. When he left he was good enough to send me a brooch "as a remembrance of his wife." It is the Imperial crown, with sapphire eyes, surrounded by a laurel wreath. He used to sit in a box nearest the stage with the Grand Duke. In the next box were the little Grand Duchesses, Olga, Tatiana and Marie, and sometimes Anastasia, the littlest one of all. They would call in the intervals, "Papa, come in here; do, papa dear!" They always spoke English together. He would go to them and they would climb all over him, petting him and playing with his hair. It was rather charming to watch.

Prince Henry of Prussia was there, too, as these three the Grand Duke, Czar and Prince Henry—were fast friends. When they left the theater a curious crowd always gathered to see them, but we never had so much as a glimpse of them, for five black, mysterious motors, closely hooded, left in a procession; and no one ever knew which one the Czar was in. The Czarina never came to the theater; she was intensely nervous just then, and went nowhere.

Sazanoff was with the Czar's suite, and I remember the Darmstadtites were much insulted because he always took the train to Frankfort, half an hour away, or to Wiesbaden, one hour away, for luncheon or dinner, as he said there was nothing fit to eat at the local hotels. I secretly quite agreed with him.

We often went ourselves to Frankfort for tea; or a wild American craving would come over me for lobster or chicken salad, and we would up and away to Wiesbaden for supper. Darmstadt was very conveniently situated for short trips, surrounded as it is by interesting towns; Heidelberg was only a short distance south of us, and

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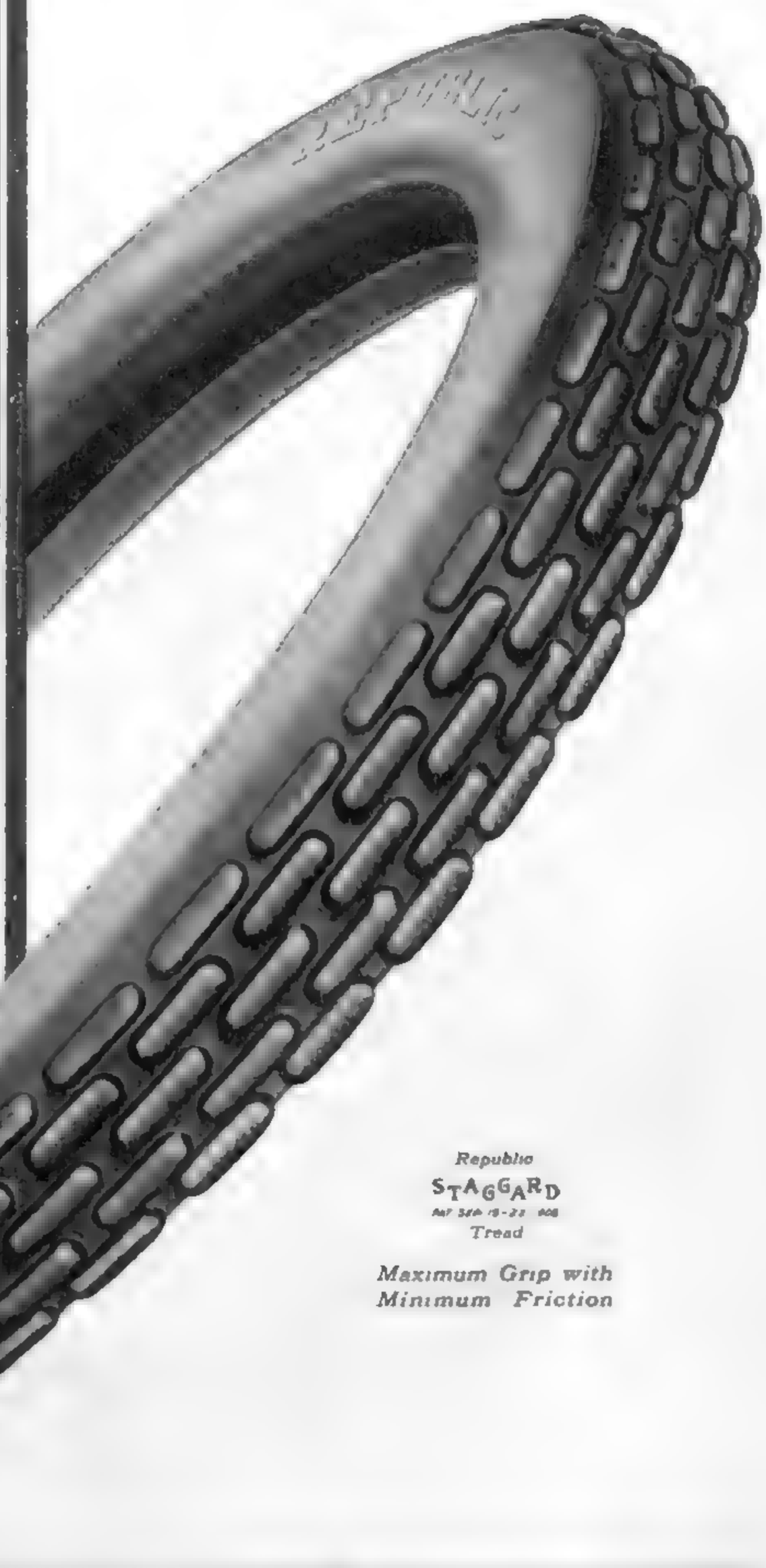

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REPUBLIC TIRES

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Mannheim close enough for a day's visit. I sang Niklaus in Hoffmann in Mannheim for the first time without a rehearsal, having learned the part in my room at the piano without a *Kapellmeister* to give me the tempi, and never having seen the opera. That was a trying experience—not helped by the tenor's knocking me flat down in the Venetian scene as I rushed on to tell him that the watch was coming. He weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds, and colliding with him midcareer I gave him right of way by going down flat on my back.

At Frankfort we heard a wonderful performance of Elektra, with Richard Strauss conducting and Bahr-Mildenburg as Clytemnestra. I shall never forget her in it, nor the orchestral effects Strauss produced. I felt at the end as if I had been watching an insane woman, so marvelous was Bahr-Mildenburg's portrayal of the half-demented creature. Her large face, pale, with haunting, sick eyes; her scarlet, gold-embroidered draperies; the clutching, bony fingers on her jeweled staff; the swaying body she seemed barely able to keep erect; the psychology of the queen's character—all this together combined to give the exact effect she wanted, and she knew how to convey it strongly and clearly to the farthest seat in the big theater.

We grew to know very well a Russian boy whose family had interests in Darmstadt. He told us much of Russia, and he and his sister seemed creatures of a different world from ours. She was frail and exotic looking, with very curly bronze hair, a skin like a gardenia petal, and the tiniest, full-lipped, blood-red mouth I have ever seen. At home she spent most of her time in the saddle or in the stables. She had men's uniforms made, and rode out with the officers dressed as they were. She and her brother could both drink enormous quantities of spiced wine and follow it up with champagne and Swedish punch, and never even flush pink. Only S—— used to become very talkative and spout Greek verses by the hour. At that time we lived in a *pension*, and every Saturday night or after a big performance of mine—say, Carmen—he would arrange an elaborate fête. Sometimes we all had to appear dressed as Romans, in sheets and wreaths, before he was satisfied. One night I remember I grew tired of us all being so monotonously beautiful and came down dressed as a suffragette, with the false nose I wear as the Witch in Hänsel und Gretel, flowing gray locks, spectacles, and some ridiculous costume, half Greek and half witch. S—— was so horrified that he never once looked at me during the evening, and I finally changed to something more esthetic.

A Good-Natured Russian

HE HAD as much spending money apparently as he desired, but his sister never had a cent. She had no evening gown and only shabby clothes. She seemed blissfully unaware of any shortcomings of her wardrobe, however, and only once felt the lack of a party dress. We arranged something for her that time, as she had no money to spend and her brother did not seem to think it necessary to give her any. After a particularly successful fête S —— would wander the deserted streets and kneel before fountains in the public squares, dipping water from them and pouring it with his derby hat on the earth, as a libation to Pallas Athene, as he always called me. And he was not in the least drunk, if you will believe me—only fearfully Russian.

When they left the *pension* their luggage at the station consisted of a pile of shabby hand baggage, mostly newspaper parcels. The girl had no purse, but a soldier's little coin case of goatskin, so Frau von A—— emptied her own bag and stuffed L——'s possessions into it. Their indifference to all these things, which would have been regulated and in keeping with their position if they had belonged to any other country than Russia, I believe was quite typical and seemed to me rather sublime.

S—— afterward made a trip round the world. Goodness knows how he found out whether I was singing or not, but some night after singing one of my big rôles I would receive a monstrous basket of red roses or an armful of orchids cabled from Honolulu or China. He even remembered my dachshund's birthday, and cabled the baker to send Peter a wonderful cake with birthday candles.

All this time I was working very hard at the opera. Our repertoire was very large, including nearly all the Italian operas, from Verdi to Wolf-Ferrari, and the German operas from the time of Weber and Mozart up to Humperdinck. Everything was given in German, some of the translations good and some poor. At first it had seemed terribly difficult to accustom myself to the German sounds in Dalila or Carmen after the sonorous French, but latterly German came to seem quite as natural, though never so beautiful or singable.

Everyone in the audience, however, understood the text, and surely this is the important thing. How can one enter into the spirit of an opera when he is guessing whether that is a love phrase or an insult that the tenor is singing? The prejudice against translating into the vernacular has had to be overcome in nearly all European countries, and will, I suppose, be only a question of time with us. In Russia, operatic composers flowered and reached their world prominence only after the Russian language was used for the libretto. In Germany, Italian was discarded for the language of the singers only after a long struggle, but the great abundance of German operas came after it was adopted, not before. In France, also, Italian librettos were used for generations; but can anyone imagine a Debussy composing a Pelléas et Mélisande to an Italian libretto? Each school must find itself in its own tongue, and I question whether these matters can be hurried.

I have always thought a good English translation would contribute more to the general pleasure of the audience than an ununderstood gabble of words, even though English is perhaps lacking in the subtle charm worked upon us by foreign speech.

We all worked steadily through the season and rehearsed every day. The scheme of rehearsals was worked out and given to us every two weeks on a printed play schedule. This showed us exactly which operas and plays were to be given during the next fortnight and all the rehearsals we should have to attend—beginning with the room rehearsal for the soloists alone, then the stage rehearsal without chorus, the stage rehearsal with chorus and piano, and finally the last orchestra rehearsal on the stage, with everything as at a performance. At the side of the play schedule was a tentative list of works in preparation with their probable dates of appearance. All this made the work very systematic, and I knew exactly what time I should have for study and what for myself. If a rare week passed without my singing at least once I grew restless and unhappy. My constant aim was to learn and develop, and every rôle taught me something. Versatility is a most useful attribute on the operatic stage, and if you play all the way from Fides to soubrette parts in operetta, and the audience sticks to you, you may be considered fairly versatile.

I remember one strenuous week in particular. I had to sing Dalila in Prague on Wednesday evening. The Magic Flute was scheduled for Tuesday in Darmstadt, and by taking a late train I could arrive in Prague in time to dress for Dalila. I had to sing the last bit of the Third Lady in The Magic Flute in traveling dress with a black cloak thrown over me and then rush straight to the train. We traveled all night, changing at Dresden in the middle of the night, and waiting at the noisy station for some time. Arrived at Prague I went straight to the theater, the old one with gas lamps for footlights. Don Giovanni of Mozart was given for the first time in this very theater, they told me, and was, I believe, directed by Mozart himself. I duly sang my Dalila and sped back to Darmstadt, where I had to sing Frau Reich Thursday night; and this tiring lady has to have a certain lightness of touch no matter how much train smoke you have swallowed. My troubles were not over yet, as I had to take the train that night for Edinburgh, Scotland, where I was to appear with the orchestra, and on the following night in Glasgow. The journey was long and tedious, and the only bright spot I can remember was while we crossed a bit of Belgium. We had had a lunch basket handed in with the typical bottle of red wine, and neither Marjorie nor I wanted it. The next time our train slowed down we happened to have an engine beside us, and I handed the wine through the window to the driver, who received it with true Belgian imperturbability.

The Children of the Former Czar of Russia

I was very tired and very sick crossing the Channel. We arrived in London in a terrible storm, feeling absolutely exhausted. Marjorie said, "The only thing that hasn't happened is that we have not yet lost our baggage."

We waited on the cold platform—it was November—till all the luggage had been taken out of the vans; no familiar trunks for us. I went, worn out, to the hotel, leaving poor Marjorie to struggle. She made the round of the stations where possible trains from the coast might be met—all to no avail.

The next day was Sunday, and we could not possibly have found a gown for me to use at the concert. We slept that night in towels and underclothes; and if you've ever done it you know what sort of all-night funeral that is. The next morning early the missing trunks were found and we continued our journey. We were much amused when we found that no trains left for Scotland during the day on Sunday, and that they had to wait for the friendly cover of night before they dared nefariously to slip out and break the Sabbath calm.

Monday night I almost broke down on the platform during the concert, in one of the hugest halls in the world. Marjorie comforted me and sent for some whisky, which I gulped down between songs. Gradually the chilled blood in me thawed, and my voice with it, my nerve came back and I scored a success, as I did the following night in Glasgow. We then went back to Darmstadt the quickest possible way, having been in six countries in as many days.

The Grand Duke's Cellars

WE WALKED a great deal in the beautiful country round Darmstadt, and I sometimes rode over the miles of charming bridle paths. We made expeditions into the beautiful Taunus country, all gold and scarlet in autumn. The delightful custom of having forest houses at convenient distances in every direction round the city made these expeditions a great pleasure. The coffee was usually good, and the cakes always so.

Darmstadt is on the Bergstrasse, almost a highway through that part of Germany, and we were pestered one year with a constant stream of beggars. They were usually ex-theater people, they said, and I found they came only to me and not to my colleagues, so word must have been passed round that an easy and extremely rich American lived in the town, who was good for at least a mark.

The strangest stories circulated about us and why we should choose Germany to live in. One was that I was the illegitimate daughter of King Edward, therefore a cousin of the Grand Duke, which explained a likeness to him which I could see myself. They said my sister and mother were really no relation to me, but were simply paid to take care of me.

As I have said, we had several picturesque privileges because I was an employee of the royal house. I used to go on certain days to the old castle near the theater, no longer the residence of the reigning family, as it was too old to be comfortable. I passed under shadowy arches and through cobblestone courts surrounded by aged windows till I came to where the castle cellar man lived. I went down a steep old stone stair into the bowels of the earth, where I was greeted by the head cellarman, who wore a white apron and took orders at a candle-lit table. I told him just how much red wine I wanted, or perhaps a bottle of champagne for a treat, and paid a ridiculously small sum for it all. The Grand Duke got it duty-free and at special rates, and we, as his employees, were entitled to this rate too. For a small fee two large flunkies in the uniforms of the ducal house would deliver it to my apartment later in the day. I believe the cellars were very wonderful, but I never was asked to investigate. I think only the principals had this privilege, neither the chorus nor the ballet sharing it, but I may be mistaken.

Our ballet was rather pitiful. Kind-hearted directors hesitated to dismiss faithful servants of years' standing, and the result was a phalanx of grandmothers at the back of the stage. I used to give my old clothes to the chorus and ballet women, and one family in particular I almost adopted. The poor mother was a handsome creature of about forty-five. Her eldest son was twenty-four, a carpenter; and two babies were born while I was in Darmstadt. Children of all ages came in between. The father drank and used to ill-treat the mother, who had to dance gayly as a peasant boy or gypsy, and then go home to all that misery. Little by little I told the officers' wives whom I knew about these things, and they were very kind about sending their worn clothing to me to distribute among the women. I believe it amused them very much to see their old evening gowns washed—always washed—and

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FISK SOLID TIRES

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refurbished, doing duty as Empire gowns or as the latest thing in Paris creations on the backs of the walk-on ladies in the French comedies. Eighty marks a month is not much, even if it is paid all the year round, and somebody has got to help.

We had a school of forestry in the town, largely attended by American boys. It was in the period when some of our boys padded their shoulders tremendously and wore hump-toed boots. These boys were all husky specimens, who dressed in the most foresty of forest clothes—boots laced to the knee, wide Western hats and flannel shirts. The woods round Darmstadt were all quite tame and well looked after, but the boys seemed to think they were dressing the part correctly. When left to themselves these boys were quite well behaved, but the German students tried to bully them. The beer-drinking type of student, with his ridiculous little colored cap stuck on one side of his head, thought he owned his own particular café where his regularly reserved table might happen to be. They objected to various mannerisms of the American boys who visited these cafés, and the American boys replied in their own Western way by knocking the Germans down. This method of fist fighting was quite unknown to the Germans, who replied by sending a challenge to duel according to their custom. The American boys in turn knew nothing of dueling and refused to fight except with fists. I think a good many fat Germans bit the dust and got up swearing vengeance. Finally, we heard, the American boys wired to some fellow countrymen who were students in Frankfort: "Come over to-night and clean up." Exactly what happened we never heard, but as both sides grew to understand each other more the trouble gradually subsided. The Russian element, usually rather undesirable in Darmstadt, contributed largely to the trouble.

Dueling as a Sport

THERE were several dueling corps in town, and an American friend of ours, a student at the technical college, told us of witnessing their extremely bloody combats. Part of the glory was to have yourself sewed up without an anæsthetic, and go on fighting, and we heard sickening details. It was supposed to make your nerve tremendously steady, and the ones who went through the stated number of duels, fighting their way slowly through a regular course of progression, always the winner, must indeed have grown shockproof and disgust-proof. The authorities frowned on the practice, but it existed in force, nevertheless. One boy killed another while we were there; he was imprisoned; but on his return was treated as a conquering hero by the members of his corps. That surely belonged to Hun training.

We played continuously nine months, from September to June, and then scattered for the holidays. I often went to Munich for the Wagnerian Festival. We had many German relatives—though not a drop of German blood as three of my grandfather's sisters married German officers. Through remote ancestors we also had dozens of cousins in the north of Germany. The Munich relations I dearly loved. The son of the famous court architect, Von Klenze—who built nearly all the noble buildings in Munich for the old King Ludwig of Bavaria, who abdicated his throne—married my mother's aunt, and their descendants were always very charming to me. The northern cousins, who lived in East and North Prussia, we always heard were quite different—cold, critical and not warm and artistic and friendly, as I found our southern relatives. In Darmstadt they seemed between the two peoples in character; and of course in the theater one met all sorts.

Our prompter, Boberle, was from Swabia, and her sister was a character. She proved her elegance by wearing the most brilliant colors on her fat little body, and plastering the family jewelry all over herself. Between the acts she screamed remarks about the members of the company to her friends, and the remarks were not so undiscerning as you might think.

The top box on the right side of the house was reserved for the humble hangers-on of the personnel. My sister used often to sit up there, as she could just walk in without my having to ask for a seat, while my mother sat in state in a specially reserved seat in the orchestra, for which I had to ask each time. The oldest mothers and the prompter's sister used to be an unending joy to my sister, in their comments. The order of their seats was theirs by divine right, they thought, and woe betide some comparative newcomer who would venture to take another's chair. It was called the raven's nest, and we felt its influence hanging over us on the stage. I was quite familiar with the remarks that were made nightly:

"Oh, our little Katy plays to-night!" the mother of Katy would announce rapturously, and settle down with her chin on the rail, and her back bent like a jackknife, for three hours of proud but critical joy. She had probably toiled most of the night with her little seamstress to turn out the marvels Katy wore

There were certain props that lent an unfailing air of gorgeousness to the provincial German mind, whether viewed from in front of or behind the footlights. An aigret did duty for years and had a sure-fire elegance. Pinned on a winter hat of black velvet, or a summer leghorn, or worn with a bow in an evening coiffure, you knew its wearer belonged to the most exclusive social set. Our *coiffeuse* had only one eye, but she used to bring that one as close as possible to the head of her victim and make it do duty for two. She turned out wonderful puffs and curls. In Dollar Prinzessin I introduced a new style of hair dressing from Paris—the hair parted and a multitude of close curls at the back of the head, the whole surrounded by a rather broad band of ribbon of the shade one desired. This took Darmstadt by storm, and was repeated for two years in every conceivable version. The curls, I am sorry to say, turned into tight sausages, but how much more practical! Couldn't the curls then be worn at least three times without being redressed?

A lorgnon was of course the height of excellence; also quite irresistibly snorty if you were playing an elderly duchess type of person. If you read that tunics were worn in Paris you put them on all your gowns, though they might be hideously unbecoming to you. Even the time-honored hat-on-the-back-of-the-head outline had to be renounced one season, and everyone peered out at you from a hat or toque brim almost down on the bridge of the nose in front, and cocked up in the back. Unbecoming, it was admitted, but one did it in Paris—and should Darmstadt lag behind?

The problem of clothes for the actress was a terrific one; and I think almost everyone in town knew and made allowances for this. The men went farther astray in the quest of fashion; or perhaps it was that the slightest lapse from rigid formality is so noticeable in their dress of to-day. In Metz dickeys, or small false fronts, were worn as a matter of course in the place of evening shirts. If you were long and the dickey was short you stuck a jaunty, flaming silk handkerchief in your vest in front, to hide dangerous glimpses of the flannels beneath. And then, why stick slavishly to the bow tie of white cotton? A black or scarlet string tie was distinctly more novel, and attracted attention at once if worn with an otherwise conventional evening coat.

In Darmstadt the men knew better, but some of them tried to ape the officers in walk, monocle or hair brushing—to the huge delight of the officers. One clever actor always made his greatest climax by suddenly throwing back his coat edge as he finished a "There, what do you say to that?" speech, and so revealing the gorgeous black-satin lining. This of course was unanswerable, and never failed of its effect. You knew at once you had a man of the world before you—a man familiar with the most exclusive club life, valeted, perfumed and manicured irreproachably, and you succumbed accordingly.

The Grand Duke would sit, lynx-eyed, up in his box, and take this all in. I always felt he never missed anything; and it was inspiring to play to him. When his box was empty I always missed this scrutiny.

Children of the Grand Duke in Russian Costume

Sometimes one gets messages that well-known people are out in front; and this knowledge and the thought that some wandering director in search of talent may be watching you always spur you on if you are tired. Once a famous Dutch painter saw me as Amneris. He was, of course, quite unknown to me, but sent me word later to say what pleasure I had given him by recreating in his mind the Egyptian silhouettes and coloring he loved. I had striven so hard to do this it was a great pleasure to know that I had succeeded in suggesting it

A dear old gentleman in town, who had traveled much, sent me many post cards from Spain, because my Carmen brought back to him his happy days there. He sent me a real Russian order for my Orlofsky in Fledermaus, which I always afterward wore with that gentleman's severe court dress. Laurel wreaths and wreaths of heavy silvered leaves were sent to me, with gold-lettered inscriptions, and I kept them for ages in my music room.

During the last winter in Darmstadt I went up to Berlin to give a try-out recital. It was managed by the Wolf Bureau, and my friend, Mr. Fernow, at once took an interest in me, which continued as long as I was in Germany. I had heard of Coenrad von Bos, and wanted to have him play for me. We rehearsed the day before the concert and I soon found I had made another real friend in Bos. He said afterward that when he was told I wanted just one rehearsal for a Berlin recital he thought to himself I must be either very bad or very good. The truth was I could not get a longer leave of absence from the opera, and so more than one rehearsal was impossible. I have always adored rehearsing, especially for a concert with such an artist as Bos to play for me. To go back to my concert—Bos worked very hard that evening to make it a success, calling up all his musical friends to tell them of his new find. It was a great success, and I have never read such notices as I received from all the papers. They told me no foreigner had ever had such unanimous and extraordinary praise for a first recital, and Papa Fernow kissed me in the green-room

I should have immediately followed up that concert with two or three more, but I was obliged to return to my duties, and so lost the opportunity of reaping the reward of an unusual beginning.

Farewell to Darmstadt

THEY wanted me to sing on in Darmstadt, but I felt that I had sung the repertoire faithfully for three years, and that I wanted more worlds to conquer and a bigger town to criticize my work.

I went to Munich to sing for Baron S——, who liked me and offered me a contract, depending on the outcome of two guest performances to be given the following October, my contract then to go into effect.

My farewell in Darmstadt was Carmen, and the people were good to me. After the last curtain I left the stage for a minute, and when I came back to take my calls the stage was filled from side to side with flowers; they were banked and grouped all round me. The curtain then went up and down innumerable times, till I felt like weeping at leaving all these kind friends. For some reason my cab did not come for me and when I left the theater the crowd waiting at the stage door followed me home, calling out "Come back soon!" "*Auf Wiedrsehen!*" and many kind things. These are not perhaps great triumphs, but they make an artist's life very happy.

I think it was two years before this, on returning to Paris, that I took part in Strauss' Salome. We gave six performances at the Chatelet; I took the page's small part, just for the fun of it and so as to study the opera. The stage manager was a German, of course, and spoke very little French. The singers were all German, and the supers all French. Things did not go well at rehearsals. Burrian, as the King, would cry for wine or grapes, and no one moved to get what he wished, as no one understood what he was saying and so could not get the musical cue. I was the only person able to speak the two languages fluently, and finally the stage manager asked me to take charge of all the business on my side of the stage.

"*Suivez, madame!*" he would yell. So I said "Remove throne," "Bring golden vessels," "Clear stage," and so on, to the intelligent crowd of supers, many of whom were young actors who wanted, as I did, to study the opera.

Destinn's voice rose thrillingly in the love phrases that Salome pours at John; and though she wore a costume that my young French friends considered consisted chiefly of *chats enragés*—mad cats—as it had two huge animal heads of gold, where such types of stage villainess are always heavily protected, her tense quality of voice and the simple strength of her acting suited the character, and she achieved results that no other singer I know of could have done.

I had gone back as usual to De Reszke to have my voice put in order, and was having at the same time my taste put in order by my brother Cecil in our walks and talks about Paris and its museums. My brother's wonderfully clear vision of art and beauty was never clouded, and I owe much to my association with him.

We lived very simply in Paris, having our meals sometimes at the *quartier* restaurants, and sometimes getting fillets of fresh mushrooms, peas and delicious Paris potatoes, with big strawberries shaped like little whisk brooms, and *crème d'Isigny* in its stubby little earthen pots, and preparing them at home. I had a small apartment in the same house as my mother, and my brother had his studio some blocks from us.

We met Spaniards, Norwegians, French, anything but Americans, of whom we knew but few. We learned so much more through talking with people of other nationalities than our own. Paris is such a marvelous place for development. As my brother said, he never knew when someone whose opinion he must respect might not drop into the studio and give his work a searching inspection. The atmosphere of having to keep constantly at your very best because of the rigid intellectual criticism you encountered at every turn was most stimulating.

Rembrandt Bugatti was a great friend of my brother's, of whom I think he was really fond, and this was a priceless association for a young student. Bugatti was a genius, unrivaled by any sculptor of his age and by very few of any other age, and his tragic death was a great loss to the art world. His growing deafness and his acute sensitiveness must have made life impossible for him. His recollection of the happy years' spent in Antwerp, when he and my brother were well-known figures there, wearing long, swinging, dark-blue Italian-cavalry capes, smoking eternal pipes and working all day in the open air in the Zoo—compared with what the Germans have made of Belgium—proved too great a spiritual burden for him.

During that summer Baron S—— died in Munich. This of course was a great blow to me, and I did not know what I could do about my contract. I went to Berlin to see my agent, who told me I must sing my guest performances according to contract in October; but as the new director was not to come into office till November no one could really engage me, especially as a very exacting new musical director was coming from Vienna later in the season, and they would both undoubtedly want to choose their own first contralto.

However, I went and sang under trying circumstances, with a very sore throat and a sinking heart. My colleagues thought I would be engaged, but I did not see who was to do it; and as it turned out I was right and there was no one to do it. This depressed me extremely, but I resolved to return to Berlin and devote the year to following up my previous recital. As a matter of fact this apparent blow turned out to be all for the best, as so often happens; for otherwise I should have been caught in Germany at the beginning of the war, and my career upset, which was what happened to several other girls.

Engagements in Holland

The concert field is a rich one in Europe, and I had made a good beginning. I booked a tour in Holland through the kindly offices of Bos, where I was as well received as I had been in Berlin. The critics wrote such eulogies that I almost blushed to read them. People quite unknown to me would go from town to town to hear me, and I would see them at Rotterdam or Utrecht smiling up at me. I have never sung to such adorable audiences. They seem to understand all languages, and a Clair de Lune sung in French seems to please them as much as Schubert's magnificent Allmacht.

The "coffee pause" halfway down the program was quite a shock to me the first night, but I soon grew to look for it, and enjoyed the smell of the strong smoking coffee the waiters used to carry round on trays to the audience. It was rather disturbing, however, to have to watch the waiters finish up the contents of the pots at the back of the hall while I began on the second half of the program. Evidently to them the coffee and the audience were of first importance, and the mere singer quite secondary; all of which is point of view.

My sister and I lived at The Hague, and Holland is so delightfully small that we could nearly always return there after the evening's concert in another town. I went back in the spring for another series of recitals and felt that I was returning to old friends. I was offered a tour to Java, and would have loved to undertake it, but could not see my way clear just then.

In December I was in Berlin for a week or two, and my agent sent me word to come and sing for Mr. Percy Pitt, of Covent Garden. The two contracts I had held so far had been closed with a minimum of delay and trouble, and now I was to make the biggest one of my career in the same simple way. I was not in the best of voice when I sang for Mr. Pitt, but I sang the Siegfried Erda, and was disgusted with myself for singing so badly. He asked me if I was ready to sing the list of leading rôles which he read to me, and on my answering in the affirmative he engaged me on the spot, proving, to me at least, that successful or unsuccessful trial singing and even guest performances have very little to do with most engagements. In the case of a singer of any reputation at all the director has usually made up his mind pretty well beforehand what he is going to do. If he wants you he takes you, even if you have sung badly that particular time; and if he does not want you nothing that I have ever heard of can make him engage you.

In the Land of Reindeer

This contract was for the following spring. We were to give the Ring of Wagner three times, and Arthur Nikisch was to conduct. Also Konigskinder was to be given for the first time at Covent Garden, and I was one of the few who had sung the Witch at that time. The Flying Dutchman completed the list of operas in which I was to sing.

After closing the contract we left for Bergen, Norway, where I had a concert engagement. One great advantage of having my dear friends, the Joneses, back of me was that I could take a big journey like this; and though it might eat up all of my profit I did not have to refuse it on that account.

We were fascinated by Scandinavia, and though I went to sing with the orchestra in one concert only I remained in Bergen to give three recitals by myself. The trip across the Finse railway, over the snowy glaciers, I shall never forget. The line had only recently been opened, and very few passengers shared the trip with us. We saw a herd of reindeer, and at one of the stations I fed some of them with coarse salt. Bergen itself was warm and muggy and smelt of fish. Everything in the place smelt of fish, even the hotel towels. Two kindly women managers took charge of my concerts, and I felt far away from America till I saw a portrait of Miss Emma Thursby in their music shop.

The warm-hearted Norwegians were delightful to us, and we met many of Grieg's relatives, and heard tales of him. One of his cousins, I think, came all the way to Berlin to study with me; but to my great regret I had no time to give her.

I was interviewed on my first day by a nice little fellow who could hardly speak German and no English or French. Our conversation was conducted under difficulties, but was most enjoyable none the less. The next day I received a request from him for a photograph, with a card saying: "*Seit ich ihnen sah bin ich sterblich verliebt.*" This bad German means approximately, "Since I saw you I am mortally in love."

We loved our stay in Scandinavia. I remember when we first arrived in Christiania we could not make out why the streets were thronged with good-looking men and women from two o'clock till three in the afternoon, and quite empty after that. We walked through the snowy, glittering avenues, and met all these healthy, red-cheeked pedestrians talking and laughing and having a wonderful social time. We then discovered their meal times are quite different from ours. You had an early cup of coffee, then a light breakfast at eleven o'clock, then dinner at three or four, preceded sometimes by this walk. Supper was served at eight-thirty or nine and was usually laid out on a long table in the center of the room. There were cold meats and salads; cold fish and pickled fish; queer breads; and of course you went first for the wonderful *hors d'œuvres* of countless varieties, for Scandinavia is where they grow.

A Swede once told me you could always tell a German traveling in Sweden, because when the *hors d'œuvres* were passed to him he made a meal of the dainty mayonnaise and savory morsels instead of eating them as an appetizer, as is intended.

In the beautiful station of Copenhagen, decorated in the old Norse style, with scarlet-painted, carved wooden beams, we were served with all we could eat of these dainties with bread and butter for about forty cents.

On the way home we were storm-bound at Copenhagen, and I at once fell in love with that city and its wonderful blond race of big men and women. We heard stories of divorces and passionate love affairs that made other nations pale by contrast. One delightful man told us he had had no objection to his wife's having one lover, but when he found she had seven he thought it time to get a divorce! He still quite often saw her, and said they were the best friends in the world. He liked to take her out to dinner and the theater and tell her all about everything. He called us "the Misses Chickens Howard," and was only restrained by business engagements from following us from place to place. That was a hobby of his, he said, when he found a sympathetic artist.

We crossed back to Germany, and I sang with Nikisch and the Philharmonic Orchestra for the first time, in Hamburg. His room behind the stage swarmed with ladies in the *entr'acte*, and the concert master told me it was always so. A valet looked him over carefully before he went on the stage, pulled down his coat, and patted his shoulders. I remembered the cuff story in Metz, and watched through the crack of the door to see if it still held good—and it did!

Later I sang with Mengelberg in Frankfort. He said to me, eating apples the while: "I engaged you because friends of mine in Holland told me you could sing. Can you?" After the concert he came to me again, still eating apples, and said: "It is true. You have a magnificent voice, and know how to sing magnificently," and kissed my hand.

To hear Mengelberg direct Tod und Verklärung of Strauss with his own orchestra was one of the most tremendous things I have ever experienced. One was transported. A little man with a tight mouth and an aureole of fair hair, he was feared by his men, but how he was respected! That winter he spent almost every night in the train, as he conducted regularly in Holland, Germany and Russia.

German Relatives

I have always been able to get on with really great musicians, and have found only the second best difficult and small. The path seems suddenly smooth when in rehearsal you feel this wealth of absolute knowledge and authority supporting, leading and inspiring you. Anxiety vanishes and one's best pours from one without effort, only with the sensation of wanting to wring every last drop of beauty from the phrase.

We returned to Sweden to concerts with Stenhammer, and I should have crossed to Helsingfors to sing Dalila, but had to return on account of engagements in Germany.

Through our forebears, as I have said, we have many relatives in Germany, and in Berlin we enjoyed knowing our cousins, the Von M——s. The General had just been moved back to Berlin to fill an extremely high military position and, he being very musical, we of course had much in common. The daughters were all beautifully brought up; simple girls, frank and natural. They gave a musical at which the General and I both sang. Their apartment was very large, but was so crowded for the concert that I felt as though the Duchess of Dalibor sat almost in my throat as I sang, and her enormous pearls distracted me in the Sapphische Ode. I have never seen such unbelievably huge pearls. We were asked to stay to supper after the concert, and it consisted chiefly of the sandwiches and refreshments left over from the party. This showed us again the absolute simplicity of the well-born of irreproachable position.

The girls were very intimate with the Kaiser's only daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, and when her marriage to the Duke of Brunswick was celebrated Irma was one of the bridesmaids. Onkle Geo, as we called him, told us much about the Kaiser. At the dinner table, he said, His Majesty would usually talk only with the men, ignoring completely the ladies who might be present.

When the General made his reëntry into court for the first time after receiving his high office all the courtiers present watched to see just how he would be received by His Majesty, which would then give the keynote for his treatment by the whole court. After the general reception General M—— was invited to go into a more private room with several more gentlemen. This promised well, as it was in this room that the Kaiser talked more intimately with the guests of his choosing.

The General held his helmet with its crest of white feathers on his arm, and felt the eyes of all assembled on him as the Kaiser came quickly into the room and made his way to him. Now was the critical moment that might have everlasting consequences. Onkle Geo confessed to nervousness, but His Majesty guessed the situation and said "Hum! You need a new helmet; that crest is shabby"—in a bantering tone. The courtiers knew this was meant for friendly, humorous comment and was intended to be laughed at, so they laughed accordingly at Onkle Geo's confusion, and the ice was broken. "And my helmet was quite new!" said Onkle Geo half indignantly, half laughing.

The court was very simple, and we heard stories of it through other friends who had the entrée. A Countess D——, returning one evening from a court ball given in honor of the then Regent of Bavaria, gave me a bonbon done up in silver paper, with a little picture of the Kaiserin on it. The bonbon was white, and the countess said that as long as she or anyone else could remember, these had been the official souvenirs of court dinners; only the pictures varied.

Second-Hand Gifts

One charming girl we knew, a great favorite of the Empress, came back from the palace one Christmas Day and told us what she had received from Her Majesty as a Christmas greeting—a small old-fashioned tippet and muff of woolly white Angora, and two small, cheap Japanese vases that someone had given the Empress the year before. The royal magnificence one would expect gave way to—extreme simplicity, let us call it.

The Kaiser took a keen interest in the opera and gave wonderful presents to his favorite singers. We saw a spectacle at the opera house that he was supposed to have inspired, and which was carried out under his direction. It was a sort of panorama of scenes in Corfu, where he spent much time. It must have been horribly expensive, for I never saw so much scenery at any one performance, and it really was exquisite to see those beautifully reproduced scenes unfold before one.

Such things, however, as painted castles and woods and flowers always seem to me excessively naïve. The Russian idea of a wonderful imaginative back drop is infinitely more stimulating to a performance. Of course there are places where it cannot be used. If the scene is laid in a popular restaurant a back drop might perhaps be comic to a mind not yet used to making its own pictures; but I hope and believe the aim is toward simplicity in this direction; but the simplicity must be carried out by artists, and first-rate ones. Who that has seen the leaping figures of the Russian Ballet in Prince Igor has felt a lack on the scenic side because the tents with their feather of smoke were suggested on a flat back drop? Who longed for real—that is, one side real—tents, with steam escaping from a semihidden pipe through the top? The luridness was suggested by color far more skillfully than if rocks, thinly swaying and lit by red lights, had cluttered up the wings. Make the audience do the thinking, blend stimulation with simulation, and if your artist is a true one no one will cry for flapping pillars or crumpled leaves on a net.

Boris Godunoff, as it used to be given at the Metropolitan, is a good example of what real artist vision can do with color. Those who saw those figures in brilliant green, kneeling with their backs to the audience, barring off the procession scene, while the towering minaret of the cathedral carried the eye up and up at the back, will surely never forget the light-and-shade grouping. It has since, I am sorry to say, lost some of its skillful arrangement, which I suppose

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is unavoidable; but the performance is still homogeneous and a unit as to score and costumes.

It was New Year's Eve when we saw Corfu, and afterward we went to the newly opened Hotel Esplanade for supper. I have never seen such a sight. All imaginable uniforms were there on all types of officers and foreign diplomats. Some looked magnificently romantic, and some as if they had stepped from the comic-opera stage. The women, as usual in Germany, though plentifully bejeweled, looked dull and inadequate beside the men.

It was always such a joy in Europe to go to the theater in London, Paris or Berlin. To see Lavallière with her inimitable gamin ways was the most delicious of pleasures, and the polish of the older actors of the French stage—the marquis or marquise or old butler or housekeeper, as the case might be—was a wonderful model for the student. French actors seemed to be able to come into a room, sit down at a table and talk for half an hour, using almost no gestures, without becoming in the least boresome or monotonous.

At Covent Garden

Even in Darmstadt we had many notable performances. That of the Versunkene Glocke, for instance, was most memorable. We had a splendid old actor for the Well Sprite, Nickelmann, and nothing could have been wetter or more unearthly than his sloshing slowly up from the depths of the well, his webbed, greenish fingers appearing clutchingly first, and then his grating, fishy croak, "R-r-r-rautendelein! R-r-r-r-r-rautendelein!" The faun was also excellently done by a young fellow with marvelous faunlike agility; altogether these unpretentious people realized the fairy-tale spirit, the wood feeling of the story, in a most imaginative, subtle way.

In due time we set out for London. One of our cousins had found us delightful diggings in M—— Street, which I was able to enjoy, as dear Mr. and Mrs. Jones sent me an extra check to impress London with. We were waited upon by an old butler, and his wife did the cooking. Such legs of lamb, and deep plum tarts with lashings of clotted cream! Such snowy napery, and silver polished as only English butlers can polish it.

I was rather nervous at the beginning at Covent Garden; most of the others were so famous and all of them so much older than I. However, I soon got recognition, and they were all very nice to me. I enjoyed especially talking to Van Rooy. He told me all about the wonderful armor he wore. Never have I seen his equal as the Wanderer. As he himself said, the old line of singers, the giants—the De Reszkes, Terninas, Lehmanns and Brandts—seemed to have died out. I often look for the grand line, the dignity, the flowing, noble breadth of gesture one saw in the older Wagnerian singers, but how often does one see it now? Of course my memories of them are those of a very young girl—but I saw the same thing in Van Rooy, though his voice showed wear—and the bigness of their impersonations is stamped indelibly on my memory, dwarfing the lesser ones.

Nikisch came for the last few rehearsals. He took that orchestra, with its unrelated sounds of blaring brass and rough strings, and unified and dignified it till it produced what he would have—Wagner in his glory. His gestures were like a sculptor's. My brother, who came to stay with us, also noticed this. Nikisch seemed to sculp the phrases out of the air, and brought home again to us both the close relation between the lines of music and the lines of noble sculpture. The Parthenon frieze—is it not music? My brother says the Air of Bach is absolutely one with the outlines of this masterpiece, just as pure, noble and majestically simple, moving in slow, stately rhythm.

We gave the Ring three times, and I sang the Erdas and Fric...

I had one of my fits of depression I so often get after singing—when I feel I must leave the stage, I am so hopelessly bad, and nothing anyone can do or say cheers me inwardly—and it was particularly abysmal the day after Waltraute. One never sings just as one would like to, and in my head I hear the phrase so much more beautifully done than anyone but Caruso can do it. That day I sat at lunch with my faithful Marjorie, who always puts up with me. We were lunching in a little place near us, and I was deep in the blues. Marjorie's eye fell on the Daily Telegraph, and we saw a wonderful criticism by Robin Legge; just a few words, but so sincere and appreciative. It helped such a lot. Criticism can mean so much to one for good or evil. The thought of a cruelly amusing phrase the critic has coined, unable to resist the very human temptation, will come winging to you the next time you step out on the stage to sing the same rôle, and you feel that sardonic wave striking you afresh and jangling your already quivering nerves. It takes courage after that to go on. On the contrary a few words of appreciation of what you have tried so hard through such long years to do will tide you over many black hours of discouragement, and you think: "I can't be so absolutely rotten; didn't X—— write that about me? And he's supposed to know something about it." An intelligent constructive criticism is the most helpful thing possible, and stimulates one to work to correct one's faults. Personal remarks wound one's feelings deeply, and one is obliged to swallow hard and go bravely on, but the policeman's life is not a happy one.

The Royal Opera is in the middle of the vegetable market, and on the days when produce arrives the streets are full of cockney porters. It was rather amusing one day going to rehearsal. I was dressed in my new black-satin suit from Paris and a smart little white hat. A porter caught sight of me, pushed back the other men on both sides of me, and said, "Get out of the lydy's wy, cahn't yer, Bill? That's right, miss, I always likes to see the lydies wen Ahm workin'; that's right, miss—very neat too." The next day it was raining and I was not so smart, and the same man saw me and said with an air of disappointment, "Ah don't like it 'arf so well as yisterday, miss."

A Trying Experience

I have often heard of American singers who could bluff or hypnotize directors into giving them chances which they thought they were entitled to, and from which they always emerged with flying colors.

This is the tale of how I once, and only once, tried to bluff, and how I nearly got caught at it.

When the list of rôles for Covent Garden was submitted to me in Berlin I had actually sung on the stage all of them but one, Brangane. I always found this lady so weak compared with Isolde that she had never interested me especially and I had never studied her. I decided, however, that having sung ninety-nine per cent of the rôles they wanted I could risk the one per cent, Brangane, hoping that Kirkby Lunn would not relinquish her. I learned the rôle, though, in record time, between concert dates, and trusted to luck. The season was drawing to a close and all the operas had passed off well when just as we were going to dinner one evening I was called to the phone and told Madame Kirkby Lunn had been taken suddenly ill at the beginning of the first act of Tristan, would probably not be able to go on in the second, and would I please come right down and make up.

In a nervous tremor, for Brangäne is not easy without orchestral rehearsal and I was not quite sure of all the business cues, I went down, hunted out something to wear, put on my trusty beauty wig, hurriedly went over the second act with an assistant conductor, finding my wonderful memory was standing the strain, and then stood trembling in the wings.

I thought to myself "Nemesis!" and shivered. What I hoped was that if madame really was going to have to give up it would be just before the lovely warning behind the scenes, because I had always wanted to sing that.

There I stood, and the rouge soaked into my face, as it always mysteriously does when one is not at one's best, leaving me pale and anxious—a real Brangane. Poor Madame Kirkby Lunn sang just as beautifully as ever though, but fainted after the second act. I went into her dressing room and offered to do the last bit and let her go home after her plucky fight. She, however, said she realized it was a thankless task for a singer to finish another singer's performance, and that she would not think of asking me to do it. She rested a while, I still hovering as requested by the management till all was over; and I then went home more exhausted than if I had sung a performance, but resolved to sin no more and thanking my gods that I had not had to face that critical assemblage without adequate preparation.

Shocking Behavior

It is a great help to be able to afford to have someone with you in opera life. Home surroundings are the most conducive to good work, and it is hard to make a home alone; but you do not absolutely need anyone, if this is not possible. My morals were never in danger—no "infamous proposals" were made to me by agent, conductor or director. In my first engagement one or two of the giddier members of the company had affairs with young officers—in no case a flagrant scandal, as with a married man. Their relations to each other in the theater were all that could be demanded. The most exaggeratedly correct behavior was exacted from me. One day in Metz, for example, we went for a walk in the country with the lyric barytone, a nice little chap who was a great friend of ours. It was a lovely, frosty day in autumn, and we were walking fast through a forest road when we passed a carriage with the very prim wife of an officer sitting in it. The next day an acquaintance of ours told us, as a joke, that the same woman had said that afternoon to her, "I thought you told me that Fräulein Howard was a lady?" "So she is," said our friend. "Oh, no!" said the other. "She can't be. I saw her and her sister walking with one of the singers from the theater, and they were behaving very badly." "What were they doing?" asked our friend.

"They were all three holding on to his stick!" said she in a horrified tone.

I went abroad to learn my business, and I learned it. There is much talk about its not being necessary to go abroad to prepare oneself for an operatic career, but the time has not yet come in America when the student can find the same opportunity to practice or work out on the stage her beginner's faults. In Europe before the war you could do this in blissful semiobscurity. I hope and believe the time will come when a girl will not have to go through all I went through in order to develop her talent, but may do it in her own country.

After the season closed at Covent Garden I met the manager of the new Century Opera, soon to be opened in New York. He offered me a long contract and I finally decided to return to America. I saw a photograph of Edward Kellogg Baird in a musical paper at this time and read of his connection with the enterprise. I said to myself:

"That is the type of man I shall marry—if I ever do marry."

How I came to the Century, met my husband, E. K. B., worked with him for the success of the opera, which lay very near our hearts, how the war and other unfortunate circumstances proved too much for its success, and how I finally attained that most absorbingly interesting Mecca, the Metropolitan Opera—all this is another story.

Editor's Note—This is the last of four articles by Kathleen Howard

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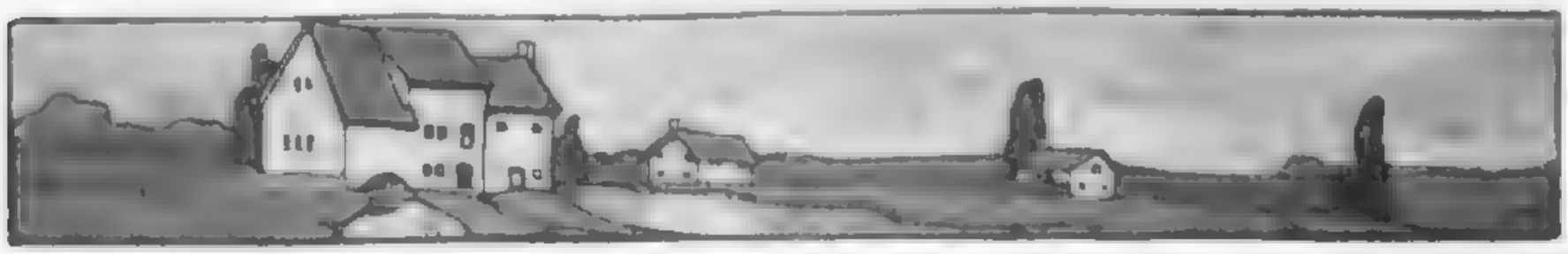

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THE STREET PARLIAMENTS

(Continued from Page 8)

began to congregate. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent a strike. Even the fire department was mobilized, so that if the people became riotous streams of cold water could be turned upon them.

All these precautions were taken because the authorities did not understand the intentions of the workers. They expected an embryo revolution. They thought the strikers would destroy property and kill officials. A peaceful strike was something they had never witnessed, something they had never dreamed of. They did not think it possible for men and women to leave the factories for the purpose of discussing peace terms. They anticipated a destructive, not a constructive, lockout. On former occasions when the workers left their benches or when the *hausfrauen* and clerks stormed a store, destroyed a shop or gathered together in a public square, it was because they hungered for food or because they were war weary and wanted peace. Former strikes were food strikes. These strikes were political demonstrations.

Upon the appointed day, in all parts of Germany the workers, both men and women, left the shops. They walked out quietly. Some of them stopped in groups along the streets and talked. Violence was not advocated. The men and women had no desire to destroy property or murder officials. They wanted to talk! The fact that the people did not behave as upon former occasions surprised the police. It disturbed the government. The birth of democracy in this fashion had not been expected.

In small groups and in large assemblages the workers came together. They debated peace terms. They discussed the suggestions of Wilson, Hertling, Czernin and Lloyd George. They denounced the Pan-Germans and the Annexationists. They criticised the Imperial Government. They talked about the English and French workmen. They voiced their disapproval of the German food regulations because the government discriminated against the poor.

Bungled by the Police

Democracy was born at this hour in Germany as it was born in Switzerland, the United States, England and France. The beginning was an ideal—that of political freedom. The German workers were united on the basis of a democratic peace. In these crude public gatherings on sidewalks and in the streets the people exchanged ideas and formulated their peace terms. There was nothing else for them to do. They knew their press was fettered. They realized they could not be heard in the Reichstag. They knew there was no man who would champion their cause unless they united. So the working people themselves formed street parliaments in Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Dresden, Frankfort, Leipsic, Stettin, Dantzic, Essen and Stuttgart.

For two or three days nothing was done to interfere with these meetings, because the government did not know how to act. Formerly the police could be depended upon to break up strikes, but in this the police were powerless. As fast as one gathering was scattered others developed. From Germany the "revolutionary germ," as one Reichstag member called the strikes, spread to the Front. Soon the soldiers wanted to talk. They desired to exchange ideas. Some of the men from the Russian Front took the lead.

Fearing that further disregard of this democracy at home would infect the army and undermine discipline, General Ludendorff assumed charge of the strikes.

Orders were sent to the police to break up every gathering, large and small; to arrest all leaders and drive the others to their homes. But when the police appeared with hate in their eyes, with their dogs and their sabers, there was violence. Street cars were pushed over, tracks were torn up, policemen were shot. There were fist fights in which the women joined. Throngs of workers were hounded through the streets. The peaceful demonstration that the strikers had organized was changed into a riot by the police. Instead of improving the situation the police muddled it.

General Ludendorff was dissatisfied and ordered the commanding generals in all large cities to assume control over the police. An order was issued commanding all workers to return to the factories by February fourth. As an example of what would happen if they refused, seven large industrial establishments in Berlin were placed under military control. Men and women were enlisted as industrial soldiers. An army officer was placed in charge. Workers were commanded to appear at early hours and work until late at night. Sweatshop rules were enforced. The soldiers' hours were made the laborers' hours, and instead of laborers' wages they were given soldiers' pay. In Hamburg the commanding general of the city called the ringleaders of the strikers to his office.

"To-morrow morning," said His Excellency—I am quoting from the statement of a Hamburg citizen—"every laborer must return to his work. Those who do not will be arrested and charged with treason. If the men and women do not do their work as they did before the strike I will place every factory under military control. Each worker will be paid one mark eighty pfennigs a day, the wages of a soldier, and fed on soldiers' rations. That's all."

Ludendorff's Mailed Fist

General Ludendorff had discovered a new way to deal with the strikers. He knew, as director in chief of all of Germany's factories, that the employees in the war industries were making enormous salaries. A laborer who before the war made between three and five marks a day was now making twenty-five and thirty marks daily. A threat to cut wages to one mark and eighty pfennigs was the charm the government needed, and most of those who had taken part in the open-air meetings returned to their benches. To be on short food rations was punishment enough, but to be on short pay, too, would be worse. With money one can always buy extras. Without money and the "card food," one might starve. An empty purse was dangled before the frantic eyes of the workmen.

"Continue to strike," said the government, "and this is your reward."

The strike, however, had accomplished its purpose. It was intended as a gigantic political demonstration in favor of a democratic peace. This much was realized by the strikers. They demonstrated to the government and to the outside world that they were against a Pan-German peace, that they opposed annexation everywhere. It was a strike against the peace that the military authorities and the Annexationists demanded. It was a protest against the Hindenburg-Hertling-Kuehlmann peace.

When Deputy Dittmann was called before the military court the chairman said: "As a member of the Reichstag there can be no doubt in your mind that it was criminal for the workers to fall upon the back of the Fatherland at this critical hour when Germany is in the midst of a hard war. For this reason the government and the military authorities must use every method, despite the law, to prevent such attacks."

The authorities had already established the fact that Herr Dittmann was a member of the Active Committee of the Labor Council.

"But this charge does not apply to me," responded the deputy. "I have always maintained that it was a question for the working people to decide if they wanted to strike. I did nothing to promote this strike. The dangerous results of strikes which the chairman referred to do not apply in this case, for this strike was only to be a demonstration to show the will of the people—that we want no annexation peace, only a peace of understanding. The strike was intended to last only three days, and if the government had not stepped in it would not have lasted longer. This strike was only a political demonstration."

"It makes no difference whether this was a demonstration or not," sharply retorted the officer in charge. "The fact remains that in a large number of war industries the laborers walked out and the factories were paralyzed. When such a strike breaks out it is dangerous to play with fire even for two days, for no one can tell whether one has the workers in hand so that the movement may not spread to unmeasurable bounds. There is always danger."

The proceedings were interrupted by Herr Dittmann's attorneys. They brought

(Continued on Page 36

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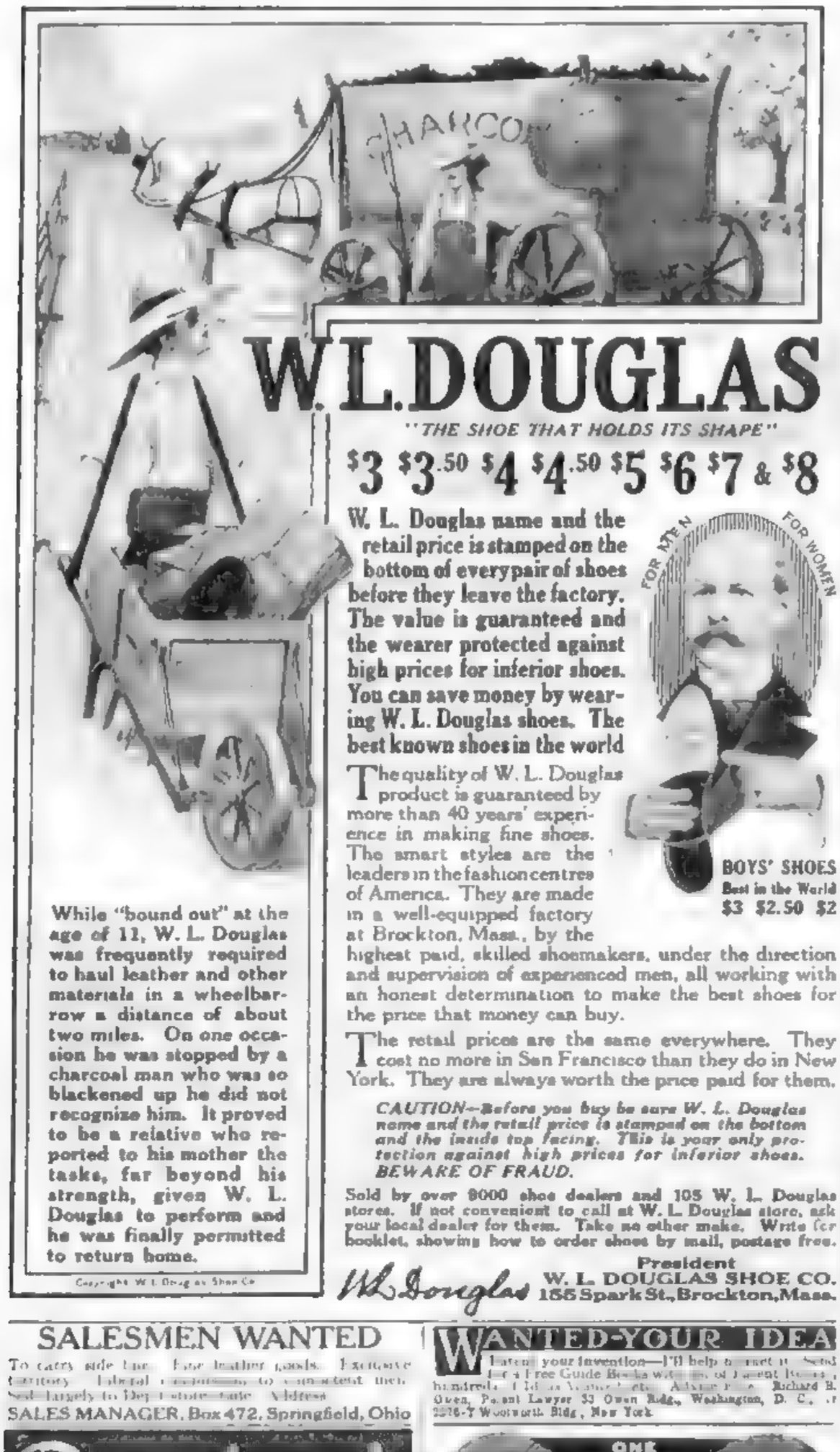

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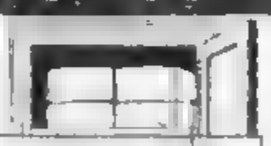

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(Continued from Page 34)

out the fact that the strikers endeavored to obtain a hearing from some government official, so that the peace terms discussed in the street parliaments might be placed before the Imperial authorities. They stated that Deputy Dittmann was the first strike leader to ask the government for a hearing.

This the government refused. Secretary of the Interior Wallraf, to whom the appeal was taken, declined to receive the representatives of labor, the delegates of the workers' congress.

The attorneys offered this testimony in Dittmann's behalf, but the court declined to consider it.

When the causes for the strike were brought up, Herr Dittmann stated that in the opinion of the working people Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, the chief advocate of annexation peace, should bear all the blame. Herr Dittmann was given a hearing by the Imperial Chancellor while the workers were excluded from the council chambers of the mighty.

The judge replied that it was none of the defendant's business what Von Tirpitz did and that there was no justification for a strike because of the grand admiral's agitation.

"Individually we could have absolutely no influence," answered the Reichstag member. "For this reason the labor leaders decided to rely upon a demonstration strike."

Lacking a free press; prevented from holding public meetings in theaters and halls; unrepresented in the Bundesrat, that exclusive organization, representing German princes, which rules the nation; prohibited from expressing democratic opinions in the Reichstag; unwelcome in either the Prussian House of Lords or Commons; unable to express free opinions and enforce their will; excluded from the Imperial Palace; forbidden by military law to appeal to the real dictators of the nation—the German workers, smarting and suffering under the burdens of the war, indignant because the government heeds only the advice of those who wish to prolong the war and spread Prussia out like a pancake over the face of Europe—the German people seized the only means at their disposal to bring their ideas to the attention of the nation and the world. They organized street parliaments, the first in the history of the German Empire. But, with Napoleonic contempt for democracy, General Ludendorff and the police dispersed them.

The Man the Kaiser Fears

Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, who according to Herr Dittmann caused the strike, is the political boss of the War Party. Being a retired Prussian *Excellenz*, a former minister of state, the hero of the submarine advocates, the founder of the Fatherland Party and the chief political agitator, Tirpitz holds an important position without having the responsibility attached to an office. Tirpitz is the incarnation of all those traits and qualities of Germans and Germany with which the world is at war. He holds his position because he has the support of the army, the navy, the war industries, the nobility, the royalty and the financial interests; and, what is of more importance, the Kaiser fears him. Has not Tirpitz on more than one occasion threatened the House of Hohenzollern when he and his supporters thought the Kaiser might decide against their recommendations?

When Dittmann stated that Von Tirpitz caused the strike he meant that the people wanted to show the government that by constantly yielding to the war interests the government was drifting to wreck and ruin. Nevertheless the grand admiral was the excuse for the demonstration more than he was the cause, which Herr Dittmann himself would have acknowledged had he been addressing any other audience than that of a military court-martial.

The recent strike was caused by the Brest-Litovsk annexation peace—the "paper peace," to use the words of the Austrian Socialists, or "bread peace," which is the term given it by Count Czernin. It was also a demonstration against the Pan-Germans. It was a condemnation of the first reply that Count Hertling made to the English and American leaders—to the fourteen peace aims of the President. It was an acknowledgment of the courage of the Austrian Socialists, who were the first to walk out and impress their opinions upon the leaders of the Dual Monarchy. The Imperial Chancellor had irritated the workers not only because of his replies to President Wilson but because of his failure to bring about election reforms. Mr. Wilson's addresses before Congress had had almost a revolutionary effect. They were delivered at psychological moments when the nation was divided, when the Liberals and the people were fighting for a voice in the government. The peace aims which he stated appealed to them. Instead of being an enemy the President became a "friend-enemy," despite the accusations of the government and the insults of the press. Every time the President has spoken he has found an attentive audience within Germany, as he has found an appreciative and enthusiastic audience in the United States. The President has declared himself the champion of the cause of the German people, though until the recent street parliaments there was no public expression of approval within Germany.

Mr. Wilson's Distinction

For many months American and foreign diplomats have been studying political conditions within Germany. They have been carefully observing the effects of public speeches with the view of determining the effect of American and Allied war policies. This is of course not a new policy. Each belligerent since the beginning of the war has been studying internal political and economic conditions within enemy countries, but when the United States entered the war and the President declared America at war with the German Government and that the United States had no quarrel with the German people, there was introduced into the political warfare in Europe a new piece of "artillery," a "war invention," so to speak, which had to be tried.

In Europe and America there were many skeptical people. To a Frenchman a German was a boche whether he was a government official, a laborer or a common soldier. To an Englishman all were Huns. No serious attempt was made by any Allied statesman before America became an ally to draw a distinction between those who rule and those who are forced to serve.

The President's policy had to be tried. For nearly eight months the new weapon was used, and though careful observers and travelers from Germany stated that the President's policy was bearing fruit there was no outward public indication of it. Those who had been skeptical became pessimistic. "Germany can be defeated only on the battlefield," they said; "and all this talk about separating Germany is nonsense." Not only European statesmen said this but some Americans and neutrals.

This policy was adopted not because the United States desired to interfere in internal politics in Germany but because the United States believed that the war was started in 1914 by the War Party and that the submarine warfare was launched as a direct challenge to America.

The first result was that scores of Germans and many influential newspapers and officials began to fight for recognition within Germany; but even now they confess that the government has been won over entirely to the war aims of the Annexationists. The Liberals have been powerless to act. Imprisonment and death faced them for voicing their opinions within Germany and for stating their views publicly outside of Germany.

Then came the strikes, which were misrepresented by the German authorities and misinterpreted by many foreigners. These strikes did not indicate a collapse of Germany. They did not signify the beginning of the revolution. As stated before, the strikes were not to cripple the war industries. They were not to destroy property or to overthrow by force any government officials. The January and February strikes from Warsaw to Cologne and from Hamburg to Munich were political congresses of working people to show the German Government and the outside world that the German people want a different kind of peace from that which the Imperial Government proclaims.

These political demonstrations had the effect of unloosing a swarm of wasps at the council tables of the mighty. The wasps had to be driven out first, and then measures taken to prevent another swarm from approaching. The government did two things: It introduced the long-promised

(Concluded on Page 39)

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(Concluded from Page 36)

and widely heralded election-reform bill; and Count Hertling made another reply to President Wilson, in which he assumed an entirely different attitude and in which he attempted to place all blame for future hostilities upon the Entente.

Throughout the war the German people have been given as many promises regarding election reforms as excuses were given to the United States before the ruthless submarine warfare was begun in February, 1917. In January, 1916, the Kaiser in an address from the White Hall in the Imperial Palace in Berlin stated that it was his wish that voting privileges be extended. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg and Count Hertling repeated the promise. When the United States declared war William II stated in his famous mandate that he was in favor of a "People's Kingdom of Hohenzollern."

Two years passed and nothing was done; in fact nothing could be done, because the reactionaries, the conservatives, the annexationists, the militarists and the nobility joined forces against any and all kinds of reform. Behind the scenes in Berlin the Liberals fought these powerful interests, and the government, fearing a break, placed the reform bill in the vaults of the Reichstag.

But the Chancellor and the government were frightened by the strikes, and on February nineteenth, when the Parliament reconvened, a compromise bill was introduced. The bill had been approved by the Bundesrat, which is a body entirely under the control of the rulers of the German states. It provided, according to official announcements, for forty-four new members of the Reichstag.

"The number of Reichstag members shall be increased to four hundred and forty-one," the statement said. "The cities of Berlin, Breslau, Frankfort, Munich and Dresden each shall comprise a voting district. In addition proportional election districts shall be created for Cologne, Düsseldorf, Elberfeld, Essen, Duisburg, Hannover, Leipsic and Stuttgart; also for Niederbarnim, Teltow, Königshütte, Hindenburg, Kiel, Necklinghausen, Bochum, Dortmund, Nuremberg, Chemnitz, Mannheim and Bremen.

"Berlin shall choose ten members; Teltow, seven; Hamburg, five; Bochum and Leipsic, four; Cologne, Breslau, Duisburg, Dortmund, Essen, Niederbarnim, Munich and Dresden each three; and the others two.

"Twenty-five voting residents of each election district must sign election proposals. Only two names more than the number of deputies to be elected may be suggested."

A Reform Bill in Title Only

The official announcement concluded that the number of members of the Reichstag could not be increased above four hundred and forty-one, because it would endanger the parliamentary work of that body!

That the government should have the temerity to propose such a makeshift reform in face of the strike for a democratic peace is not so astonishing as the remarks of Under Secretary of State Drews when he introduced the measure.

"Because only twelve and one-half per cent of the German workers went on a strike," he said in effect, "is no reason why the remainder of the German people should be punished and their political rights taken away!

"The government would be justified in withholding all reforms because of the strike, but it will show its generosity once more." This was the substance of Doctor Drews' remarks.

But no one in Germany was misled. Election reform had been promised for more than two years. There had been other opportunities for the government to act, but nothing had been done. Was it possible that the strikes had so frightened the authorities that the government had to act?

The reform bill, however, proved a great disappointment to the reform advocates, because it provided for no changes in the fundamentals of the Reichstag election laws. Though the number of members of the Reichstag was increased, the basis of representation was unchanged. This was intentional on the part of the government, because any change in representation would increase the number of Socialist members. Further, the bill failed to provide for changes in the Bundesrat. Under the new order, as in the past, all legislation will still have to originate in this exclusive body. The reform bill did not make the ministers responsible to the Reichstag. It did not change in any respect the power of the General Staff. It did not give the Reichstag authority in foreign affairs. It was reform in title only.

That the measure, as introduced by the government, will fail to pass seems a foregone conclusion, though some substitute may be jammed through for political effect. It is not progressive enough for the Socialists or the Liberals, and it is not conservative enough for the War Party. This reform is doomed, as is any compromise measure that the Imperial Government may propose. The day when the government and the people may be united, when the War Party and the Democrats can be brought together, is past. A German peace and a German victory are the only events that will unite Germany. Excepting these, no bridge will span the great divide that separates those who want a democratic peace and those who are prolonging the war for a Pan-German peace.

A Critical Period

In Switzerland and other neutral countries surrounding Germany there are German citizens who call themselves "Republicans." They are of the opinion that there is no Liberal Party, no Democratic Party in Germany. They argue that the German Government as constituted to-day is wholly reactionary; that ever since the United States has been at war with the militarists they have increased and firmly fastened their hold upon the government. With these views in general few take exception. The difference of opinion develops with regard to the future. The German "Republicans" have no hope for the success of the German democrats unless the Military Party is defeated on the battlefield. Others believe that every statement from Allied and American statesmen directed against the military power increases the strength of the Democrats among the people, and that the stronger this party becomes the sooner the war will end.

The strikes or, what is a more accurate term, the street parliaments, have shown that there is a democratic nucleus within Germany. Twelve and one-half per cent of the workers went on a strike—to accept Minister Drews' statement, which certainly is not exaggerated. The United States and the Allies have, then, at least that many Germans in favor of a democratic peace. There are within Germany that many enemies of the war interests—the Annexationists and the Prussian wielders of might. The probability is that the number is vastly greater, because not all those who favor such a peace could and would go on a strike. This is particularly true of the army. Everyone knows that a revolution within Germany will be impossible so long as the army is held in control. So far, with the excepton of a few outbreaks at various parts of the Front, the army has been outwardly reserved, but this is not because the army does not sympathize with these demonstrations. The difference between the opinion of the soldiers and the workers is this: The soldiers are determined to change everything after the war; the workers believe that if the government is not changed now it will never be changed.

Meanwhile the pamphlet war continues within Germany; meanwhile the fight for democracy goes on. These street parliaments were the beginning.

"Will there be another similar demonstration?"

The answer is simple: "Not if the German Government can prevent it."

As I wrote in an earlier article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the causes and the desire for a revolution are present in Germany. The people are awaiting the opportunity and the leaders. No one realizes this better than General Ludendorff. That is the reason he gave orders for the arrest of all the recent strike leaders. That is the reason the government refused the Reichstag permission to debate the political aspects of the arrest of Deputy Dittmann. That is the reason the government mobilized the factories and the police. The "democrats," who are as dangerous to the present Imperial Government as the "world of enemies," are not going to be given another opportunity, for the German statesmen themselves fear that this strike was the dress rehearsal for the revolution.

Tobacco and the Long Hunt

The telephone and the automobile have so speeded up the pace that people are more nervous than in previous generations.

But probably you have observed how much less inclined to be impatient and irritable a pipe-smoker is than most other men.

Smoking, when not indulged in to excess, soothes the nerves. Tobacco was first smoked in pipes. To this day—despite the persuasions of Fashion to other forms—pipe-smoking has persisted. Pipe-smokers of the past are usually pictured as the best-natured of people. The pipe-smokers of today as a class continue to be the kindliest and most even-tempered of people.

That is, they are when they finally succeed in connecting with the brand of tobacco best suited to their particular tastes.

It is a long hunt, but—

Other tobaccos are as if they were not when a man at last lights up a pipeful of the tobacco he has so long sought.

His face beams. He sinks back, taking his supremest ease. He lets that prized smoke escape from his delighted lips lazily, almost grudgingly.

Edgeworth has added zest to the smoking of so many that its makers would greatly enjoy learning what you think of it.

Send them a post-card containing your name and address, also that of the retail dealer supplying you, and they will willingly send you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice as well as Ready-Rubbed.

They don't ask you to state in which of these two forms you are buying your tobacco now. They will send both.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then sliced into thin, moist wafers. One slice, made ready between the hands, makes an average pipeload.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is what its title indicates. Straight from can to pipe it can be poured.

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size package is 13c or two for 25c. Other sizes, 30c and 60c. The 16-oz. tin humidor is $1.15; 16-oz. glass jar $1.25. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 60c and $1.15.

When the samples reach you, fill your pipe with a good, generous load, light up, and settle back in your chair to decide a matter of some importance. Edgeworth is a tobacco that many smokers fix upon after having tried all other brands. If it is *your* brand, you will be saved a long hunt.

The boys in khaki, both here and over there, certainly bless those thoughtful enough to send them tobacco for pipe smoking. The man in the company who has a little tobacco to spare now and then ranks high among his fellows.

Send a tin jar of Edgeworth to the boy you're so proud of. He never has too much tobacco. You may be sure of that. He'll go back to quarters carrying it as high above his head as the first helmet he captures.

For the free samples for you to light up and savor, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

Some National Achievements of 1917

A Statement by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior

IN the everyday turmoil of preparing gigantically for a great world war, with some details here and there going wrong before the great machine is well oiled and running smoothly, we are very apt to get a clouded view of what in reality is being accomplished.

Therefore the question is pertinent—what did the country actually achieve in 1917?

A part of the answer lies in the record for the year in producing some of the essential resources with which I am familiar through the activities of the Department of the Interior.

Our three-quarters of a million coal miners produced 644,000,000 tons of coal, an increase of 54,000,000 tons over the previous year, notwithstanding transportation conditions in certain regions were worse than ever before in the industry.

In the production of petroleum we broke all previous records with an output of nearly 342,000,000 barrels, 14% greater than the former record output of nearly 301,000,000 barrels in 1916.

Of iron ore, the basis of all our guns and ships, and one of the most vital war needs, we produced over 75,000,000 gross tons; whereas our normal production has been about 55,000,000 tons.

We produced 640,000 tons of lead, an increase of 17,000 tons over 1916.

Of sulphuric acid we produced in 1917 (stated in terms of 60° B. acid) 600,000 tons more than in 1916.

The increased outputs of these war-making materials show very clearly how faithful, how energetic, how patriotic has been the army of miners upon whose efforts depends our production of these vital supplies.

Certainly, in the accomplishment of the results I have recorded we have not been lax. We have met in a great way the great demands of an unprecedented situation. If the demands increase this year our efforts will also increase. What we must achieve we shall.

Secretary of the Interior.

★ ★ ★

The Hercules Powder Company is glad to give publicity to this statement by Secretary Lane. Our interest in the figures he cites is dual. They show graphically the steps which the Nation is taking toward victory. They have to do with a phase of the Country's industrial life with which we are very familiar.

Hercules explosives have played and are playing a vital part in the production of the very resources which Mr. Lane mentions, resources essential for the winning of the war. Without the use of explosives it would be utterly impossible to mine the vast quantities of metals and minerals of which he speaks.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

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THE SURE THING

(Concluded from Page 7)

Morris had not sold. The pad Beeks scribbled the order on was white, and white meant buy. Mr. Tomlinson whistled to himself.

Morris had not coppered the tip. This time he had played it straight. And what that signified Mr. Tomlinson knew at once.

Morris was wise. He had guessed they knew his secret, the system he'd found—and now were using it to double-cross him.

Whistling to himself anew, Mr. Tomlinson turned back to the quotation board.

The market had just opened. It had opened too with a roar. The first quotation was in Steel, and the man reading off the prices from the tape gave vent to an exclamation.

"A thousand Steel at ninety-six and three-quarters!" The price was an eighth under the close of the night before. "Another thousand Steel at ninety-six and a half!" Mr. Tomlinson started. "Five thousand Steel at three-eighths!" Again the man at the ticker gave a cry. "Steel, a quarter!" With difficulty Mr. Tomlinson restrained himself.

He sat there staring at the board. On his back and brow he felt the moisture start, beading him clammily. That morning, literally and figuratively, he had taken the bull by the horns. Beeks he had ordered to buy all the Steel their margins would carry. Now he saw his paper profits burning up like a house afire.

With an effort he strove to pull himself together. It was just a flash, he told himself; the market would rally presently and Steel would begin to rise. But the market didn't rally. It neither hardened nor showed any signs of hardening. In ten minutes' sales Steel had lost a full point, and was still falling at almost every sale.

That one hour of his life Mr. Tomlinson never would forget. It was an hour too that the three others would not forget. They clustered together in the customers' room staring at the board and their eyes popping as they saw each new quotation slapped into place. A few minutes before eleven Steel was one and three-quarters points under the opening; and still feverish it continued to go down.

"What did I tell you!" croaked Mr. Tomlinson in dismal triumph. "I knew no good 'd come of a Friday!" Moodily he was again poring on the quotation board when a sudden stir burst forth in the customers' room.

It emerged from the corner beside the cashier's cage. Morris, the once successful, the once callous and sardonic, was its storm center. His face convulsed, wearing in it every sign of distress, Morris was wildly appealing to Beeks, the room manager.

"Say, you ain't going to do that! You ain't goin' to close me out!"

What had happened Mr. Tomlinson had no need to be told. Having divined that Mr. Tomlinson knew his secret system and was using it to double-cross him Morris had played the tip on Steel straight, only to have it wipe him out! Mr. Tomlinson, however, by now had no inclination to enjoy Morris' despair; he gave a sudden exclamation.

"Say! Did Cairns tell us to buy or sell?"

The three started excitedly. Was that what was wrong? Had they mistaken what Cairns had said? But no; all four agreed that Cairns had advised to sell. Something must be wrong, though. Heretofore the system had won with a surety that seemed to show it infallible. Now they too were in peril of being wiped out; and Mr. Tomlinson rose abruptly, agitation getting the better of him.

"It ain't the system," he proclaimed. "The system's all right, and no matter what you say you can't make me believe it isn't!" As this was directly opposite to what he'd said heretofore, the others stared. "Sure, it is!" cried Mr. Tomlinson. "I'll tell you why, too. I'm a boob, a sucker myself, ain't I? And haven't I guessed wrong every time I've done my own guessing? Didn't I guess this morning the market was going up? Well, that proves it, doesn't it? Cairns said it was going down, but you take my word for it we didn't hear him right. I c'n guess just as wrong as he can, if(not better!"

The force of this was at once evident to the others. Indeed Mr. Tomlinson time and again of late had proved his ability to guess wrong on every turn of the market. Cairns indeed had no monopoly of that. But now was no time to quibble over that. Unless they did something, and did it quickly, the four shortly would be bankrupt.

"I tell you what," exclaimed one of them, fired with an inspiration: "You can guess just as wrong as Cairns, so you tell us what to do. Then we'll copper the tip the way we do with him!"

It was indeed an inspiration. Fired by it the four were prepared to put it instantly into practice. They had in fact already started for the cashier's cage when the street door opened and Cairns ambled in.

"Here!" cried Mr. Tomlinson with a cry of joy; and he fell upon him frantically.

In the hour just past a great change seemed to have come over Cairns. His gloom had gone, his air of deprecatory regret seemed to have departed also. One thumb was stuck into his armpit, and he seemed to swagger jauntily. As he gazed at the four a gurgle of satisfaction escaped him.

"Well, boys," he chuckled; "I guess that last tip I gave you was all right, eh? This time, I wouldn't wonder, you're makin' a regular killing!"

Dense silence met this salutation, and Cairns looked astonished. Mr. Tomlinson was gazing at him, his air depressing. "Yes, you're the gay little guesser, Cairns, all right!" said Mr. Tomlinson.

Cairns gave a sudden start.

"Say," he said, his voice queer, "you don't mean by any chance you didn't sell, like I told you? You don't mean you bought?"

"We did," was Mr. Tomlinson's tart reply.

"You coppered my tip!" gasped Cairns.

"Wedid," again answered Mr. Tomlinson.

"My Gawd!" ejaculated Cairns; and agape he stared at them. "Say! You haven't been coppering all my tips, have you?"

It was so. As there no longer was a reason to hide the facts Mr. Tomlinson revealed them. Again Cairns gasped. Again a muffled cry escaped him. "Why, that's why this morning I told you to sell! I'd tumbled myself I was always wrong! I wanted to be right now, so I ——"

He had no opportunity to finish. As one man they fairly leaped upon him.

"Why, yes," wailed Cairns; "I'd coppered my own tip before I gave it to you!"

Mr. Tomlinson in the lead the four bolted toward the cashier's window. But as swiftly as they went Cairns pursued and caught them. He had divined instantly what they meant to do.

"Don't switch! You mustn't switch trades now! Steel ain't going any lower. Why, any boob would know that! Can't you see the market's beginning to harden? It's going up, I tell you!" he shrilled.

With some difficulty Mr. Tomlinson restrained himself from laying violent hands on Cairns.

"Say, is that straight," he inquired; "or have you coppered that one too?"

"It's straight," protested Cairns; "you c'n see for yourself Steel's going to rise!"

Yes, Mr. Tomlinson could see it too. It was his opinion that Steel should now be bought. And that settled it with him.

"Say, Beeks," he said hurriedly; "switch those trades of ours. Sell that Steel we're long on. Then keep on selling it. Sell every share our margins will stand. Then on every two points down pyramid the whole caboodle!"

"It's ruin, ruin!" wailed Cairns.

"Oh, sure!" Mr. Tomlinson replied sententiously. "No matter what us suckers do we're always wrong!"

Five minutes later, however, Steel again began to break. Fraction by fraction it kept on tumbling. Once more the system had proved itself right.

That evening after the market's close Mr. Tomlinson and the others, Cairns now included, sat in the back room of Frank's place down the street. Outside the newsboys were crying the extras, giving the news of the disaster on the Italian Front. As a result of this the whole list, Steel along with it, had tumbled. Wiping the moisture from his brow Mr. Tomlinson took a pencil from his pocket and figured hurriedly on an envelope.

His face was haggard, but in spite of this it wore a look of relief, of freedom from anxiety it had not worn for many weeks. It had been touch and go with him that day; it had been touch and go with the others too; but now Mr. Tomlinson was no longer worried. A chirp, a little chuckle of glee escaped him suddenly.

"I closed out the account," he said abruptly.

"You did what?" exclaimed the others, startled.

Disregarding their agitation, their dissatisfaction too, Mr. Tomlinson glanced at the paper before him.

"We've got thirteen thousand dollars in profits—and huh! I always thought thirteen was unlucky! But never mind that. My share of thirteen thousand is three thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars; and that's the point. I'm going to put that money where no one c'n get it off me!"

"Which?" gasped Cairns.

"Put it away. Salt it," repeated Mr. Tomlinson; "I'm quitting the market for good."

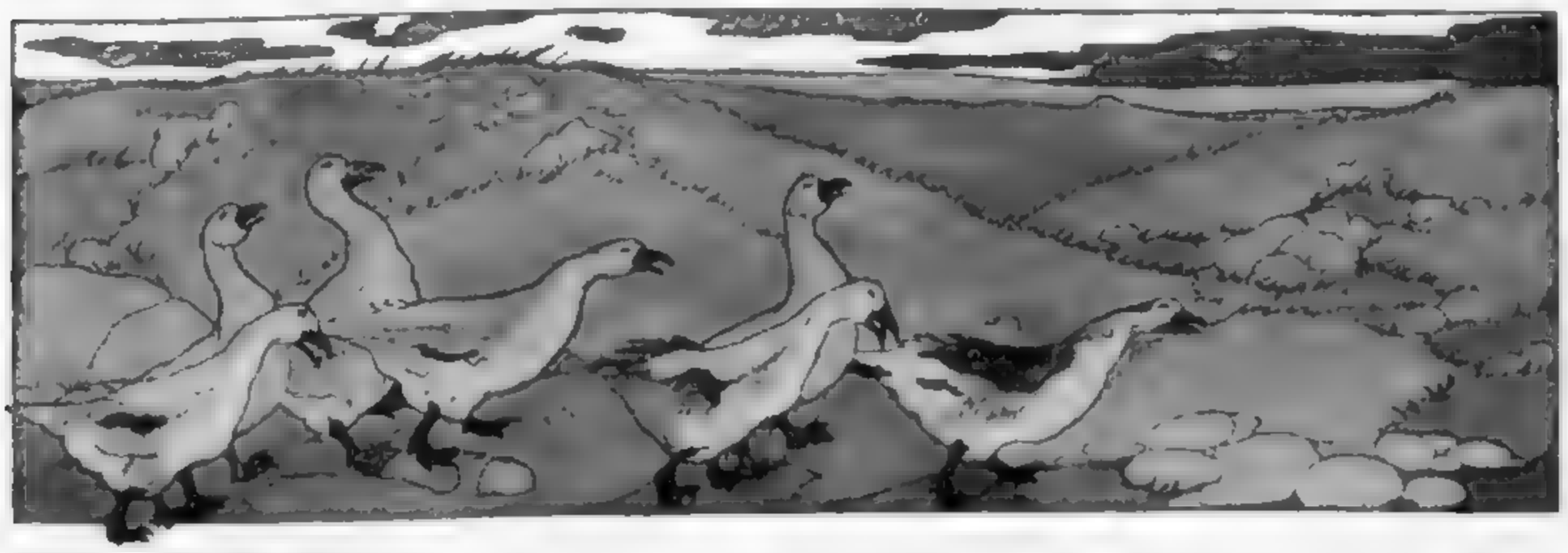
They again exclaimed. "You're quitting just when you've begun to win?"

"You said it," nodded Mr. Tomlinson. "That system's sure, all right; there's nothing wrong about that, because the sucker is bound naturally to guess wrong. And that's just why I'm quitting. The system's proved to me the sucker is always wrong. Everything's wrong with us, in fact; and it wouldn't be right if it wasn't."

It was pretty involved. Of the others only Cairns seemed to grasp the meaning. A gleam of understanding gleamed in Cairns' eye.

"I see what you mean," he exclaimed: "In Wall Street we're bound to get it going or coming!"

"Sure!" said Mr. Tomlinson. "Whether he's right or wrong the sucker always loses!"



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—By E. Davenport

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Your Insurance Policy in Wartime

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

NO SUBJECT connected with the world war is of more present interest to Americans than our growing casualty list. For nearly four years the terrible slaughter of soldiers of other nations and races has been going on, but now the lives of thousands of young Americans must likewise be sacrificed in the great cause. War has many aspects, but its most obvious and immediate results are easily death and physical injury. Now as life insurance protects against the pecuniary loss attached to physical injury and death it is clear to everyone that the war must have a tremendous influence upon it.

"How will the insurance companies stand the strain of so many claims caused by the casualties of war?" is a natural question to ask. It must have occurred in some form to many of the holders of life-insurance policies, and when the casualties in our own army assume really formidable proportions it will be asked much oftener than now. There are something like thirty-three million insurance policies in this country. No doubt there are many duplications—that is, one person owns more than one policy; but even at that, life insurance is far and away the most nearly universal form of thrift and investment. In comparison savings-bank accounts and the direct ownership of bonds and stocks are insignificant.

Not only are more people interested in life insurance than in any other form of property, except perhaps the clothes they wear and the homes in which they live, and not only does it represent the accumulated savings of the nation more than any other institution, but it strikes closest of all to the very core of our civilization, the family.

The obligation under a life-insurance policy is a sacred trust if anything in this world is. It is often carried out after the policyholder is dead, and nearly always it affects those who are nearest and dearest to him. More than any other institution it protects the most helpless, the widows and orphans. Naturally the prime necessity of such an obligation is that its fulfillment should be secure beyond any possibility of doubt, that it should be carried out, whatever calamities may happen, if humanly possible.

Now I do not think it is any exaggeration to say that no other business is quite so well prepared for this great upheaval of war as the life-insurance business. A policy in a well-established company is the most secure promise to pay that a man can possess in a time like the present, and nothing is more sure in the commercial world than that this promise will be fulfilled, whatever may result from the war.

Perplexing Problems

As far as can be learned not a single life-insurance company in Great Britain, Canada or any of the other British colonies has failed to meet its obligations, even after nearly four years of war. Of course it would be too much to expect that every single life-insurance company in the entire English-speaking world, including every new and insignificant venture, could go through the entire war without a failure. But up to date the experience of the British Empire, whose life-insurance institutions are certainly no stronger than ours, if quite as strong, is a powerful additional argument to back up what we already know about the solvency of our own "old line," or legal-reserve branch of insurance, to which nearly all the strong established concerns belong.

I do not mean that life insurance has no perplexing problems to meet because of the war. Quite the contrary. Nor should we carelessly fail to look at these problems merely because in the past legal-reserve life insurance was such an absolutely safe institution that failures were practically unknown. Neither is it a fact that the expected increase in the death rate is by any means the only wartime problem that now faces the companies. Indeed it requires no technical knowledge to realize that every one of the elements, or factors, which go to make up the "cost" of life insurance may be influenced one way or another by the war.

When you buy a life-insurance policy you pay what is called a premium. Probably this word premium should never have been fastened upon the business, for it describes very inaccurately the deposits which you make, which will eventually be returned to you or your family with interest, minus cost of management. However, the amount of the deposit, or premium, depends upon the average death rate, the rate of interest earned on the investment of the premium and the expenses of the business.

Very few insurance companies reserve the right to change the rate of premium after the policy has once been issued. Thus insurance sold before the war contained no provision for extra premiums if the owner went to war. The young man who at this very moment is raiding a German trench in France paid no more for his insurance a few years ago than another young man who is now planting radishes in a garden in Vermont.

Naturally after this country entered the war the insurance companies gave up this peacetime attitude toward war, and now most new policies contain a provision for extra premium in case of military or naval service. But the companies will not be called upon to issue many policies on those actually in service because the Government has assumed that particular branch of life insurance. This is most fortunate both for the companies and for the soldiers and sailors themselves.

Government War Risks

There is no reason why insurance companies organized for the benefit of their members should assume the burden of protecting the dependents of soldiers and sailors. The war is being waged for the benefit of the whole country and not solely for the policyholders of private companies. Moreover, it is extremely difficult to estimate just how large the extra war hazard is going to be and figure premiums accordingly. So the Government assumed the entire extra war hazard itself through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. This means that soldiers and sailors are charged only the regular insurance rates without any allowance for either running expenses or war risk, the Government paying these charges out of tax receipts.

Before turning to any insurance company every soldier and sailor should take full advantage of the Government's very liberal offer. Such a vast experiment in Government life insurance may lead of course to the permanent taking over of all insurance business by the Government. Anything in that line may happen. But owing to a peculiar trait of human nature, which has been demonstrated at great cost, the public will not take life insurance without being solicited.

State insurance without aggressive canvassing has failed to achieve results in Wisconsin, and state industrial insurance has met the same fate in Massachusetts.

It does not seem to matter how cheaply insurance is offered, people simply will not take it unless solicited. This has been proved again in a most remarkable manner in the army, where a special soliciting drive by private life-insurance agents was necessary to get the soldiers in large numbers to take the exceedingly cheap Government insurance. Policyholders in the insurance companies need not concern themselves over a possible after-the-war invasion of Government into the whole field. To meet with any success such an immense army of solicitors would be needed that the cost would probably equal that of the private companies, and if the Government failed to make a success of it the obligations to company policyholders would have to be met out of taxes. Thus the subject has only a rather remote academic interest.

It is almost certain that great new fields for life insurance will open up in the reconstruction period after the war. Soldiers will have had their attention directed to its

(Concluded on Page 45)

Acres of Floors in Canadian Military Hospitals are finished with

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

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Now made in Eight Colors

Test it with a Hammer

IN Winnipeg, Regina and Moose Jaw, Canada, there are actually acres of military hospital floors finished with "61" Floor Varnish. And "61" was chosen because of its superlative durability; its ability to withstand the hurrying footsteps of nurses, orderlies, and doctors; the rolling of wheel-chairs and beds, and the constant washing.

"61" Floor Varnish is not a hospital varnish; but its use in this case is most emphatic evidence of its value to your home. "61" is the varnish that stands abuse—the kind you can test with a hammer. And in addition to its unusual resistance to wear, it is, of course, *waterproof*.

"61" Floor Varnish stains and varnishes in one operation, but unlike ordinary varnish stains and color varnishes, it gives a beautiful, semi-transparent finish, brilliant and clear. It does *not* give that "dauby" streaked effect, because of the great care exercised in combining the colors and varnish.

The "61" colors possess the same durability that made the Natural or clear "61" famous for more than a quarter century.

While originally designed for use on floors, "61" has become almost a universal varnish, and is obviously an ideal finish for furniture and odd jobs about the house.

"61" Floor Varnish is sold in six attractive wood-stain colors: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Walnut, Forest Green, as well as Natural and Ground Color.

Send for Color Card and Sample Panel finished with "61" and try the hammer test yourself on the sample panel.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.
OUR GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 69 YEARS
83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N.Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Vitralite THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

The quality of Vitralite, the Long-Life White Enamel, is exemplified by its use in the Capitol of the United States, where only the most trustworthy products are admitted.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized Series

LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use

14-in. Graton & Knight Spartan Leather Belting on [illegible] for Iron Trade Standard [illegible] Co., Baton Rouge, La.

Here is E-C-O-N-O-M-Y

MAKE every ton of coal yield the maximum production." That's the peremptory command of America to manufacturers.

The importance of economical transmission of power cannot be exaggerated.

Economy of transmission is fundamental. It means efficient service. It is the basis of "Standardization" in belting.

Mills that have kept Belt Service records know that the use of Graton & Knight Standardized Series Leather Belts means economy in production. (And today they are even more economical, because while they have increased in price, their percentage of increase is *much less* than that of substitutes.)

Talk over the selection of belts with your practical production men, superintendents, and foremen. Ask them these questions: What belts give the longest service? transmit most power? are easiest to repair? have the proper elasticity with firmness? best stand mauling of shifters and flanges? when damaged can be cut down for use on narrower pulleys? when worn out bring the best price for scrap?

If you have kept suitable records, you know how to answer these questions. If not, you are only guessing. Start a belt record immediately. Write us for the necessary cards. An accurate record of belting service is as profitable as a record of a workman's service. Tell us the number of drives in your plant and we will mail record cards gratis.

The Graton & Knight Mfg. Co., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners and Belt Makers—Branches and Distributors in Principal Cities

To save the lives of our brothers and sons—Buy Government Bonds of the Third Liberty Loan.

GRATON AND KNIGHT

(Concluded from Page 42)

benefits, and women with full political rights and an enormously increased measure of self-reliance and self-dependence will probably insure in far larger numbers than before. Moreover, the war atmosphere of anxiety and heightened pressure has a considerable effect in inducing men above military age to take out additional policies. It is doubtful if anything could possibly demonstrate the value of life insurance more strikingly than the mortality and misery resulting from the war because they come in so wholesale a fashion.

There was a very heavy increase in new life-insurance business last year, and despite the extraordinary demands upon people for money it is thought probable there will be a further increase this year, though it may be somewhat reduced in volume. There was an enormous increase in Canada last year, and though new business fell off in England during the first few years of the war the decline is said to have stopped. In neither England nor Canada has there been any marked tendency toward surrender or lapse of policies.

But let us get back to the fact that the companies cannot avoid the extra loss of life among men of military age already insured with them. However, to begin with, a large majority of all insured persons are above military age. In one large company the average age at which insurance is taken out is nearly thirty-five, and the present average age of all persons insured in that company is nearly fifty. Certainly not more than a quarter of all persons holding policies can be of military age. Next, of those who are of military age many will never enter service because of physical disability, exemption on account of dependents, or employment in agriculture, munitions manufacture or other lines considered essential. Then of those who enter service only a relatively small percentage is likely to be killed.

But perhaps the most important safeguard is the fact that the leading American companies have for years assumed a higher mortality rate than expected or actually realized. Though not foreseeing this war the companies have played safe in just the right way to meet it. In a conservative company the death rate never equals the "assumed" rate, it often being only seventy-five per cent of the "assumed" rate. But that is not the only anchor to windward.

Anchors to Windward

Not only have they calculated their premiums on the basis of assumed death rates far higher than those actually experienced over a long period of years, but they have also assumed in their calculations an interest rate upon their investments well below that likely to be realized over a long period of years. Then too they also have allowed for higher operating and administrative expenses than those actually incurred, and they have likewise valued their securities on a very conservative basis. Finally, on top of all this they have attempted successfully to build up a sort of free additional surplus or reserve, which stands guard not only against an unexpectedly large death rate but also against any depreciation in the value of bonds or other securities in which the assets are invested.

The result is that many of the companies have huge surpluses over and above their obligations to policyholders, and as these surpluses belong to the policyholders they serve to protect against just such a calamity as this war. Anyone who doubts the reality of these vast accumulations need only look into the litigation over the recent steps to mutualize large concerns.

Another fortunate fact is that even though the investments held by life-insurance companies may depreciate in market value, their obligations to policyholders do not mature in accordance with market fluctuations but solely in accordance with the mortality rate, which works with the same regularity and deliberation during periods when bond prices are low as at other times. Thus a large part of an insurance company's investments can be held until they finally mature and are paid off at their par value.

These investments are for the most part so conservative, so widely diversified and form such an essential part of the whole fabric of American life that any thorough impairment in their value is almost unthinkable. If they become worthless we might as well all of us take to the woods and live like savages.

The life-insurance companies are actually in a position to benefit to a considerable extent from the decline in securities, because they are continually making new investments, which are to be had nowadays to pay very high rates of interest. This is not true of Liberty Bonds, of which the companies have largely bought; but on the other hand they could not own any safer investments than Liberty Bonds. Another important point, which most people overlook, is that the purchase of Liberty Bonds by insurance companies involves none of the expense of making careful investigation, such as any big institution must always make when it buys farm mortgages or ordinary corporate bonds.

Increased Expenses

Most serious of all the life-insurance difficulties is the increase in expenses, chiefly due to war taxes. It is right that insurance companies should do their share and that funds which cannot be reached in any other way should be levied upon in the hands of these companies. But most of them are not organized for profit. They have no stock or stockholders, and every cent taken from them in taxes is taken from the policyholders, who insured primarily to provide for the future of their dependents. Despite enormous pressure for funds, far greater than we have felt in this country, England has not yet repealed that section of its income-tax law which permits a person to enter life-insurance premiums as exemptions, provided they do not exceed one-sixth of the total income.

No sensible person will argue that life-insurance companies should not be taxed at all. Men do not insure solely to protect their wives and children. Many policies are really investments and often are taken out by persons far too rich to deserve any freedom from taxation. But only the ignorant will argue that taxes should be as heavy upon life-insurance surpluses as upon those of other classes of corporations.

Expert opinion generally holds that the net effect of the war upon American life insurance will be a slight, perhaps only a very slight, increase in the cost of insurance. But this will mean no increase in premiums. At the most it will mean a reduction in the so-called dividends. These dividends are merely a refund of overpayments, or excess contributions, which have been collected from policyholders as a part of their premiums to make the fulfillment of the obligation secure under just such conditions as the present. It is indeed fortunate that American life insurance has been built up upon this basis of ultraconservatism.

No reduction in dividends has yet occurred, but it will probably come. Most of the English companies have already reduced or suspended their dividends. It should be remembered that the cost of life insurance is one of the few things that have not gone up in recent years. It remains the same, and the actual premium rates will in all likelihood remain the same. Only the dividends may fall.

Quality is Economy

The "Why" of the Hood Extra "Ply"

When you purchase a tire, why not use your business judgment and get under appearances to tire facts?

Go to a Hood Dealer. Ask him to show you the 5" section construction of a Hood Arrow Tread Tire. Count the plies of fabric. Compare with any "standard" 5½" tire. Get proofs why the Hood delivers more miles for least cost. We leave the answer to you.

The much talked of Hood outdoor signs upon the roads lead to the sign of a Hood Dealer near you. If you cannot find him, look on the page of the 1918 Blue Book opposite the contents index and you will learn where to be told of the "why" of that extra "ply."

Hood Tire Co., Inc. - Watertown, Mass.

PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED Send sketch for actual search and report. 1918 Edition 90-page Patent Book Free. GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 23-D4 Oriental Bldg., Washington D. C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay Send Sketch or Model for Search BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

VAPOR HEATING

Simplified, Improved, and reduced in Cost. Very much better than Steam or Hot Water—Great fuel saver—Installed in new or old buildings—by local plumbers. Don't postpone. Remember last winter. Circulars and estimates. Vapor Heating Company, York, Pa

"Girls' Club, Please"

AN EMERGENCY call for help in earning extra money for some special need—that's what is represented by the average girl's request for information regarding the famous Girls' Club, organized

With One Idea: To Make Money

It's all right. We are glad to furnish information (for which no charge is made) and to admit to the Club any girl who likes our plan, as most girls do. Our members pay no fees or dues. As all girls do not know just how or where to get in touch with the Club, we are publishing our address below. Write to us, if—

You are a girl—you want to make money—you have time for some work, and we'll tell you some mighty interesting things.

THE GIRLS' CLUB OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
332 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Use STERI-FOAM and a JIFFY brush to clean the Toilet Bowl

Steri-Foam is the extraordinary new powder that cleans toilet bowls almost instantly — just by sprinkling it into the water. This starts a strong chemical activity which whitens, sterilizes and deodorizes.

In stubborn cases — where stains are hard and old — a few strokes of the strong, long-handled JIFFY Toilet Bowl Brush clean the bowl perfectly and easily. This is the easy, quick, pleasant way to keep toilets sanitary and odorless. And the Steri-Foam sterilizes the brush while it cleans the bowl.

Now, while they last, at this introductory price, over a hundred thousand grocery, drug, hardware, house-furnishing, plumbing and department stores will sell a 25c can of Steri-Foam and 25c JIFFY Brush for only 35c.

Should your favorite store not have Steri-Foam in stock, send us its name on the coupon with 50c. We will promptly deliver, prepaid, a full-sized 25c can of Steri-Foam and a 25c JIFFY Brush to you.

The Reynolds Corporation
Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia

A Lid Lifter — for easy opening — comes with every can of Steri-Foam. It will save your finger nails and temper.

35¢

USE THIS COUPON NOW

THE REYNOLDS CORPORATION
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My dealer has no Steri-Foam and JIFFY Brushes, so herewith is 50c for which deliver to me, prepaid a full-sized 25c can of Steri-Foam and 25c JIFFY Brush.

My dealer's name is

His address is

(Write your name and address below)

P-1

OUT-OF-DOORS

Modern Angling Devices

IN OLD Izaak Walton's days they had none of the finer modern products for angling. I don't know just when the use of the silkworm gut began; or the use of braided silk, or waterproof silk, or enameled silk, or vacuum-treated silk in lines began; or when any of the processes of silk manufacture were first used in making casting lines or fly lines. A good tapered fly line, either dressed soft or enameled, will cost from five to seven and a half dollars these days in American shops. Old Izaak had to get along with horsehair both for his lines and for his leaders. Old books used to tell us how to make a line out of several strands of braided horsehair. When Sir Izaak wanted to fish for trout he used such a line, and for his leader he employed a single strand of horsehair filched from the gray mare's tail. I wonder whether some of our trout fishers could make good with tackle such as that to-day.

Sometimes when I feel especially grouchy at the destructive tendencies of modern sport, where efficiency and deadliness and not sport seem to be desired, I go off in the woods by myself with my grandfather's old muzzle-loading squirrel rifle and get me a mess of squirrels, just to show that I can do that. As late as my father's time it was held a family disgrace to shoot a squirrel anywhere but in the head or under the chin. I am almost of a mind to try to make an Izaak Walton trout leader some time out of horsehair.

In any case, the tables are fully turned on the trout. It has long been considered that the worm was the natural-born victim of the trout. Somewhere in the past the silkworm must have turned. Since then he has more than gotten even with the trout family. Without him we should have no leaders and no lines to-day, and should still be fooling round with horsehair, I suppose.

American Models

In these days American tackle dealers complain that it is very difficult to get any angling goods over from England, which country has a practical monopoly on all the angling goods that we import. We buy some rifles and guns of Germany—or once did. France furnishes us very little in sporting goods. England, on the other hand, sells us a great many artificial flies, a few artificial baits, a great deal of raw and manufactured silk gut, and quite a number of lines. We have not for some time imported a very great number of English rods, but the number now is increasing rather steadily.

The excellence of certain forms of American angling goods has forced their introduction into the English trade. In one of the leading casting clubs of London two-thirds of the rods used are made by a certain American maker. It was in America that the very powerful fly rod of light weight was perfected. It is not, and never was, and never can be of course, in its ultimate form, so much a fishing rod as a casting rod, just as the short bass rod to-day is not a fishing rod but a casting instrument. This ultra-light fly rod was built to beat a rule, just as the old sidewalk type of catboat was built to beat a rule. One of these high-type American rods is a marvel of class, and it is no wonder that it forced its way, in spite of all, into the English trade—nor any wonder that in time the English trade began to imitate the American rod for sale in America itself.

The old-time English trout rod was a clumsy affair, sometimes fifteen or sixteen feet in length, and weighing at least an ounce to each foot of its length, that having been the old English rule of making. We should call such rods salmon rods in our country. We never liked the long wooden butt, or the knob on the end of it, or the spear point sometimes used by English anglers so that they can stand their rod up in the ground.

The American rod is an entirely different-looking proposition—delicate in looks, tremendously powerful in fact, of indefinite wearing power, and an efficiency per fraction of ounce such as never has been attained in the world before in casting gear. Of course such a rod when made for tournament work has a top-heavy feel, is very stiff, with most of the action in the tip and not very far back in the tip. The weight of the reel seat is cut down to the lowest fraction, to keep under the six-ounce rule. Even the cork hand grasp is made as small as will be tolerated. The weight is pared down to a hairbreadth, and all the material is put into the working part of the rod itself. Thus, though one of these high-type rods by a crackajack builder may weigh less than six ounces and be only nine feet six inches in length, yet it will do a hundred and thirty feet of line, and of course beat out of hand, ounce for ounce, anything that could be made in the old English style of fly rods.

England sneered at the American rod at first, and said that of course everyone knew that the English rod was much better. I used to have some very amusing encounters in the English sporting press with some of these English anglers. None the less the American rod came on very strongly, for it won in all the contests, both for weight and for length. Therefore the Englishmen after a while began to adopt the American lines in making their own fly rods, and some of their more adventurous firms cast precedent to the winds and came out openly in competition with the American idea.

Of late there have been coming over some very fine English rods from one or two English firms. The shape of the hand grasp and the reel seat sometimes is just a little bit different from ours, and sometimes the cane comes stained a darker color than ours. Sometimes the rod is a duplicate, reel seat, fitting and all, of the original American pattern. The same attempt to cut down useless weight is always obvious, and the use of the American type as model is apparent in every feature of this rod. It is not to be denied that the English makes are good. I have seen some of these rods of late which are splendid casting tools and which appear to be durable.

At first these rods retailed at about forty dollars in America. Then, on one pretext or another, some firms began to sell them at fifty dollars. I have seen two of them sold at seventy-five dollars each very recently. I doubt if they were any better than the original high-class lightweight American rods which formerly retailed at thirty dollars. Our dealers, however, have begun to edge in on the American public and to increase the price of fly rods along with every other necessity of life. A "special rod" began to sell for thirty-five dollars. Now come out "tournament rods" at forty dollars. There are not very many makers to-day who turn out their best quality for so low a price as thirty dollars. The matter ought to be called to Mr. Hoover's attention.

As for the average angler, if he is going to buy a high-priced rod he ought to do so well-advised in the premises. Not all high-priced rods are good ones. The purchaser should in the first place understand to what use he intends to put his rod. For instance, if you pick up a rod that seems to have its weight forward and all the action in the tip, you may be sure that the maker had the tournament idea in his head, and that your rod is not so much a fishing rod as it is a tournament casting rod. The latter will pitch a long line, but it will need a heavy line to set it going. Now, as I have often pointed out, a long line and heavy one, and a stiff rod fished all day, will kill most of the fun in angling. If, therefore, you want a fishing rod, don't get that particular kind of rod. Our makers are running to that type entirely too much in these days, and it is becoming more and more difficult to get an actual fishing rod, just as it is more and more difficult to get a well-bored gun for field work. Most of our gunmakers have the trap-shooting tournament in mind, just as most of our rod makers are thinking of tournaments for the fly rods.

Judging Your Rod

If you are after a fishing rod never buy a high-priced one unless the dealer will give you the privilege of trying it before you purchase it. You cannot tell much about a rod in the shop. You will come nearest to some sort of judgment by taking the rod and swinging it before you, and then putting the butt against your body. Beware of any rod that in the latter position has a pronounced tremble or wobble or side kick to it. Look favorably upon the rod that seems to come forward with a steady sweep from the butt to the tip, without much wobble, and yet not with all the action at the tip. Look out for a jerk or a side kick—nearly always that means a weak place in the stiffer joints of the rod.

What you want in a fly rod is one that will lay your line straight easily. Such a rod may have plenty of power—perhaps not so much as the typical tournament rod, but power enough for all reasonable distances in comfortable fishing. The tournament rod does not lay a short and straight line so easily and constantly without much care as does the highest type of fishing rod. A good fly rod will almost cast by itself. It does not need very much arm power to lay its line straight. You have to be watching a choke-board rod all the time or it will overcast. I will say that I have seen a number of these imported English rods which laid a beautiful line and which apparently had been made with a view to fishing and not to distance casting altogether.

Use your best care as you will and take such advice as you can find, none the less you will find that the rod you have been looking for—let us hope that you have found it—was a freak, and that you came across it by accident after all. Surely you cannot take any amount of money and walk into the best tackle shop and pick up that rod the first time you try.

For instance, some twenty-odd years ago

(Continued on Page 53)

The Burroughs Calculator $175

The Burroughs Adding Machine Company can make and sell this smaller, lighter, speedier, more durable Calculator at a low price, because:—

The Burroughs selling force did not have to be created to market this particular machine; it was already in existence, equipped to handle this model, as well as more than 100 others manufactured by the Burroughs Company.

The Burroughs factory organization did not have to be built; it was already there, equipped and manned by skilled workmen, to make this machine a typical Burroughs product one that could be backed by the Burroughs reputation for excellence.

Lighter and Smaller

The Burroughs Calculator weighs only eleven pounds. It's light enough to be moved around without conscious thought or effort; to be picked up (fingers slip under it—it doesn't have to be pushed or pulled), and carried from one room to another. It's small enough to give plenty of desk-room to books or papers, and still have them close to the keyboard.

Simpler and Handier

The number of working parts has been reduced by nearly half. Better ways have been found to handle the processes in which superfluous parts slowed up operation and drained the operator's energy. This machine has a low, properly-inclined keyboard, and large, easily-read dial figures.

Easier to Operate

These features mean easy key action—for improved mechanical design gives a quick, responsive touch. The machine clears easily, with one short forward stroke of the lever—which returns automatically. Operating ease and convenience have been greatly increased without sacrificing a single desirable quality.

And Yet More Durable

The elimination of superfluous parts has, at the same time, actually strengthened the machine. While its size and weight are reduced, the wearing parts are sturdier. Simplification is all to the advantage of strength and durability

---

Examine every special feature of the Burroughs Calculator—the column lock which guards against the making of errors due to fumbling; the locked wheel device which makes it impossible for the machine to be tricked into overadding; the light touch and short stroke of the clearing lever—and its greater value will be readily appreciated

There are more than 100 models of Burroughs Figuring and Bookkeeping machines—to fit any kind of business that uses figures. Consult your telephone book or your banker for the address of the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada. Burroughs offices are also maintained in all the principal cities abroad.

Behind the Burroughs Calculator [illegible] than 30 years of experience in building and marketing figuring and bookkeeping machines [illegible] bankal skill applied to the best modern office practice

The Extra Test for Rubber Fitness: All rubber is blended and re-blended in a laboratory mixing mill, until the supreme degree of toughness is obtained. This extra test, alone, adds many miles to the life of the tire.

Extra Tested Is More Than a Phrase

Much more. The words reflect all of that painstaking *extra* care in the factories which results in *extra* wear on the road. Extra Tested embodies all of the many manufacturing precautions taken in Racine Rubber Company factories—precautions that have earned for Racine Country Road and Racine Multi-Mile Cord tires, the name of *extra* mileage tires.

RACINE Country Road *and* Multi-Mile Cord TIRES

An Extra Test safeguards each single step in the construction of these *extra* quality tires. For instance: The Extra Test for Rubber Fitness determines, by laboratory selection, the part of the tire for which each batch of rubber is best fitted. Thus all rubber used is known in advance to be as physically fit as a seasoned soldier—for the battle with roads.

Extra Inspection Adds Extra Protection

Because Racine Country Road and Multi-Mile Cord tires *are* Extra Tested, you can expect extra service—better wear than from other tires. Then, too, you gain added protection by the fact that, in Racine Rubber Company factories, one inspector works with every seven tire builders, to make these tires absolutely uniform in wear and service.

Racine Country Road tires—5000 mile guarantee—are fabric tires designed and Extra Tested to yield extra service over country roads.

Racine Multi-Mile Cord tires—Extra Tested cord tires that set a new standard in quality.

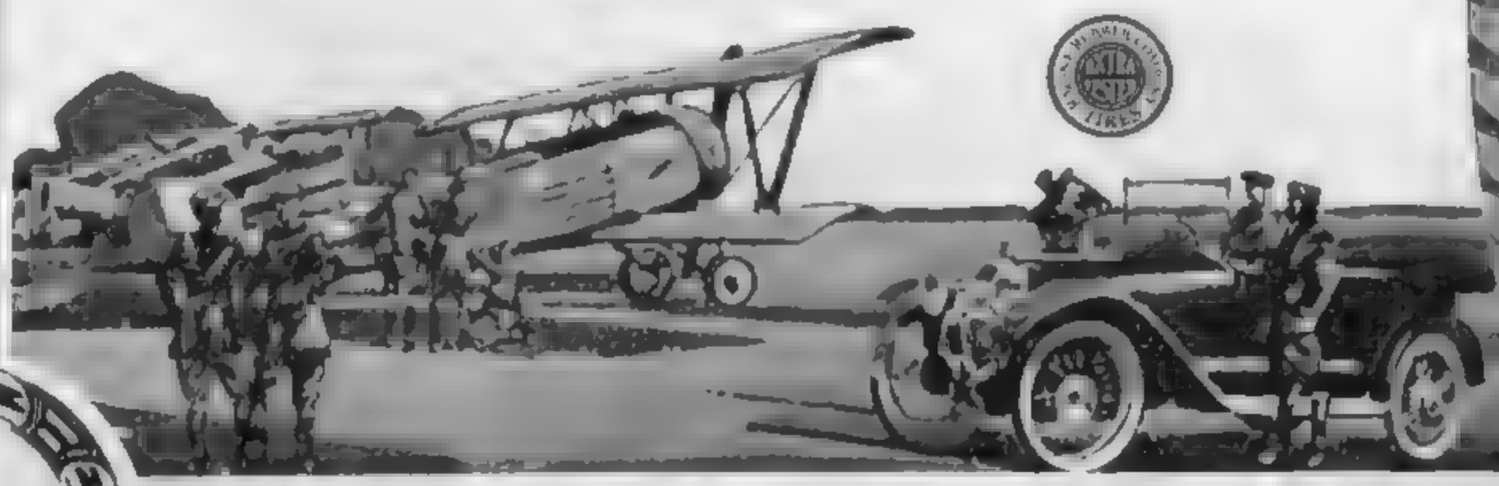
Also Extra Tested red and gray tubes.

It will pay you to know the dealer who sells them.

For Your Own Protection Be Certain Every Racine Tire You Buy Bears The Name

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY

Racine, Wis.



PEACE

(Continued from Page 4)

"*Ach*, Müller," said the soldier—"America! What is that for a country! It is a freedom you have no idea of. No interfering police. No conscription. No crushing taxes. No officers treating you like a dog. Nothing to prevent your thinking what you like, saying what you like, doing what you like—except, of course, that you cannot commit crimes as you like. Plenty of money! The first year I was there I made ——"

"*Ja; ich weiss schon*," said Müller curtly. "And you are going back, Könnecke?"

"Sure thing!" replied his comrade in American; then, in German: "I take the first steamer back after I am demobilized."

At that moment an underofficer came along and gave permission for the men to leave the trench. They, also, were to bury the dead in the neutral ground. The Germans streamed out through lanes snipped in the rusty wire, leaving their weapons behind them. For the first few moments in the open they realized anew that impressive, continuing silence of the guns, were awed into hushed voices, their movements furtive in the strangeness of this unthreatened exposure among the shell holes at which yesterday they could not have dared a direct glance.

The Americans continued to work on their side of the ground, glancing toward the approaching Germans with a brief laugh and word among themselves as they delved among the heaps of earth.

Könnecke went straight toward them and Müller felt that he could not do better than to attach himself to this experienced ambassador. He wondered what would be that first word from their late adversaries, which, with Teutonic sentimentality, he felt would typify the resumption of international relations. A compliment on their military prowess? He prepared himself for a courteous reception of this most probable salutation, framed ready for utterance an elegant phrase of reciprocal esteem.

Könnecke headed directly toward a tall noncommissioned officer who stood superintending the excavation of a long grave. Müller followed close behind his comrade.

"Howdy, sergeant!" said Könnecke confidently, in his best American accent. "Guess you'll be glad to get quit of this undertaking business?"

The American favored him with just the smallest fraction of a glance under his eyelid.

"No," he replied coolly; "I'd bury quite a lot more of you."

The German was disconcerted by the level, unemotional tone of the snub. Nevertheless, he grinned in a fashion meant to be ingratiating. Müller's high anticipation sank. After his imagined heroics, this matter-of-fact reception was humiliating. He resented this cool barrier of reserve, was exasperated into a blind desire to penetrate it. At the back of his mind was the explanation that the American was too dull to appreciate the wonderful qualities of the German soldier.

Könnecke spoke again before Müller could finish his slow preparation of a fitting phrase.

"Reckon you'll be sure glad to get back to the old States," he ventured, renewing his grin. "This is no country for a white man—say, now!" He glanced over the desolation of No Man's Land.

The American also glanced over his environment.

"That's so," he agreed.

"I'm going back, myself," pursued Könnecke—"first steamer that leaves Hamburg—back to my store in Cincinnati. I'm going right back to God's own country—a sure-enough American citizen, first thing you know."

The American turned slowly on his heel and faced the grinning German. He surveyed him deliberately from head to foot. Könnecke waited complacently through the pause, as though expecting a pat on the back.

"You're some optimist!" said the American grimly.

With an abrupt movement, he seized Könnecke by the shoulder and spun him round so that he looked down the dreary vista between the trenches. The battle lines in this area had met in a village; but of that village there was nothing more than a few heaps of pulverized brick, scarcely to be remarked on the naked desolation of the ridge.

"See there!" continued the American, with a sudden viciousness in his tone, pointing to that obliterated village. "That's you! I guess the States can get on very well without you."

He released his grasp so brusquely that Könnecke, dazed by this sudden hostility, stumbled, and all but fell. The American strode off. Müller looked after him for a moment; then, on a sudden impulse to put himself right with the world—personified at this instant by the American noncommissioned officer—he followed him and overtook him. His virtuous indignation was a stimulus to his remembrance of the English tongue.

"Stop, sergeant!" he cried. The American swung round and disdainfully awaited what he had to say. Müller had his first sentence glib. "You are not just to us," he said. "Germany fought to defend herself against a ring of jealous enemies. We did not start it. Has not our Kaiser said it always? But our victories—surely they entitle us to—to ——" He faltered, trying to think of the English for "our place in the sun."

The gray eyes of the American abashed him with their steady scrutiny.

"You've hit it, Mister Boche," he said deliberately. "It's just them victories. This world ain't safe with a crowd in it that makes so darned sure of victories as you do. We've quit fighting; but I guess if you're calculating on shaking hands, and kissing all round, you're in error. No, sir; the best thing you can do is to beat it to a quiet corner and sit there, and maybe in about a hundred years folk'll have forgotten about your dirty spies and all your mean underhand ways.

"Maybe folk'll forget about the women and children and old men you shot! Maybe folk'll forget about the wounded men you drowned; the villages and towns that ain't no more now than a bit of hell on earth! Maybe folk'll forget about Belgium and the Lusitania, and all the rest! Maybe some day folk'll be able to think of a boche without turning sick. But that ain't now; and America has got no use for a crowd like you! We just want to forget you. And I guess your other Europeans feel the same way about it."

He spat, as though in disgust at having been betrayed into such loquacity, turned once more on his heel, and strode off.

Müller stood watching him like a man half stunned. On this first wonderful morning every incident was pregnant with significance; and this sentence of banishment, though it came but from the mouth of a noncommissioned officer of their late enemies, was delivered with such reasoned deliberation, such calm superiority, as to impress him vividly. He felt suddenly homeless, friendless in a hostile world. He tried to banish the uncomfortable feeling. They—all the other millions on this planet—could not possibly decree an effective ostracism of the entire German people. The idea was absurd!

He looked toward the crowd of his comrades insinuating themselves pertinaciously among the tall, soft-hatted Americans, and marked with resentment the contemptuous downward glance upon the round cap of the bullet-headed, under-sized figure no longer lurking behind his machine gun in an intrenchment. He thought of the splendid fellows who had marched to war with him in the early days, and was impelled to cry out in protest that these Germans were not typical; that the manhood of Germany was dead upon its battlefields. The behavior of these degenerates filled him with bitter anger. Accepting no rebuff, making the most of the monosyllabic replies they received, they ventured to laugh, to become loquacious, determined to extort friendliness, even though servility were the price of it.

"No use for a crowd like you!"—the phrase haunted him with its terrible accent of sincerity. After all the sacrifices—all the blood and tears—this! Hatred he could have accepted with pride—it would have been a tribute; but this disdain that denied even contact! A cold fear invaded him—a presentiment he refused to accept as probable.

George Müller leaned back in the corner of a first-class railroad carriage. He was in civilian clothes—the same suit in which he had reported himself to the depot on that first morning of mobilization, years back. To-day he wore it again for the first time. The last demonstration of the wonderful military machine of which for so long he had formed part had been handed him back, neatly ticketed—that once familiar suit of clothes which now looked so strange. It hung loosely upon him, was no longer fashionable; but he wore it with a sense of luxury. This civilian attire was the outward and visible sign of his emancipation from the servitude that had crushed his individuality so long. He felt like a prisoner released from jail, returned to the world of the living, where his personal inclinations once more had scope. A new life was beginning for him; a life that had been in suspense from that wonderful evening in the trenches when, all unexpectedly, the end had come.

Leaning back, with closed eyes, he recapitulated the event—slurring over the episode of the American sergeant's rebuff, which persisted, not to be abolished, in his memory; tasting once more the joy of marching away forever from that ghastly battlefield; angry once again at the suddenly hostile attitude of the French population in their concentration area; it had been impossible to purchase any of the ordinary dainties of life, and a strict order had enforced the utmost correctness of demeanor toward these surly hosts no longer constrained to courtesy; thrilling once more with the jubilant enthusiasm of the trainload of soldiers returning to the Fatherland; bitter at the long administrative delays that had adjourned their final demobilization.

But now it was all over. He was himself again; no longer a mere number in field gray, but a husband and father hurrying back to his wife and children.

Once more he was to take up the task of earning a livelihood for them. This thought appeared suddenly at the tail of his idle reverie, as it had recurred again and again in every quiet moment since that first morning of peace.

Work and earn! It was a necessity that would bear no postponement. His little capital had almost been spent in keeping his family alive during the famine prices of the years of war. He would have to start afresh.

Once more, as he had done a dozen times already on the journey, he drew from his pocket a letter from the director of the factory where he had been works manager.

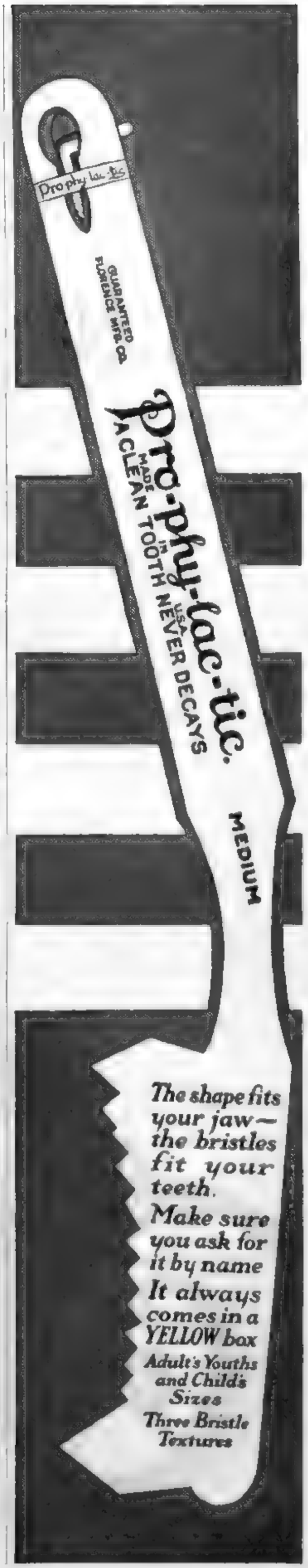
"Dear Müller," it ran, "I much regret that I cannot give you an idea of when we shall reopen. We find it absolutely impossible to procure raw material; and even if we could get it our foreign agents inform us that it is hopeless to expect to trade until the prejudice against us is abated. It is a terrible situation. The working classes here are almost desperate. You may rest assured that at the first opportunity we shall again avail ourselves of your services."

Müller reread the letter, though long ere this he could have repeated it word for word. But in the uncertainty of his prospects his mind derived a gloomy satisfaction from this definite negative. What could he do? Emigrate to America? He remembered the American sergeant's words, the cold aloofness of the American troops, and rejected the idea. The situation was serious. He counted over his slender resources, with a feeling of regret that he had yielded to the extravagant impulse to take a first-class ticket. He had not been able to resist the fascination—after all these years of cattle trucks and third-class carriages—of traveling first class, as of old. It had seemed to him the reëstablishment of his identity.

He put away the letter and picked up a newspaper. The first heading to catch his eye was The Raw-Materials Crisis, in fat Gothic type. The article dealt at length and plaintively with the terrible disadvantage of German industry in its contest with competitors who, during the war, had seized the principal sources of raw materials throughout the world.

An adjacent column described another crisis, The Crisis in Shipping, and bewailed the fact that it was impossible to find cargo space for the millions of tons of ready-manufactured goods which Germany had waiting for export. It showed statistically the immense diminution in the volume of the world's shipping since August, 1914.

(Concluded on Page 53)


Pro-phy-lac-tic
MADE IN U.S.A.
CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS
GUARANTEED FLORENCE MFG. CO.
MEDIUM
The shape fits your jaw—the bristles fit your teeth.
Make sure you ask for it by name
It always comes in a YELLOW box
Adult's Youths and Child's Sizes
Three Bristle Textures

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

The Thrift Car

Top-Notch Value—Rock-Bottom Co

See how satisfactorily this car meets all five of the requirements for complete satisfaction—

Its *appearance* is above reproach—it is neither too severe nor extravagant. In beauty it is eligible for any environment.

The *performance* of the Model 90 is the secret of its fame, and the major reason why more than 80,000 have already been sold.

The 32-horsepower motor is notoriously stingy with fuel, liberal with power and always to be relied upon.

This car is simple to handle, has narrow turning radius, control conveniently on steering column and has easy operating clutch that women drivers so appreciate.

It is exceedingly *comfortable*, with wide seats, deep upholstery, spacious interior, rear cantilever springs and large tires, non-skid rear.

Wherever you drive, expert Overland *service* facilities are available.

Priced at its remarkably low figure, this Model 90 is truly a bargain.

Consider *all* that Model 90 gives in beauty, accommodations, power and long life—

Then consider that all these essentials for complete satisfaction can not be bought for less—

And it is both desirable and thrifty to order *your* Model 90 now.

Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price

Light Four Model 90, $850 f. o. b. Toledo. Price subject to change without notice

Willys-Overland Inc. Toledo, Ohio
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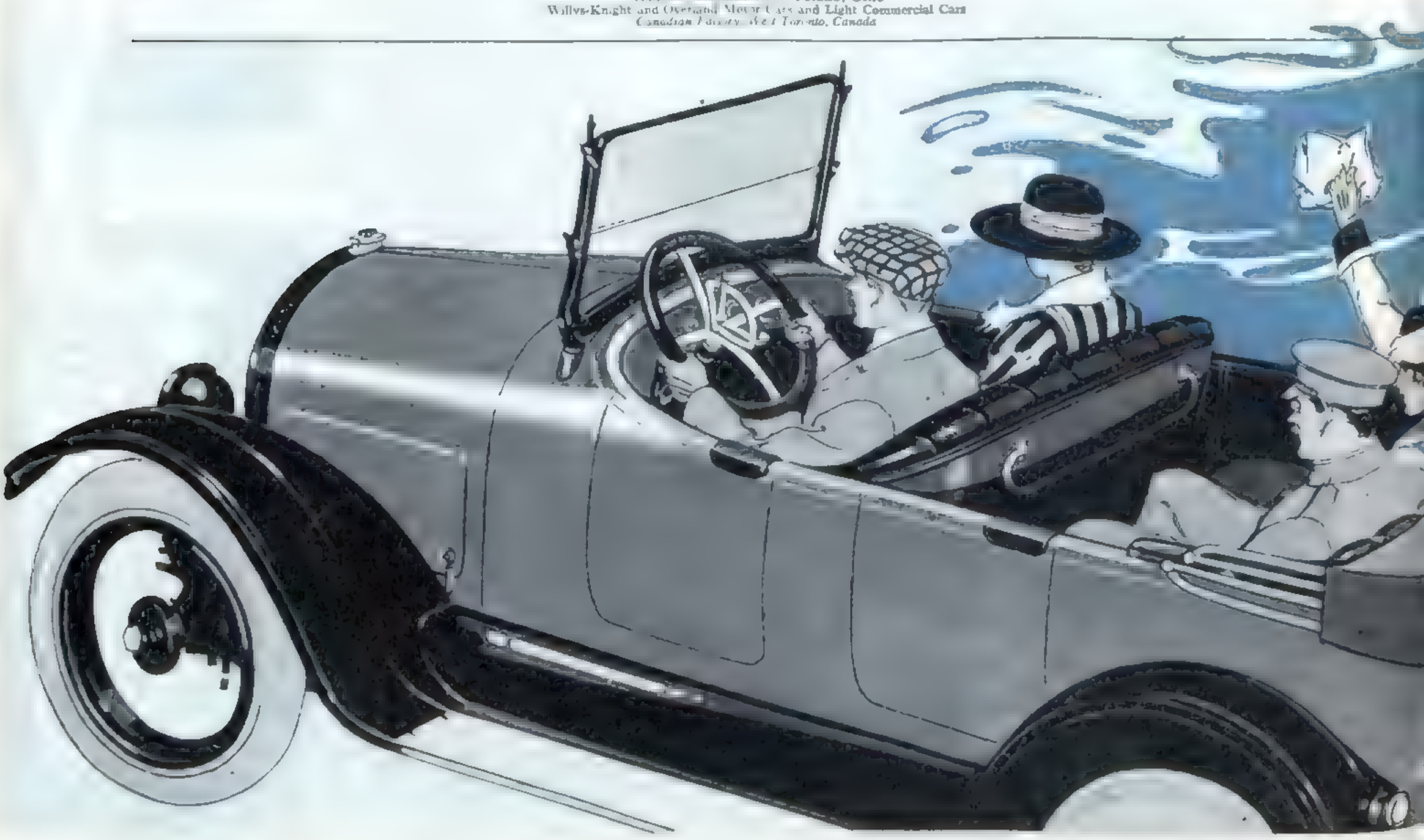
Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Canada



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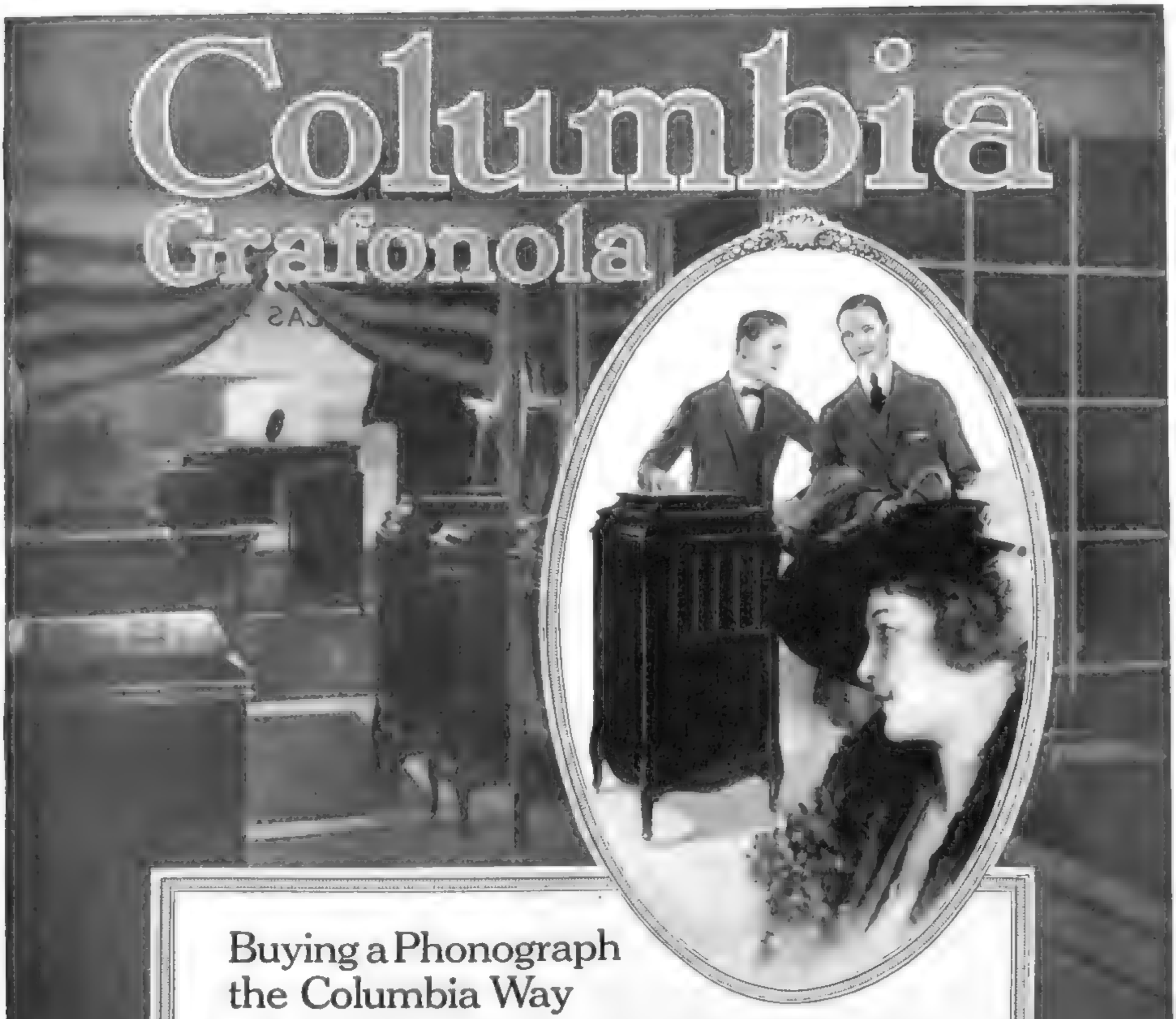
"Show me where the highest valuation is put on brains and time, and I'll show you the greatest number of motor cars in service."

—John N. Willys

Columbia Grafonola



Buying a Phonograph the Columbia Way

The Columbia way of demonstrating a Grafonola is first to make you feel at home.

When you go into a place where Columbia Grafonolas are sold, the dealer knows exactly what you want. He knows that you came to hear music and he is glad you came.

You can hear all the music you want. You can select as many records as you wish to hear, and he will play them for you or let you play them.

The better you know and the more you compare the Columbia Grafonola with other phonographs, the more the Columbia Grafonola will attract you.

In a test, the Grafonola always appears at its best.

Columbia Grafonolas are priced at $18 to $250. Period designs up to $2100.

Food will win the war. Don't waste it.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 49)

"They can thank their damned U-boats for that!" commented Müller, with a curiously impersonal bitterness; he dissociated himself completely from those governing classes over whom he had no control; was rancorously hostile.

The train stopped at an important station. He left his hat on his seat to mark his proprietorship and went out into the corridor. A minute later he turned to see an imposing Oberst in full uniform, accompanied by a silk-hatted, frock-coated civilian—obviously a functionary of some sort—entering his compartment. Through the window he saw the colonel unbuckle his sword and throw it on the rack, and then coolly remove the hat from the seat, preparatory to sitting in the corner. In a moment Müller had reëntered the compartment.

"Pardon, Herr Oberst," he said politely; "but that seat is occupied."

The colonel glared at him.

"Sit somewhere else!" he replied harshly, and prepared to take possession.

A blind fury surged up in the ex-soldier, the accumulated fury of countless brutalities hitherto unresented. He sprang at the officer, gripped his wrist in a hand of steel, and flung him violently out of the seat.

"I do not choose to," he said; his eyes met the colonel's in a glare of cold hatred that was almost insane in its sudden vehemence.

With a wild oath the officer leaped for his sword. He found himself once more powerless in an inexorable grip, forced down to a seat. Almost speechless with rage he noted the close-cropped head of his adversary and recognized him for a demobilized soldier.

"Choose!" he cried. "You think you can do as you like now, I suppose. I'll teach you! Dog!"

Müller smiled grimly at this plagiarism of his sergeant's historic remark, this naïve avowal of the standpoint of the ruling caste. With a newfound dignity he resumed his own seat. He felt curiously elated, as though he had burst some secret chain about his life; the elation of the suddenly inspired pagan who has overthrown his gods.

The colonel continued to glare at him malevolently, muttering to himself the while. Müller ignored him. The train had started. The next stop was his destination, which would end the episode.

The colonel commenced a conversation with his civilian companion and almost immediately the name of his native town awakened the ex-soldier's attention. Hidden behind his newspaper, he listened with a growing interest that speedily became acute. Apparently there was grave industrial trouble—willful damage to shops and factories; mobs clamoring for work and food; rioting.

He deduced that the civilian was a government commissioner, the Oberst a newly appointed military commandant of the area; both on a mission to suppress the trouble. With increasing alarm he heard them mention various localities that had been sacked. Thank God, his own house was in a suburb of the town! In all probability Lottchen and the children would not be molested. He let his mind dwell on the dear ones he had not seen for so many months. Another half hour and he should be clasping them to his breast!

He looked through the window and watched with impatience the countryside, which seemed to roll back so slowly, pivoting on distant trees and churches. Here and there were factories in a cluster. He noted that no smoke came from any of their chimneys. A few miserable-looking women were working in the fields; but generally the view was deserted.

This emptiness of the landscape impressed him unpleasantly; the entire countryside seemed to be under a ban. His mind reverted to a clumsy schoolboy visualization of an interdict; came back from it to the present. If the rest of the world had excommunicated the Germans—as it seemed—they would soon be fighting murderously among themselves for the means of existence, like marooned criminals on a desert island. He revolted from the prospect. He was utterly weary of strife. Peace! Peace! He craved for it with all his soul. The war was a nightmare he wanted only to forget.

The train pulled into his destination; stopped. He noticed an unusually large group of policemen on the platform as he descended from his compartment. A moment later he heard the voice of the Oberst behind him, shouting to attract attention. Involuntarily he glanced round; saw himself pointed at by the officer.

"Arrest that man!" cried the colonel. "Insult to the uniform!"

A policeman clutched at him. Müller flung him off in a wild, reckless revolt. He would not be stayed thus on the threshold of his home. He found himself fighting furiously with a group. Overpowered, he sank under a stunning blow from a sheathed sword.

Three policemen dragged him to his feet; hauled him along the platform in the wake of the colonel and his civilian companion. He saw the local chief of police salute the Oberst, go with him through the exit, followed by a posse of his men. In the firm grasp of his captors, Müller also was hurried off the platform and through the lofty hall beyond.

As they emerged from the station into the Bahnhof-Platz the roar of an angry mob smote them like a squall. Beyond a clear space close at hand, where stood a couple of motor cars, was a dense mass of people, who howled and shouted as they waved a forest of fists above their heads. Police, on foot and mounted, kept them back from the station exit by desperate efforts, which had constantly to be renewed.

"*Brot! Brot!*" came one insistent cry from the mob, dominating the chaos of vituperations, of senseless catcalls, of vile words that were the simplest expression of bitter hatred.

They surged forward again and again in tumultuous rushes, stemmed at last by the vigorously struggling police, only to break loose elsewhere.

The Oberst put on his monocle and stared upon the mob with cool contempt. A shower of stones hurtled past him, shattered the station windows at his back. He turned to the chief of police.

"The town is under martial law," he said. "Charge those dogs for me! Mounted men!"

The chief of police blew a shrill blast upon his whistle. A troop of mounted policemen trotted up and formed their ranks in the open space. Other mounted men joined them from the fringe of the crowd. The chief of police gave his orders. There was a flash of swords drawn from the scabbard, a curt command above the uproar. The troop put spurs to their horses. For a second the only sound was the clattering of hoofs upon the pavement, and, then, in one simultaneous outcry, an awful tumult of angry oaths, of panic-stricken shrieks, of screams of pain, echoed from the houses of the square.

Müller gazed, fascinated with horror, at the terrorized crowd of men and women who fled blindly to escape the plunging horses, the swords that rose and fell.

A lane was left open behind the charging troop; a lane strewn with prone bodies of men and women, who endeavored to raise themselves upon an arm and sank ere they could crawl away.

The colonel smiled grimly.

"So!" he said. "That is the way to pacify them, Herr Bruckmann."

The civilian functionary had turned white. He endeavored to smile back, but achieved only a grimace. The colonel did not wait for his reply. He went toward his motor car; stopped, with his foot upon the running board.

"Bring that man along to the Rathaus!" he said to the policemen, pointing to Müller. Then, to the civilian, he added: "We will establish a court-martial there immediately."

He disappeared into the car, followed by his companion. A moment later it was speeding along the track of the charging police and passed out of sight into the street beyond.

Several other policemen reënforced the group that held the ex-soldier, and in a compact body they set off across the square. The tide of the mob had now flowed back into it. The terror of the flashing swords no longer immediately before their eyes, they returned, infuriated by the violence that a moment ago had struck panic to their souls, a savage lust for vengeance blinding them to all other considerations. Howling for blood, hurling stones, striking with sticks, gripping with clawlike hands, they surged round the little escort, which fought its way forward step by step.

In the narrow street at the end of the square the police could make no further progress. Two of them held Müller firmly, who was half dazed by his treatment, but, like a caged wild animal, ready to spring for liberty at the first opportunity. The group reeled against one another in the rushes of the mob, struck out right and left with their sheathed swords, dealing blows that felled at each stroke. Still they could not advance.

"A prisoner! Rescue! Rescue!" howled the mob.

There was an answering shout from the upper windows of an adjacent house. Müller looked up to it. Men were flinging out furniture into the street below. He could just see the facia of the building above the heads of the crowd. It was a baker's shop, which had been plundered. The dwelling house was now being sacked.

One of the pillagers had found a rifle. He appeared now at the window, his face grinning in triumph as he shouted a warning. The crowd fell back from the close-beset escort in sudden alarm. The sergeant in charge whipped out an automatic pistol, shouted an order to his men to draw theirs, just as the shot cracked from the window. He fell in a heap.

For a fraction of a second Müller felt his captors' grasp relax as they felt for their weapons. With a violent effort, he sent both sprawling, snatched the pistol of the dead man, and sprang into the crowd.

A fusillade of shots came from the group of policemen, evoking another outburst of shrieks and cries from the mob, surging back, away from them. The police were now isolated in a stretch of empty street. They charged forward with drawn swords, pistols ready.

With the unthinking instinct of the battle-trained soldier, Müller flung himself into the shelter of a chance doorway and fired rapidly, with practiced aim, at the charging group. From the window above the rifle cracked repeatedly. From the mob came the quick reports of other firearms. For one minute more there was an empty space about the savagely retaliating policemen, and then the tumult closed, raging, over the bodies of the stricken men.

From that point Müller lived the unreal life of a fantastic nightmare, where one wild incident blurred into the next. He found himself borne, shoulder-high, along the street by the mob, acclaimed as leader by the latest of their impetuous whims. A hundred wild figures clamored round him for the orders he gave swiftly, as by instinct. He forgot his home, his children. He was exhilarated with the sense of authority, uttered his commands with the sureness of a born leader who has suddenly found his opportunity.

The passion of the crowd, in fierce revolt against all that had hitherto coerced their lives, was a white-hot flame in his so recently outraged soul. A quenchless hatred for that upper race which had squandered millions of lives as a vain fee for their ambitions and succeeded only in rendering the German an outcast, dominated him like mania. All that misery and suffering they had inflicted should now recoil upon those who gave the order—the great caste of government officials and army officers.

An end of it an end of it; the words beat in his brain like an echo of the phrase he had shouted he knew no longer when. Their power must end here and now. The people—he and his like—had submitted long enough.

The instincts of an ancestor who had fought behind the barricades of 1848 asserted themselves in him as his own as he led his howling, shrieking mob along the shuttered street toward the Rathaus.

In the open space before the building a company of infantry was forming to its front. Machine gunners were rapidly assembling their weapons. Müller took in the situation at a glance. Another minute and the crowd would be exterminated, the revolt crushed at the outset. He ran straight toward the infantry, crying:

"*Kameraden! Kameraden!* Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I am a soldier like yourselves! A comrade!"

There was hesitation, doubt, among the men forming into line.

"Present!" shouted the officer with a curse.

The rifles rose irregularly to the horizontal. The machine gunners were not quite ready. The officer opened his mouth for the final order. Müller shot him dead.

A moment later the infantry and the machine gunners were overborne by the crowd, which vociferously fraternized with them, cheered them, kissed them, shook hands with them, bewildered them in a clamor of male and female voices.

There was a crashing detonation from the other side of the square. Another company had formed a line; had fired a volley indiscriminately into soldiers and civilians. A howl of rage overpowered the death shrieks of the victims.

The soldiers who had fraternized flung themselves prone and opened a rapid fire upon their erstwhile comrades in arms; civilians and ex-soldiers formed the firing line with them, snatching up the weapons of the dead. Machine guns opened from both sides. The battle commenced.

Gradually the rioters and their scanty auxiliaries were forced back out of the open space. Müller found himself appealed to for orders by leaders of other sections of the mob as well as by his own immediate following. He gave them with quick decision: "Machine guns to the roofs of the houses; snipers to the windows." The fusillade swelled in intensity with each moment as more and more of the mob procured weapons.

Still the government forces held the open space in front of the Rathaus. Over the barricade, which now closed the entrance to the street, Müller glanced cautiously at the line of prone soldiers who fired rapidly, ten bullets against one, at their concealed foes. He noted pieces of paper whirling across the ground in a high wind from right to left of the line, and had a sudden inspiration.

"Fire the houses on the side of the square!" he cried.

A noisy crowd of men and women dashed off by back streets to execute the order. A few minutes later dense volumes of smoke were rolling across the square, blinding the aim of the defending soldiers. He saw them rise and retreat, misty figures in the smother of fumes; rose to shout his own men forward. Something struck him violently in the chest.

He woke from vague dreams of suffering to find himself stretched across a dead body. Bewildered, he gazed round him. It was twilight. Ruddy reflections flickered on the gaunt skeletons of gutted houses, from the foundations of which smoke still welled in volumes. In his immediate neighborhood all was deathly quiet; but from somewhere in the distance came rapid rifle shots. He recognized his environment.

"These cursed Belgians!" he said to himself. "That's another town fired to teach them a lesson! I hope they shot the mayor."

The illusion was complete. Waking from the coma of his death wound, he was back again in the wild days of 1914—the familiar gutted town, the row of huddled bodies of women and civilians at the foot of the shot-whitened wall near the broken barricade, were unmistakable.

He realized suddenly that he was wounded; endeavored to rise in an effort to find his company or an ambulance. His failure brought the truth home to him in a thrill of horror. He clapped his hand to his chest.

"*Mein Gott!*" he murmured despairingly as he sank back. "And the Hauptmann said that peace was certain in a few days!"

As his eyes closed he wondered whether the twilight was of evening or of dawn.

WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

"War chariots of the American Army"

(Note the wood wheels)

The accompanying illustrations are taken from recent issues of several well-known magazines. They show a few of the many purposes for which motor vehicles are being used by every branch of the service.

These illustrations also testify definitely and conclusively to the high appreciation of the Government for WOOD wheels.

Motor transports, armored cars, ambulances, camp kitchens—and all manner of vehicles, large and small—are going forth equipped with WOOD wheels to do the strenuous work of war.

Wood wheels have been selected for these cars because the experience of engineers extending over many years has proved that they are unequalled for any service where strength, elasticity, durability and ease of repair are essential.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

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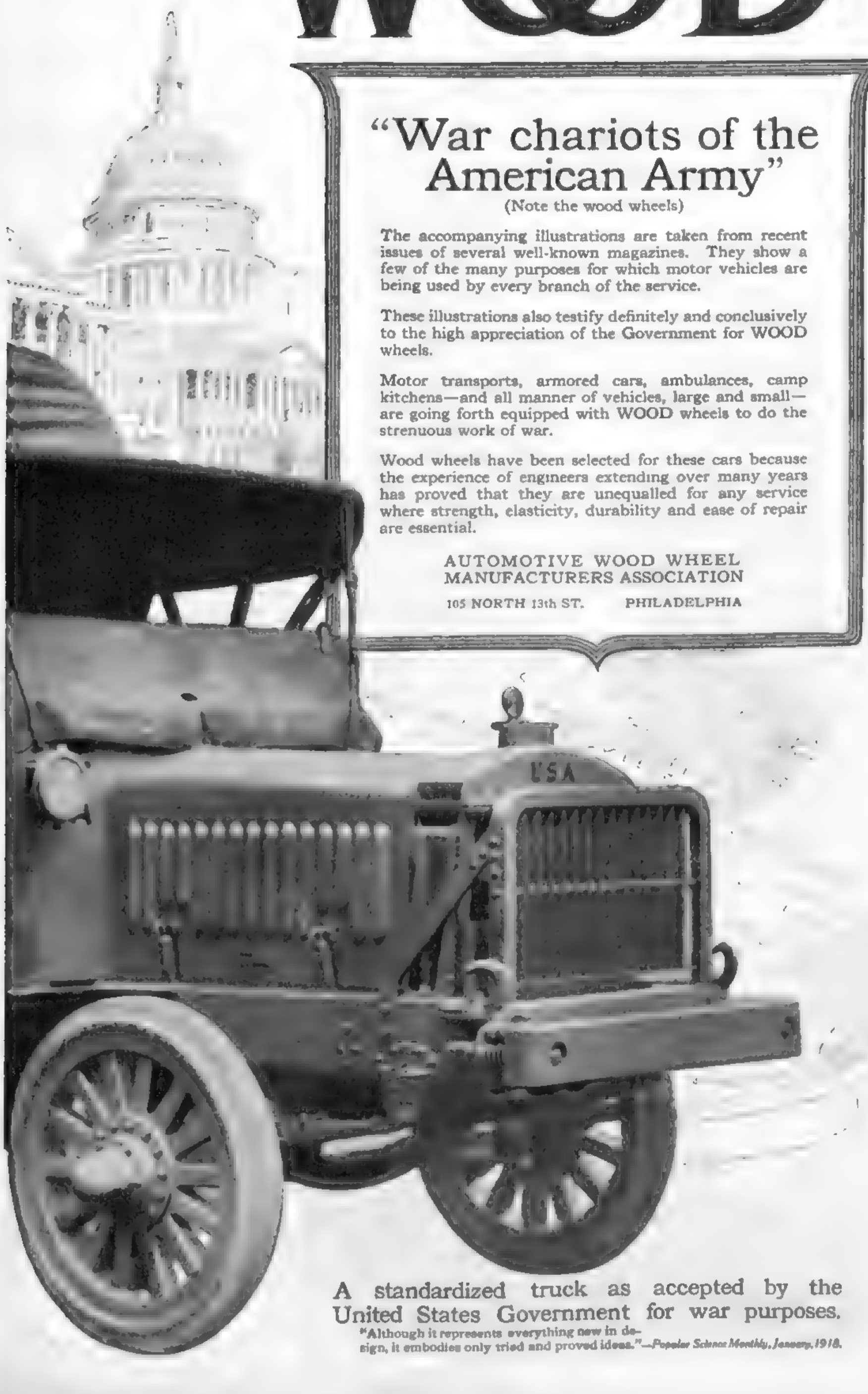
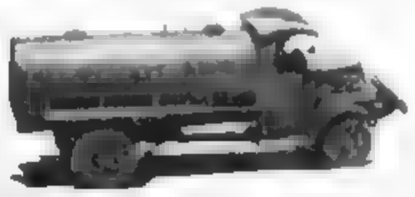


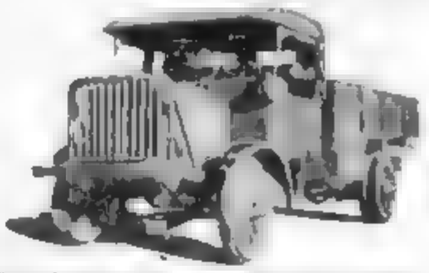
A standardized truck as accepted by the United States Government for war purposes.

"Although it represents everything new in design, it embodies only tried and proved ideas."—*Popular Science Monthly, January, 1918.*

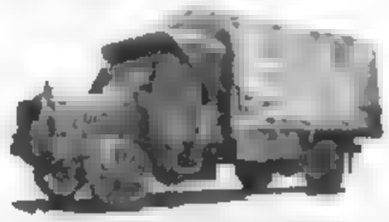
"Trucks are used for hauling mail to and from the cantonments."
—*The Commercial Car Journal, Dec. 15, 1917.*



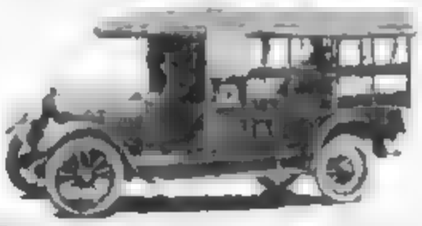
"The tank truck is an important unit of modern army transportation."
—*Leslie's Weekly, Jan. 5, 1918.*



"Type of 1½ ton truck used by the U. S. Signal Corps."
—*The Commercial Car Journal, Dec. 15, 1917*



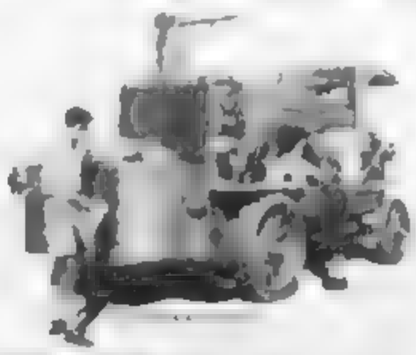
"The new standardized truck equipped for bad weather."
—*The Scientific American, Nov. 3, 1917.*



"The U. S. Marine Corps ambulance will carry eight patients."
—*The Commercial Car Journal, Jan., 1918.*

"Many of the Quartermaster's trucks have recently seen service in Mexico."
—*Leslie's Weekly, Jan. 5, 1918.*

"Transport truck of the type used extensively by the U. S. Engineer Corps."
—*The Commercial Car Journal, Jan., 1918.*



"The truck kitchen will serve three hot meals a day to 2000 men."
—*Collier's Weekly, Dec. 29, 1917.*

(Continued from Page 46)

I bought a fly rod done by the highest priced maker in America; it cost thirty dollars at that time. This rod was a freak. There was apparently no limit to the line it could handle, and it always came in at night in any weather as straight as a needle. I kept it so for many years, until once I took it up into Alaska and began to rustle round in the salt air and salt water with twelve-pound salmon. In some way moisture got in round the ferrule at the top of the second joint. I sent in the rod to the maker to have a new second joint made. Instead, he cut an inch off the old second joint and sent it back. In great wrath I returned it once more, and that time he kept the second joint and made me a new one. The rod was absolutely killed—was nothing like the old rod which I loved so much. Still more irate, I ordered yet another second joint. It came, but instead of having a powerful and sweet casting rod I had a very indifferent one. A third second joint was ordered at once, and again it was a failure. Then I learned how hard it is to build into a rod any new joint. Naturally I was disconsolate.

Being disgusted as well as disconsolate, and finding that this rod would absolutely quit at about seventy feet, though it was six ounces in weight and ten feet in length, I took it to an amateur rod-making friend and told him that we would cut two inches out of the top of the stiffest joint of the three. He asked me to mark the place where I wanted to have the rod cut so that I might have all the risk on my shoulders. To reassure him I measured two inches below the bottom of the ferrule, and with a few swipes of my trusty pocketknife cut the cane in two at that point. Neither of us at the time realized—I being a literary man and he being a lawyer—that there was another inch and a half or so of the rod sticking up in the ferrule! We bored this out and reset the ferrule on the shortened second joint. Then, too late, we discovered that we had cut out not two inches, but almost four from the rod! This of course was perfectly idiotic, and yet perhaps quite natural.

A Happy Accident

Putting such face as I could upon the matter I took out the rod, thus shortened, to give it a trial. It did not take long to show me that accident had done what the best maker in America had not been able to do with three deliberate trials. The mutilated rod was simply the sweetest casting implement that any man ever had in his hand. I would not to-day sell it for two hundred dollars—or indeed for any money—and intend to keep it as long as I live and go fishing. It now has no side kick, and it casts a sweep from butt to tip, and lays a perfectly straight line with very little effort.

On the contrary, a new rod ordered from this same maker within the last month proved to be a veritable club. It was six inches shorter than the old one. The new rod would not begin to work unless you put a lot of strength back of it. It was hard to handle, and you could not crowd it up to eighty feet or fish it with any kind of comfort at thirty feet. I sent it back. I am trying to get a ten-foot rod just over six ounces, that will fish very heavy, long-distance water. If I do get the rod I have in mind it will be simply a miracle. So much for accidents in fly rods, horse races and sailing yachts; every one of them is a freak, and not to be duplicated to order.

Of course it is easy to get a slow and soft rod that fishes a moderate line easily. Such a rod may be slow in striking a fish. The typical American fly rod of quick, snappy, steely action is very deadly, both in striking and in playing a fish. I am inclined to think that the best fly rods ever made have been made in America, though American makers cannot lie back on their laurels and let the English do as they like with them.

Some men make their own fly rods of split bamboo, or split cane, as the English call it. It is a very pretty art, and if you have manual dexterity and care to practice it you may find textbooks on the matter, some of them full of other information as well. One of the best of these handbooks was written by a lawyer who took up rod-making as a fad and who wrote the best book on fishing tackle that I recall at present. This gentleman invented a hand grip of his own different from the old model and more comfortable for fishing than the average tournament hand grasp. He used but one butt piece or hand grasp for all his rods, all his butt pieces being fitted with a ferrule to go directly into this one hand piece. He made yet another departure when he said that it never has been proved that a rod is better when made in three pieces of equal length. He believed the ferrules in three-piece rods are set at just the right places to kill the action of the rod. Sometimes he made his tip piece almost a third longer than his second joint. As a result he got a very beautiful continuous arc in some of his rods, which he claimed could not be obtained if one broke up the rod with equidistant ferrules.

Such a rod was sometimes rather hard to carry, as the long tip required a long wooden case to protect it. I have seen some of these old rods which were quite wonderful in their action.

Within the last twenty years there has been rather a general change in the material employed in split bamboo or split cane rods. Most of the early American rods at least were made of the Calcutta cane exclusively, but for fifteen or twenty years we have been using the Tonquin bamboo, which is lighter in color, and some think even more steely in its quality. Perhaps you remember the first "jointed pole" you ever saw in your life—a clumsy thing fourteen or fifteen feet long, with brass ferrules, and showing black spots on it here and there. That was an unriven Calcutta cane. The black spots were made where the leaves had been burned off before the cane was shipped to our country. Now the old Calcutta cane had a leaf which grew deep into the shaft, so that when the tool removed that dent or hollow the whole skin of the bamboo, if planed down to an even surface, sometimes was left so thin that it would break rather easily. Some of the very best rods I ever saw were made of the old dark Calcutta cane. On the other hand, the Tonquin leaf skins off close to the surface, and it leaves more of the steely shell, which is the part of the cane used in making rods.

The best fly rods are made by hand, like the best clothing and the best painting. The selection of the cane requires great experience, and of course the work itself requires great experience and delicacy in workmanship. The fitting and winding of a high-class fly rod are the work of an artist and not of an artisan. That man does it best who loves it most.

Once you find that you can make a fly rod for yourself—I mean to say, get your bamboo in the round, rive it out yourself and plane it down yourself, each of the six strips with your own fair hands—you are not apt to give up on that line of work at any subsequent time in your life. It doesn't hurt anyone to have a fad, and this, though a very difficult one, is a very beautiful one indeed.

There is one parting word of counsel to all who are unable to resist the lure of this, the most beautiful of all sporting implements. If you cannot make your own fly rods but are obliged to buy them, it is just as well to learn also to practice a certain amount of reserve as to the details. For instance, if you have eight or ten or fifteen or twenty fly rods already, Friend Wife may be so bigoted and narrow of nature as to think that you do not really need another. In that case—need we state?—it is far better to have the new rod sent down to the office and not out to the house. If it be not possible to pay cash for it on the spot do not have it charged on your regular monthly charge account, for Friend Wife nearly always gets that first out of the mail, and is certain to discover the item which you would far rather have kept concealed until the auguries were fully propitious. Attention to this small detail may prove of great service to you.

A correspondent seems exceedingly peeved because the writer of the words of wisdom herein cannot learn to love the wooden bass bait decorated with the deadly trebles or gangs which so long have been fashionable in butchering one of the gamest and most gentlemanly fishes that swim in our waters.

He states: "As a critic of artificial minnows you need a good calling down. You disregard facts when you say that there are fifteen or eighteen hooks on such a bait. There are seldom more than six hooks on what you call a plug, and they are so arranged that a bass hardly ever gets hooked by more than one, and then usually in the lip, because the plug is hard and smooth, and slips out of the mouth.

"The small ones I have caught I have been able to throw back practically unharmed, because the plug was so large they could not be badly hooked. I had to kill a small pickerel I caught on a pork rind because he was unable to swallow it whole when he struck, and I am sure that had I used a plug I could have returned him unharmed."

As to Plug Baits

The foregoing is familiar argument on the part of the bass fishermen of to-day, a great many of whom do use these plug baits. I cheerfully accord them their right to do so, though I would not use one of them on a bet myself, and believe that the sentiment against them is very rapidly growing.

As to disregarding facts, I have to-day gone to all the expense of sending down to the proper place of proof a couple of the modern bass baits, each of them with five trebles attached, or fifteen hooks to each plug. Often in the earlier days I have seen attached six trebles, two on each side, one at the tail and one underneath. I do not believe it is the case even this year that there are "seldom more than six hooks" used in these plug baits. I should say that nine is far the more common number. A few of the short ones are made with two trebles. Yet fewer are made with two doubles. The truth of the business is that there has been so much criticism—and growing criticism—on the part of sportsmen against the use of these infernal contrivances that the makers are beginning to get wise. They build these plugs with fewer and fewer hooks each year. I make no doubt that eventually they will put out a good artificial casting bait with a single hook only; in fact, there is a little plug now on the market for use with the fly rod which carries only two small hooks.

That is to say, in my belief we presently shall have all these commercial people feeding from the hand and offering the anglers of this country something less desperately destructive than these plug baits.

I was at pains to write to this particular critic, who seemed to be very vivid in his sentiments, explaining that there is no particular reason why one should go on catching bass simply to throw them back in again. When one has enough one can quit. Is it not so? Therefore, if one killed a bass every time he caught him on a pork rind he could quit when he had killed enough. There is no law obliging him to fish all day if he does not want to. It is not, however, the case that a pork-rind-and-spoon bait always is gorged by a bass. Indeed, it is

(Concluded on Page 59)

How Much is a Dollar?

This really is not a "Foolish Question." It will be worth your while to consider with us for a moment how much a dollar really is.

We recently made a rough comparison of approximate prices as they used to be within the memory of most of us and prices last winter. Here is what a dollar would buy—

	THEN and *NOW*	
Potatoes	3 bushels	2 pecks
Butter	5 pounds	1½ pounds
Bread	20 big loaves	12 small ones
Cheese	8 pounds	2 pounds
Milk	20 quarts	7 quarts
Eggs	5 *dozen* eggs	15 eggs

What a difference!

Do we need to say more to show you that a dollar these days isn't much—and that every last quarter in it counts?

To Make More Money

But hundreds have found a way to offset the shrinkage in the dollar's value.

It is a sure and easy way.

Like you, these people had some spare hours—hours that were wasted—and that, they knew, their country *needed* in productive effort. So they were delighted to learn that they could utilize these spare hours pleasantly, turning them into dollars by sending in new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Hundreds of men and women, as we have said, are now earning $20.00 a month extra by our plan—and how many necessary things this $20.00 will buy!

Would you like to join our staff of money-makers?

It is very simple. The coupon will bring you all details without obligating you in any way.

Mail the coupon today

The Curtis Publishing Company,
337 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:—Please tell me, without obligation, how I can earn an independent income in my spare hours.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Pennsylvania AUTO

THIS is what happens when a high-quality casing and an inferior tube become running mates:

The tube, incapable of resistance, permits many lacerations of the casing to develop into blowouts.

It quickly succumbs to the least abrasion inside the casing, usually tearing beyond saving.

It soon puts out of commission a casing that otherwise would give satisfactory service.

The Pennsylvania Auto Tube "Ton Tested," with its *guaranteed* tensile strength of 1½ tons to the square inch, gives the greatest resistance to ordinary blowout causes.

It will not tear, even when seriously injured, beyond the immediate location of the cut, owing to the remarkable strength and wearing quality of its tremendously tough but highly-resilient stock.

And this toughness enables the "Ton Tested" Tube to indefinitely withstand wear, tear, and long service-friction in the casing.

Tube holding crated car and platform in unstable suspension—total weight 2990 pounds—without slightest injury or loss of resiliency.

TUBE
"TON TESTED"

Extreme heating up and cooling down, though long continued, will not deteriorate the stock.

It can be carried as a spare indefinitely without checking, cracking or weakening at the folds or corners. Exposure to light and air does not harm it.

And it is backed by the name of the maker—the Pennsylvania Rubber Company.

Should a dealer represent a so-called "special" brand as the equal of the "Ton Tested," ask him who actually made the offered substitute. The "Ton Tested" Tube, with its tremendous service values, costs no more than ordinary tubes.

Made by the Makers of Vacuum Cup Tires

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO.
JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

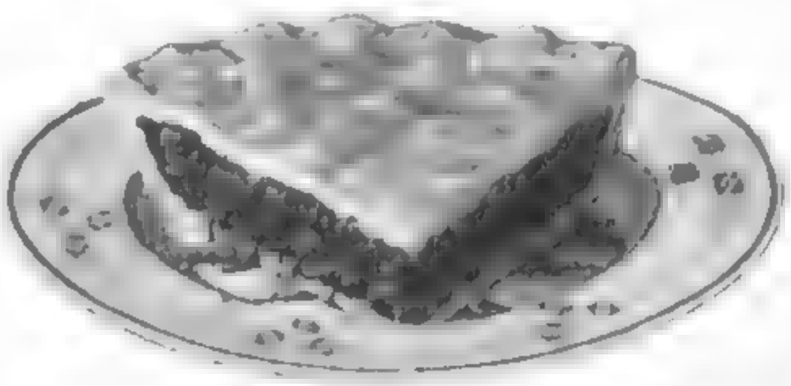
For Raisin Day - April 30th

NOW, more than ever before, raisins are appreciated as food. Of highest nutritive value, they are serving a real purpose in this war-time. They are especially good in all plain foods. Note how they improve the foods shown on this page. Raisins are rich in natural sugar. Pies and bread containing raisins need no other sweetening. Note the fine flavor of the new Victory Penny-Bun. It contains no other sugar than that provided by raisins. It contains no lard and 33⅓ less wheat than wheat bread. Buy Victory Penny-Buns of your baker and grocer.

Serve One of These Raisin Foods

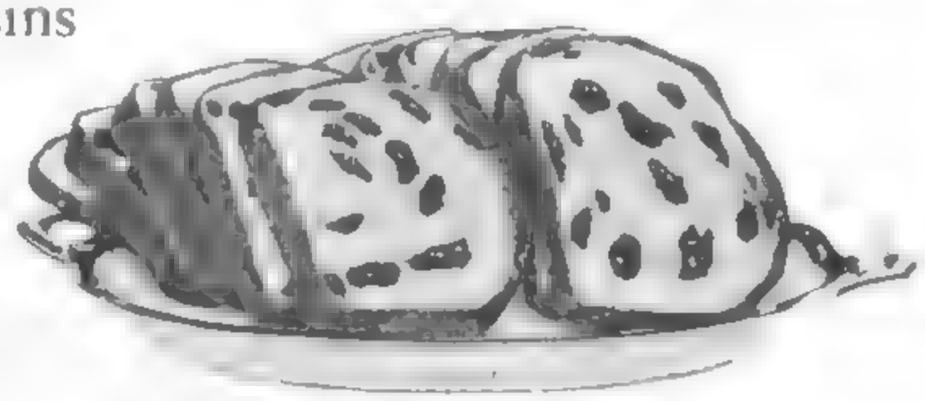
VICTORY *Penny-Buns* with Raisins

WOMEN who save wisely are depending upon raisins these days. They know that butter is not needed with raisin bread and raisin buns. Raisins make these foods delicious; their juiciness aids mastication the same as butter. Raisins contain 1560 energy-producing food units per pound. Beefsteak supplies 1090 and eggs 695. Compare these food values. Compare prices. See how raisins excel in high value and low price. Buy raisin foods from your baker or grocer. They sound the true note of economy. Baked in large quantities and sold at low prices.



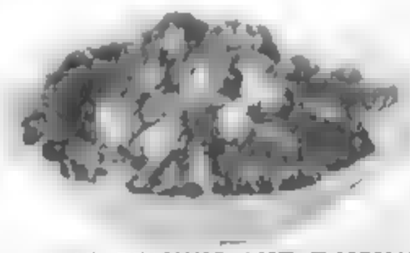
CALIFORNIA *Raisin Pie*

Full of juicy, thin skinned raisins. It is the ideal war-time dessert because it fills the bill as a delicious sweet and high-power food. And it's inexpensive. At bakeries, groceries and restaurants.



CALIFORNIA *Raisin Bread*

This is the bread of high nutrition. The raisins in it displace wheat and supply added rich flavor. No sugar is needed in raisin bread; the raisins supply the sweetening. Buy it of bakers and grocers.



STEWED PRUNES AND RAISINS

Just try this dish. Note how the raisin flavor gives new zest to that healthful fruit

BREAD PUDDING WITH RAISINS

A luxuriously flavored, low-cost dish when made with Sun Maid Raisins

INDIAN PUDDING WITH RAISINS

To your favorite recipe, add a few raisins after stewing for ten minutes.

RICE PUDDING WITH RAISINS

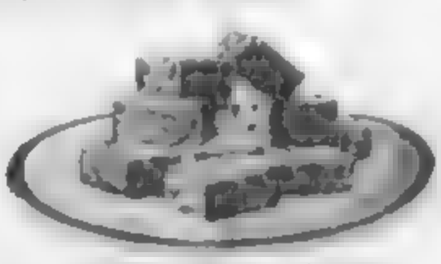
A dish that every one will like. We'll send a recipe that makes this food exceedingly attractive

RAISIN CORN BREAD

Make corn bread in your usual way, adding Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins just before placing in pan

JIFFY-JELL WITH RAISINS

Stew raisins for ten minutes. Cook. Place spoonful on top of moulded jelly and cover with whipped cream.



RAISIN CREAM CUTS

Add raisins to any candy cream or fudge mixture [illegible] pouring into pan. When cool cut into squares

RAISIN SALAD

The government urges the use of fruits and vegetables. Serve them together in the form of salads.

RAISIN CHOCOLATE CREAMS

Make regular cream mixture and add raisins. Allow mixture to cool and roll into balls; dip in chocolate

On Your Kitchen Shelves

Keep your kitchen supplied with several packages of all varieties of Sun-Maid Raisins. Have them handy for sudden needs. Raisin dishes are always welcome.

Three Sun-Maid Varieties

Seeded (seeds extracted); *Seedless* (grown without a seed); *Clusters* (on the stem). Buy Sun-Maid Raisins. Blue and Red Cartons at all dealers.

California SUN-MAID Raisins

California Associated Raisin Co. Membership 8,000 Growers. Fresno, Cal.

(Concluded from Page 55)

very rarely the case. Even a small pickerel will swallow almost any lure. If an angler strikes on the rise he is very apt, with a single hook spoon and pork rind, to catch a bass in the front part of the mouth. A pickerel will often take a Number Eight spoon down into its gullet. It might even do so with a battleship plug if there were not so many hooks. As to saving fish, the wound of a single hook inside the mouth is less destructive than the wound of a dozen on the outside of the mouth, that is sure; in fact it is the outside wounds that will produce fungus, and not the inside. I have seen a bass caught with a half dozen of its fifteen hooks sticking round its head, on one of these plugs. I have seen a bass with a treble of a plug fast in each eye. How about putting him back "unharmed"? Any angler knows that it is almost impossible to fasten one of these plugs by one of the trebles without one or more also catching on before the fish is brought to the net.

To certify my own recollection in regard to these baits—with the use of which I do not profess a great deal of personal familiarity, now or in the future—I had a talk this morning with an old-time tackle dealer in the largest shop of my city. We counted up fourteen different patterns of plug baits, each of which had fifteen hooks attached to it. These were all catalogued and listed lures, and were displayed in the counter shows. There are many more of these five-trebled baits made, in unlisted goods not catalogued. This old dealer tells me that there are more than a hundred and fifty different patterns of the plug baits. He tells me that he remembers to have seen them with twenty-one hooks, though he thinks that number is discontinued. With eighteen hooks he has often seen them, and sometimes with sixteen. To-day not many are made with more than fifteen, as they balance better in that way—two trebles on each side and one at the tail. There are some twelves, a very great many nines, some sixes and a very few fours.

Floating Bait

Though I long ago discontinued trolling, I should not be so rude as to call this an unsportsmanlike way of taking fish. It is customary in trolling to use one treble back of the spoon. I see no reason why a wooden bait if trolled with a single treble would not be so sportsmanlike as a spoon bait. I could not myself regard as a thing of possible use any one of these contrivances strung quite its entire length with treble after treble. In this belief I am joined by more and more anglers every year. Those who become rabid at this change of taste on the part of American anglers deal more largely in assertions than in reason. For instance, if our friend is so anxious to return fish to the water unhurt, and just wants sport with them, why should he not employ a plug with a single hook? That surely will hurt a bass less than one that holds nine, twelve or fifteen hooks! On the other hand, if a single hook is so deadly, and he wants to fish for fish to eat, why would not a single hook be precisely what he needs? I fancy the truth about the men who use these multiple-gauged casting lures is that they use them so that they can catch more bass. After that they adjust their arguments to this wish, open or concealed. Human nature seems to remain mighty human for the most part.

However, when doctors disagree there is time for someone to come in with a good compromise. Why should not the plug casters and the fly fishers compromise, and both be happy?

As to the attractiveness of the floating bait, there can be no question—half of the fun is in seeing the fish come to the surface to strike. That was why frog fishing used to appeal to me, though I never fish a live frog now. In fly fishing for bass it is sometimes impossible to see the fish strike on the surface because the fly is quite often rather large and apt to sink, and because a bass will usually strike a fly more readily a foot below the surface than on the surface. There is, however, an unmistakable attempt now to use the plug idea even in fly casting. I see on the market the little floating plug about an inch long, which is mentioned above. It has a couple of hooks below it, and is colored like a small minnow.

The Deadly Bass Bug

A yet more deadly lure is that now so popular on the Mississippi River, called the bass bug. It is merely a small piece of painted or even raw cork used as a body, large enough to float a single hook. At the shoulders of this cork body are attached two long streamers, sometimes of turkey feathers but more often of buck-tail hair. This is without question an adaptation and combination of the bass-plug idea with the buck-tail-fly idea, which latter has been advancing so much in the last year or so. The Mississippi River fishermen, who find in fly fishing for the small mouths one of the best forms of sport obtainable on the fly rod on this continent, say that these bass bugs are more deadly than any fly that they can find, and that it is great sport to see the bass come up on the surface after them.

It seems to be the case in the Mississippi River small-mouth fly fishing that some of the large and heavy patterns of flies, which we once used very exclusively, are now out of date. Smaller and brighter flies now are found effective, as well as the old Crawfish and Onondaga patterns that we once called staples for those waters. And now comes this new bass-bug idea, which for the moment seems to fill the fickle fancy of the small mouth. The invention is little more than a year old, and is that, I believe, of a Chicago tackle salesman who is himself an expert fisherman. He told me the other day that he expected to sell twenty thousand of these bugs this winter if he could get them made.

It was this same man, by the way, who was bold enough to write some years ago to some of the makers of the plug baits and tell them that they were injuring sport by putting out casting baits with these multiple gangs. He tells me that two of the concerns at once began to lessen the number of gangs. I myself hope that bass fishermen will use that casting bait which has on it the fewest hooks. Why not try the longer rod and the lighter lure? Perhaps we are on a good idea in this bass-bug stunt, and in any case it is quite worth trying out in other parts of the country.

Made to the same quality standard as the famous Vacuum Cup Automobile Tires

Pennsylvania

VACUUM CUP

BICYCLE TIRES

KNOWN wherever bicycles are ridden by their distinctive chestnut colored tread and resilient high-speed Vacuum Cups, so remarkably effective in skid-prevention on wet, slippery pavements.

The tread, the same stock as used in Vacuum Cup Automobile Tires, is built over a carcass of highest grade fabric. A special strip, to facilitate cementing tire to rim, is provided.

One universal size, made to fit either a 28" x 1 ¾", 28" x 1 ½", or 28" x 1 ¼" rim. Also Juvenile sizes.

Price Single Tube or Clincher each, $3.75

Makers of Auto Tires Too Tested

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

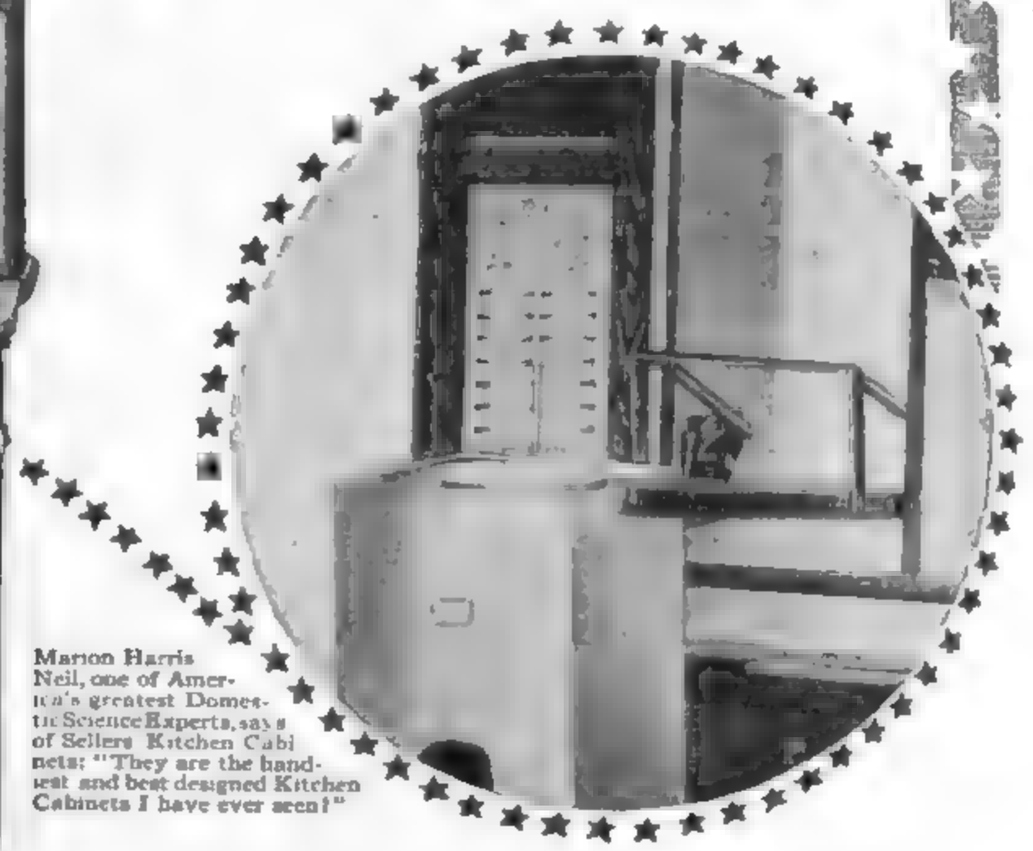
JEANNETTE, PA.

National Bicycle Week — May 5-11

Fifteen Remarkable Features that Women Have Always Missed!

Thousands of women have wished for this Automatic Lowering Flour Bin. No other cabinet has it!

(See description on opposite page)



Marion Harris Neil, one of America's greatest Domestic Science Experts, says of Sellers Kitchen Cabinets: "They are the handsomest and best designed Kitchen Cabinets I have ever seen!"

Sellers "Special"

Has patented Automatic Lowering Flour Bin and other special features published on this page. 70 inches high on ant-proof casters. 42 inches wide. 38 x 41 inch working surface when table is fully extended. Most convenient cabinet ever designed

Fully Guaranteed!

SELLERS CABINETS COST NO MORE THAN *ORDINARY* CABINETS

These 15 Star features combined in a single cabinet for the first time!

1. Automatic Lowering Flour Bin.
2. Automatic Base Shelf Extender in Lower Cupboard.
3. Ant-Proof Casters.
4. Gravity Door Catches.
5. *Porcelitron* Work Table.
6. Dovetailed Joints and Rounded Corners.
7. False Top in Base—Dust Proof.
8. All Oak.
9. Oil Hand-Rubbed Finish. Withstands Steam in Kitchen.
10. Full Roll Open Front.
11. Roller Bearings for Extension Work Table.
12. Commodious Kitchen Linen Drawer.
13. White Enameled Interior, Upper Section.
14. Sanitary Leg Base Construction.
15. Glass Drawer Pulls.

—and 32 other conveniences

Dealers Mail This

DEALERS:

The exclusive "Sellers" Agency in your town will be very profitable to you. Only a few open territories are available. Better write for our proposition at once. Use the coupon below.

Coupon

G. I. Sellers & Sons Co.
1008 13th St., Elwood, Ind.

Send complete details of your "exclusive sale" proposition, and big selling campaign.

Dealer's Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

SELLERS

The best Servant

Demonstrated by your Local Dealer during "Sellers Week" May 4 to May 11

Go see the wonderful Automatic Lowering Flour Bin and other features found in no other cabinet

After inspecting the new Sellers "Special," women wonder how they ever could have thought ordinary kitchen cabinets convenient.

Would you call clambering to the top of a cabinet with a 25 lb. sack of flour, in order to fill the flour bin, a convenience? No, of course not. Yet thousands of women have to do it.

The "Sellers" Way

In the new Sellers "Special" everything is *just where you want it*—and unexpected conveniences continually pop out to surprise you.

Our new Automatic Lowering Flour Bin, for example, is the most ingenious labor-saver ever designed.

A gentle pull brings it down level with the table top. You fill it easily. No climbing! No heavy lifting.

Then give it a start—your little finger will do it—and it noiselessly swings back into place!

Note, too, that it holds 50 pounds of flour! Think what that means!

This convenience alone makes the new Sellers "Special" the most desirable of all cabinets. *No other cabinet in the world has it!*

Many Other Conveniences

Recall the little conveniences you have always missed in cabinets you have seen. You will *find them* right here.

Because this new Sellers "Special" incorporates suggestions from hundreds of practical housewives—things women have always missed.

For instance, there's the Automatic Base Shelf Extender. When you open the door of the lower cupboard, the shelf of pots and pans is automatically extended.

Everything is in plain view and within easy reach from where you sit.

This is a special "Sellers" Feature.

Sellers Refinements

Then there's the guaranteed, sanitary, pure-white Porceliron Extension Work Table. A delight to every woman.

And note the patented Ant-proof Casters—a typical Sellers refinement. Prevents ants from getting into the cabinet.

It's simply amazing how many things usually omitted are here. Even such necessary features as the steam proof finish—the "white enameled interiors"—and little conveniences like the "three minute egg timer" are included.

Model Efficiency Kitchen Equipped with a "Sellers"!

This illustration is from actual photograph of a Model Efficiency Kitchen designed and equipped by the Good Housekeeping Institute and Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Co. Thousands of delighted women have visited it!

From among all kitchen cabinets the Sellers "Special" was selected for this honor. Why? Because it most ideally met the exacting "efficiency" requirements.

Because, in addition to remarkably strong construction, steam proof finish and unusual beauty, it offered conveniences which women have always wanted—and which are found in no other cabinet.

Read the entire list of Sellers "Special" features on opposite page. Think what they mean in convenience and service.

And remember! *No other cabinet in the world has all of them!* Most cabinets have only two or three.

SELLERS WEEK
May 4 to May 11, inclusive

The perfection of this incomparable Sellers "Special" is so important to the housewives of America that we have set aside "Sellers Week" (May 4 to May 11) for a nation-wide demonstration.

Go to your local dealer. See this wonderful Sellers "Special," designed by a thousand practical housewives. See its 15 long wanted features and remember the price is no higher than other cabinets which lack these conveniences.

Don't miss this chance! Most of our dealers will make special inducements during this national introductory week. Some will sell on attractive credit terms! Others will sell on the $1.00 down and $1.00 a week plan.

If you don't know your local dealer, write us for his name *at once*.

FREE BOOKLET

Tells all about the "Good Housekeeping Efficiency Kitchen." Describes in detail the distinctive labor-saving features of the Sellers "Special" and other Sellers Cabinets.

We will also include "21 Inexpensive Meals" prepared by Constance E. Miller, A. D. E. These are menus for a whole week—with recipes and information about appetising ways to prepare inexpensive foodstuffs. Every woman should have this book. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon completely filled in and we will send booklet free of charge or obligation.

Housewives—Mail this Coupon Today

G. I. Sellers & Sons Co., 1008 13th St., Elwood, Ind.

CABINETS *in your House*

COUPON

G. I. Sellers & Sons Co.
1008 13th St., Elwood, Ind.

Please send me, free of charge, copy of your interesting booklet, describing Sellers Cabinets and "21 Inexpensive Meals," by Constance E. Miler, A. D. E., and local dealer's name

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

I own a _____ cabinet. Date purchased? _____

If you have no cabinet check here ( )

SITTING ON THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 13)

own artillery, after sending over a few belated shells as though to say "I took the last crack"—our own artillery shut down.

Shortly the lieutenant reappeared. He was irritated, but there was a reluctant grin on his face.

"Nobody hurt except those three in that post, who got shaken up by a shell," he announced.

"You mean Ward?"

"Yes. He got knocked down. So did the others. But Ward came alive again and started in with the grenades. If the captain hadn't arrived to stop him he'd have thrown away our whole supply."

The lieutenant laughed.

"Guess what! He was as sore as a pup because the captain stopped him. 'I was doin' fine, lieutenant,' he said, 'until he made me quit.'"

And all this thunder of guns had accomplished nothing but the momentary stunning of three men, on our side. What the barrage did to the boches we never learned. That is the astounding thing about artillery fire. Guns thunder for hours, and when the casualty reports come in you learn that one private has been hit by a splinter.

I can well believe that it takes eight thousand dollars' worth of ammunition to wound a soldier, as the sharps figure. One night on the American sector boche batteries threw more than fifty-five hundred three-inch and six-inch shells, and the only casualties were a handful of wounded who happened to be out in a village street back among the supports.

"What started the row?" I inquired.

"All a mistake," answered the platoon commander in disgust. "We didn't want to call for a barrage at all. Somebody in the company on our right tried to send up a flare, but he got a barrage rocket by mistake. Wouldn't it jar you? That's war, every time."

Then he informed me that the captain had returned to his dugout in order to get in touch with the battalion post of command, and for me to join him there. He, the lieutenant, would send a man with me as guide. Remembering what Private Ward had said, I accepted with gratitude.

On rejoining the captain I found him engaged with pencil and paper in making out a requisition. A runner stood at his elbow—another message from the Battalion P. C.

Memo to the Supply Officer: Kindly furnish Company M with the following:

Revetment hurdle, 300 yds.
Revetment, frames complete, 200 yds.
Duckboard, 500 yds.
Barb wire, 50 coils.
Screw stakes, 500 coils.
20d. nails, 125 lbs.

While he was writing the telephone rang twice and he held terse conversations in code with his commander. On the table beside him was a pile of reports, left for his guidance by the captain of the company he had relieved.

"Look at 'em!" he said savagely. "*Regardez!* I'll be spending eight hours a day making out reports and junk like this. That pile will be two feet high before we get out of here."

Writer's Cramp in the Trenches

It grew to that and more. The amount of clerical work in the American Army is astounding. It is utterly ridiculous. The multitude of red-tape reports and forms which a company commander—and every other commander—has to fill in are a survival of peacetimes, when an officer didn't know what else to do with his time and it was considered wise to hedge the simplest proceeding with safeguards against possibility of graft or waste. That sort of thing did no especial harm so long as they had nothing better to do than garrison duty or to dance with the pretty girls and sprightly matrons; but in a war its continuance is shameful. An officer has hardly time for real work, what with fly-specking memoranda and piffling reports. It's high time the army got down to short cuts and eliminated lost motion.

It was getting on toward morning and already we could feel the sharp chill of dawn in the air. A sleepy soldier came in and laid a fire. To our bewilderment and wild joy the stove worked like a charm. Of course it smoked, so that we were enveloped in a blue haze that started us coughing; but a trench stove that doesn't smoke belongs in the same category as the whiffenspoof—there ain't no such bird.

Steps on the stairs. Another runner? It was one of the lieutenants this time. He entered slowly, staring all round the dugout. His eyes were wide with surprise and envy.

"You ought to see mine!" he exclaimed. "There's no floor on it; and mud? It's up to here! Say, captain, it'll take considerable work to fix it up. But this is a regular nest. Why, you're sittin' on me!"

"Sure!" scoffed the captain. "We're sittin' on the world, we are! Sit down, if you can find a seat. What's on your mind?"

It appeared that the lieutenant had rats on his mind. The sergeant who shared his dugout had thrown himself down on a bunk for five minutes' rest, and a big fat rat put its foot on his face.

"What? On his face?"

"Well," said the lieutenant, "as much of its foot as it could get on his face."

We remained up until daylight. Twice the captain went out to see that all went well. Occasional flares soared aloft from both sides, and the Germans used some star shells; also our men did considerable shooting into our own wire and tossed a few grenades. But that always happens when a fresh company takes over a trench. Indeed, either side can tell when new troops are in the line by the amount of aimless firing done.

The Best on the Front

Along about seven o'clock, when the two of us were nodding on our bench, the three lieutenants entered. Of course the two who had not yet seen the dugout broke into envious rapture.

"Why, you're sittin' on the world, captain! This is the best dugout on the whole Front."

"Forget it! Here comes the chow."

Seldom have I seen men so tired. Their faces were gray and drawn; dark circles showed round their eyes. While we were waiting for the striker to bring breakfast one of them toppled forward off the end of the bench, where he was sitting, but the fall woke him up and he squared away at the table.

"What've you got this morning, Thompson? S O S?"

"Yes, sir," returned the striker. "Same old slum. But I brought you some rice, too, captain. And the coffee's hot."

We fell to on the beef stew, which the army knows as "slum," and there was verbal silence for a while.

"The marmites have gone up to the men, sir," reported the striker. "They get the same as you've got here. Want some more bread, captain?"

Breakfast finished, the captain stretched himself and yawned. One of the lieutenants had fallen asleep with his head in a plate.

"And now," said the captain with a ferocity that dared anybody to dispute it, "I'm going to take a nap! If anybody tries to wake me up ——" He tumbled into a lower bunk just as he was, pulled up the blankets, and in two minutes was snoring rhythmically.

"Good idea," remarked one of the officers. "I'll get a wink or two myself."

He appropriated another bunk. Lest the two others should take it into their heads to follow suit and thereby leave me sitting on a bench, I made a dive for a lower. They could go to their own dugouts if they wanted to; and besides—besides—they—I—one had a plate to sleep on—and—anyway ——

It was broad day when I awoke, and the sunlight was streaming down the stairs. I could hear some soldiers talking and laughing at the dugout's entrance. The captain stirred and blinked at me.

"Say," he said, "what kind of a barrage was that you were putting down, anyhow?"

"Did I snore?"

"Did you snore! Wow! But that wasn't the worst. I've had three runners wake me up since you went to bed. Reports! Had to get up and send reports! What the devil do they think I am anyway? A dashed bookkeeper?"

At that moment came a sharp burst of shrapnel.

"Oh, oh!" said the officer. "Started on the kitchen again. That's their favorite morning pastime. Also at noon and most of the afternoon. You want to steer clear of the kitchen as much as possible. It's over back about a hundred yards, in those ruins."

Suddenly a thought struck him.

"Runner!" he bawled.

Right on his words a shrapnel broke almost at the mouth of the dugout and about fourteen men came piling down the stairs. The overflow, comprising three or four, catapulted through the door.

"All runners, hey?" sneered the captain. "Anybody hurt? That's good. How often have I got to tell you men not to gather in groups and hold a powwow. One of these days you'll get it and then you'll learn. Send me a runner, somebody."

A leather-jacketed soldier appeared, and to him the captain delivered a scribbled note for the battalion commander.

"And now for another nap," he murmured.

There was too much doing for me to sleep, and I went outside. We were in a devastated village. Had a cyclone struck it and then a thousand-ton road roller followed in its wake the destruction could not have been more complete.

Our trenches wound through the ruins. In places the line was cunningly hidden by camouflage. As I looked about there came a flash about twenty feet in air from the edge of the village; the boche was tossing more shrapnel at the kitchen, whose stack was giving out a brazen spiral of smoke. A group of soldiers lounging in that vicinity ducked for shelter. I could hear them laugh; one swore jovially.

"Where did that one bust, Sleuthfoot?" shouted a doughboy, and Sleuthfoot answered that you could search him, but it was plenty close enough.

Going along the duckboards a short distance I became aware of the muzzle of a gun protruding from a pile of débris. It was a machine gun, admirably concealed. Farther along I struck another; I would have passed this without seeing it had not a sergeant hailed me.

"Look up there!" he said. "See 'em? No; higher than you're lookin'. Way up above that bunch of clouds. Can't you hear the hum of their motors? One—two—four! Four boche machines. They're headed for our lines."

As we peered upward the sun glinted on the sky scouts, turning them all white. They were flying in a hollow square.

"By Cripes, look at that, will you?" yelled the sergeant.

Another machine had darted out of a cloud. It made straight up for the enemy. A breathless second and we saw tiny spurts of flame and smoke; later the reports floated down to us. A French airman had gamely tackled the four.

The Dead-Leaf Fall

And then my muscles grew taut, for the gallant Frenchman began to fall. With the nose of his airplane pointing toward the ground he came tumbling down, whirling round and round like a dead leaf. They had got him!

He fell perhaps four thousand feet. We were sure that he was done for; but about three hundred yards from earth he suddenly righted and his engine began to whir. He glided off in a graceful arc.

"See that? Did you see him?" cried the machine gunner jubilantly. "He was only playin' 'possum. Made like he was knocked out so they would follow him down and give our guns a chance. Watch now! Say, maybe that ain't shootin'!"

The anti-aircraft guns were barking. Plumy puffs of smoke appeared above, in front, below the invaders. Seconds later we caught the reports. It was the most perfect air barrage I ever saw. Usually they don't come within half a mile of the machine they aim at, but the Frenchmen had the range this morning.

"They're goin' back. They're beating it!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Man, but that was a pretty fight—the prettiest fight I ever seen!"

The trench ran through low land. In places the walls had crumbled; in others there were holes in the revetment where shells had struck. Clearly there was much work to be done here.

I peered over the top. Our wire stretched down the side of a gentle slope. Then there was a bare upland and beyond it the German wire. Still farther beyond towered a commanding hill, and against the bosom of the hill nestled a village that shone white in the sun. The boche held the hill and the upland below; he also held the giant ridge at the left of the hill—and we were far below him in a valley! While I was standing on tiptoe one of our batteries opened up the morning's music; bursts of smutty smoke in the village on the hill.

In spots the trench was deep with mud; in others it was quite dry. Some doughboys were working with picks and shovels clearing out the muck and deepening the narrow drain ditches. They appeared to be tired and sick of the job.

"Well, how're you feeling?"

"Nothin' but work in this man's army," one replied. "Here I been on duty all night and had just got to sleep when they come hollerin' for a detail to fix this place."

"It's tough, but things will improve later."

"They gotta, else we won't get no sleep."

One of the penalties that the first comers have had to pay is the penalty of drudgery. Labor is scarce, and the men of the first contingent have had to do pioneer work. Not only did they stand duty in the trenches all night, but they sweated with pick and shovel part of the day, and slept when they could. I doubt if they averaged better than five hours' sleep out of twenty-four during their first tours at the Front.

All that will change. Once we are properly organized—as soon as the men grow familiar with the work and life in the trenches—they will be able to maintain fairly regular hours and handle the jobs in shifts. That must come if we hope to keep them in fit fighting trim and spirits.

Pasquale's Excuse

There were very few soldiers in the trenches. Only a small percentage of each company stand at posts during the day; but at night the full strength must be out. The normal schedule of living is inverted; the night is for work and the day for sleep.

Going by the entrance to a dugout, I paused and then descended. A steep, dark stair led down about twenty feet underground. At the bottom there was a short passage leading to the left and I went groping along it. Presently a medley of sounds reached me—snores in every key except high C—and I turned on a flashlight.

Tiers of bunks on either side of a narrow aisle, something like a sleeping car; and from the bunks stuck human legs and arms and ends of blankets, and one head. The head asked: "What the hell is it now—another detail?"

I doused the light and backed out. The head turned over and began to mumble drowsily. At least twenty men were in the place, all sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. There was no stove, but the warmth of so many human bodies in that small space took off the chill of the air. It didn't add to the freshness, but one doesn't expect pure air and sheets on the Western Front.

Outside in the sunshine stood one of the lieutenants, comparatively fresh after a nap. He was questioning a soldier.

"Why didn't you carry those shoes on your pack, coming up yesterday, Pasquale?" demanded the officer. "Didn't you hear the orders?"

Pasquale pondered a moment, his black eyes troubled.

"But, loot'nent," he protested with an involuntary movement of his hands, "the packa, he no walk, sir."

I had noted a considerable strip of ground between a point where our trenches ended and where some other trenches began.

"Sure," said the lieutenant. "That's the way nearly all across the Western Front. It isn't a solid unbroken line of trenches like people at home think it is. For instance, there's quite a space between us and the next company. But it's filled with wire, and our machine guns and artillery can sweep it. You ought to have seen the place where we went in for training last November—that was a fright! There was a good seven hundred yards between two of the companies."

"But how do you connect up?"

(Concluded on Page 64)

Many railroad crossings are dangerous. Here, at 7 P. M., the photographer sees only the white range of the Conaphore protects your safety. Its yellow beam from the Conaphore keeps the beam safely down, and so makes for the safety of others

The Conaphore beam. Lenses covered. Does not comply with

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The Conaphore is the only headlight glass that shoots a beam of light through fog or dust without "back-glare." This is because it is made of Noviol Glass *(patented)*—a unique, yellowish-tint glass invented by Conaphore designers, and used in no other headlight device.

Blue and violet rays, present in all white light, are the chief cause of "back-glare" because they are easily diffused by fog or dust particles.

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[illegible]	.50	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	4.00	[illegible]	[illegible]
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CORNING GLASS WORKS

CORNING GLASS WORKS ALSO MANUFACTURES PYREX TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES AND PYREX CHEMICAL GLASSWARE

(Concluded from Page 62)

"Oh, by liaison patrols. The front platoon connects by patrol with the platoon on the left, and so on. They do it behind the wire."

That explained a lot of things I had not understood. It explained how a teamster could wander out into No Man's Land with his four-mule team. He had simply followed a road. There was one in full view that pierced our lines and went slap through the German lines too. No wire across it; no barrier of any description; nothing but a living hell of fire from machine guns and batteries for the first party that tried to penetrate—that's all!

We found Lieutenant C—— sound asleep in his dugout, with one booted leg trailing on the floor. In the bunk above snored a sergeant, his mouth wide open and his hands crossed on his chest.

"Look at that," whispered my conductor.

Fearful that the sergeant hadn't enough blankets the lieutenant had spread his overcoat across the other's bunk. It would have warmed your heart to see it.

There isn't the gulf between the lieutenants and noncoms that exists in peacetime; no, nor between officers and men, either. When you sleep beside a man and he sees you daily in your underclothes, and you grow to depend on each other, to rely on each other's pluck in a pinch—a pronounced loosening of formality results.

This officer and his sergeant had apparently been engaged in eating a fruit cake together before they went to sleep. Part of the cake—a belated Christmas gift from home—remained on the table, and there were two little heaps of crumbs. The trenches give a man wonderful powers of digestion; the pair had put at least a couple of pounds of the confection under their belts.

My companion was for rejoining his own platoon to make sure that certain orders he had given regarding feet had been carried out.

"Everybody washed 'em?" he demanded of one of his noncoms.

"Yes, sir. All except Banty."

"And why not Banty?"

"He said the water was too cold, sir."

"Send him here!" ordered the officer.

In a few minutes Private Banty put in an appearance. He was not a particularly prepossessing object—dirty, listless, with a thick stubble on his face.

"So the water was too cold, was it?" inquired the lieutenant, fixing him with his eye.

"Yes, sir. I just couldn't stand it."

"Cold water is exactly what a man needs for his feet—not warm. Now you go out there and wash 'em!"

"All the water's gone, sir."

"Wash 'em in the first puddle you can find. And listen to me, Banty: If I catch you missing a day on your feet I'll put you to work out on the wire at night. Understand me?"

"Yes, sir. I'll wash 'em, sir."

He saluted and hastened off. The platoon commander remarked: "He's a filthy nuisance, anyway. You see, if they don't wash their feet regularly they're apt to catch trench feet—and that's a trouble that calls for a court. So we have water brought up for the purpose every noon."

Razors for Cheerfulness

"How about shaving? And keeping clean generally?"

"Our men have got a lot to learn about that. Ever see the British, or the Canadians? They make me ashamed of fellows like Banty."

There was no denying it. Some of the American infantry have yet to learn the value of personal cleanliness in trench warfare. They are altogether too slack in this respect, in spite of the efforts of their officers. Of course it isn't an easy matter to keep shaved and clean in the mole existence of underground warfare, but if the British can do it so can we. Seasoned soldiers who have been in the game for years acquire such skill in cleanliness and conservation of water that they can make a pint furnish them a drink, a shave and a fairly comprehensive bath.

"A man is twice as cheerful when he's clean and fresh shaved," continued the lieutenant. "You know how it is yourself. There's nothing like it for morale."

Dinner was ready on our return to the company P.C., and the captain was seated in front of the table madly writing out another report.

"Only about the tenth I've had to fill in this morning," he said morosely.

The meal consisted of roast beef, potatoes in their skins, gravy, bread, jam and coffee.

"Zowie! Watch out that you don't drop a potato on your foot or you'll break your instep," he cried warningly.

The cooking was not what it might have been. No army in the world surpasses the American in its garrison ration, but meals in the field are much below what they ought to be. One of the troubles is that we have a goodly number of willing can openers, who only think they're cooks; another is that the meals so often go up to the men cold.

There is no valid excuse for that. They have huge marmite tins to transport the food, and the marmites will keep stuff warm for an hour if it is really hot when placed in them. Most of the company kitchens are within fifteen minutes' walk of the most distant point in the company line; a few are farther back, but that can be remedied.

The ration carriers bring up the marmites with breakfast about seven o'clock; dinner round three-thirty; and hot coffee at midnight. In some companies they serve three full meals at the regular hours, but the majority seem to fancy the above schedule as best suited to the work. Probably hot soup will soon be added to the coffee at midnight.

"Just got a bunch of letters," remarked a lieutenant. "Some of them are ninety days old. What the mischief is the matter with our mail service anyway? It's a joke."

Everywhere in the army I had heard the same complaint. The delays ranged from forty to sixty days. And a number of officers had had their mail returned to America marked "Not in France" or "Not known in the A.E.F." In one instance three truckloads of Christmas mail were sent to the wrong division and had to be returned; naturally those letters and packages were late in reaching their owners.

What the Boys Don't Get

There are supposed to be two deliveries a day in the trenches, by runner. The mail comes from division to brigade headquarters; from brigade to regimental, which is usually back near the artillery; and thence to the battalion post of command, situated half a mile or a mile from the front line and connected with it by communication trenches. Arrived there, it is sent by runner to the various companies.

You will note that I said "supposed to be two deliveries a day." One is "supposed" to get a lot of things in the army that seldom materialize, but the system enables department heads to assure critics that the soldiers receive such and such regularly. Haven't they orders and regulations on hand to prove it? But as a matter of fact the troops don't get the stuff.

Take firewood and charcoal, for instance. A certain supply is designated for each company per day.

If they ever receive the full supply I have yet to learn of it, and I spent weeks in various parts of the Front. Usually they went short of fuel or entirely without it; and this was in winter.

All that afternoon and during succeeding days our artillery shelled villages and positions in the German lines, and the Germans sent a desultory fire against ours. The American artillery was far more active. Some of us who tried to keep a tally on the shells tearing overhead figured that we gave about three back for every one the boches sent over. Indeed, the minute Heiny flings a salvo at one of our positions the American gunners go back at him with three or four for his one.

"Fine business!" say the doughboys.

Yet they grumble a lot at the artillery. For everything will be peaceful and lovely, and then out of complete silence the American batteries will start something.

"There they go again!" cry the infantry. "Stirrin' him up! First thing you know, Heiny'll be puttin' 'em over on us. What do you know about those guys? They don't care what happens to the infantry. And if you'd let 'em they'd stick their dog-goned guns right in our dugouts."

But the infantry have immense confidence in our artillery. Every time they call for a barrage the American batteries respond like a flash of lightning. Their protecting fire is well-nigh perfect. One battery of three-inch guns is said to have fired three hundred and eighty shells in twenty minutes during a raid alarm.

The civilian population of a country can produce bumper crops of amazing rumors during a war, but they aren't a circumstance to the kind that fly through an army. You'll hear the doughboys gravely discussing the capture of two thousand Germans by a small American patrol, or the arrest of certain officers as spies, or the presence of boche spies right in the trenches in the uniforms of lieutenants. One group in a dugout solemnly assured me that they had been visited by a major who talked with them a while and asked a number of questions; they had grown suspicious and were about to arrest him when he left and went along the trench toward the company P.C.; of course he was a spy! Now, that major belonged to our own Intelligence Section.

However, these tales recurred vividly to mind a couple of nights later when a corporal found a private's uniform hidden in one of the small drain ditches that led off from the trench.

It was left there; they left it, with a small party in ambush close at hand. But nobody appeared to claim the parcel. What was the purpose of the man who had put it there? It was not American property. All our own men were accounted for and all had their uniforms intact.

"Probably a boche," said the captain. "He aimed to sneak over and mingle with our men—one of those Heinies who've lived in the United States. And he didn't want to get into the uniform till he reached our trenches, for fear of capture in No Man's Land. You see, that'd lessen his risk of being taken as a spy—you know what they do to spies."

We had been talking of gas and thinking of gas for several days. Men fear that worse than shells. Often the sirens blew and the bells rang, but a few minutes after we had donned masks somebody would announce that it was a false alarm. Still, everybody felt that we were bound to get the real thing soon.

Worn out by lack of sleep I threw myself into a bunk about midnight and dropped off immediately. All was then serene, with stars powdering the sky and harmless flares going up now and again on Heiny's side of the world.

At three-thirty o'clock stumbling feet sounded on the stairs of the dugout and a panicky voice bawled "Gas! Gas!" I came awake with a jump, my heart going nine hundred to the minute. The sentinel at the door was now beating a gong. All up and down the trenches I could hear the sirens blowing.

The mask lay beside my head; nobody parts from it in the trenches, even in sleep. The thing went on readily enough, all but the nose clip. For some baffling reason the nose clip would not work. Meanwhile I was being rapidly strangled, because the sides of the mask kept drawing in with each breath; it is impossible not to breathe through the nostrils as well as the mouth, unless the nose is closed.

Gas Mask Troubles

But at last it was adjusted. I took a long deep pull to test the contrivance; it worked perfectly.

"Anybody there?" I mumbled into the dark.

No answer; the captain had gone out to investigate; so also had the lieutenant, who had been smoking on a bench when I dropped off.

The sirens had ceased. A silence—deep, threatening, horrible—held the trenches. I could picture the masked men waiting motionless at their posts for the creeping, deadly poison to get in its work.

But what might happen to the masked men at their posts was of less concern to me at the moment than what was going to happen to myself. Gas is heavier than air and consequently runs down holes—and I was in a dugout below the surface, with stairs for the gas to come down.

The minutes passed. I lay there in sweating passivity, waiting for the worst. I had heard that mustard gas will burn through one's clothes. Was it mustard?

It was. My legs began to smart; then my arms. Well, I thought, that's better than inhaling it; if I can only keep it out of my lungs, a few burned patches won't be so bad.

And then it happened—the nose clip came off. I groped for the thing in the dark through the folds of the mask. It wasn't where it ought to have been; it wasn't anywhere; it was gone for keeps.

If you have never stared Death in the face—remorseless, agonizing Death—you cannot know what I felt then. There was gas in the dugout, for I could feel it on my legs; and my only protection had failed!

The thought scared me so that I began to pant. And the minute I panted the mask threatened to strangle me. After a while I got myself under control and lay down again. For a time breathing was easier; but it was no use. I could not get my breath properly without the nose clip in place.

How long my sufferings lasted I have no notion. But when they reached a point where I was purple in the face and could only get air in choking gulps and gasps the alternative presented itself of strangling to death inside the mask or perishing miserably with the gas in my lungs. Which should it be? I recalled that men sometimes lived for days after being gassed, whereas the strangulation route meant immediate dissolution.

The Captain's Requisition

I tore off the mask and drew a deep, grateful breath. What if the air did smell of iron filings in acid, which was the identical smell of gas as described by the captain? At any rate I was saved for the moment.

I lay back again, composed my arms and legs into a decent position and strove to resign myself to a Christian end. It was a terrific job. Why should I perish thus in the flower of my youth? Besides, I wasn't read to die. A lot of things recurred to memory that I ought to have done before facing the hereafter—and a whole lot more I ought not to have done.

Strange, but after about ten minutes of mental torture a curious peace stole over me. And in that moment I resolved that if I had to die I'd do it like an honest white man. When they found me there in the morning they'd find the body of one who had passed serenely, anyway, and with his arms crossed on his breast.

Footsteps on the stairs; they groped hesitatingly, as though the walker did not know the way. Probably he had his mask on.

Somebody stepped through the dugout door, and the voice of Lieutenant M—— said in a tired, bored tone: "Take it off! Another false alarm!"

Next morning we learned that the alarm had started somewhere far away in the French line. It swept along the Front. Seventeen miles of trenches took it up.

The major blew in from his battalion P.C. about dinnertime to make inquiries concerning the incident and to look over things in general.

"Major, how about that requisition I put in the other day?" inquired the captain, who now looked like ten nights in a furnace room. "That stuff hasn't come up yet."

"You didn't send me any requisition," retorted the major. "I was wondering about it."

"What?" The captain began wildly to turn over the mass of papers on the shelf. "I never sent it? Why, of course I did, sir! I remember —— Well, I'll be —— You're right. I didn't. Here it is."

"Fill her out now," suggested the major, "and I'll take it along with me."

While the captain was glancing over the list to ascertain whether he had forgotten anything the battalion commander gazed round the dugout.

"Say, Stuart," he remarked, "you're certainly comfortable here. You're sitting on me. Why, you're sitting on the world!"

"Oh, sure!" cried the captain with a maniacal laugh. "This is a salon."

He glared at the major a moment; then his eye fell on the piles of reports and memoranda and official notes. And his soul rose in revolt. He grabbed the requisition.

Memo to the Supply Officer: Kindly furnish Company M with the following:

Revetment hurdle, 300 yds.
Revetment, frames complete, 200 yards.
Duckboard, 500 yds.
Barb wire, 50 coils.
Screw stakes, 500 coils.
20d. nails, 125 lbs.

Taking up his pencil, he added to it in a large firm hand:

Stenographer—one Blonde.

There's a glorious thrill for you in this record by Muratore, of the "Marseillaise"

MURATORE, the great French tenor who created such a furore in the operatic world upon his appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, when he sang the "Marseillaise," has made a record of it that you must hear.

He sang the "Marseillaise" for its Pathé recording exclusively—immediately after his return from service in the French Army.

It sends the fire of battle through the veins of every listener. Whether or not Muratore had been on the firing-line, he would thrill you in the "Marseillaise."

But as it is, he has sung the "Marseillaise" as it never has been sung before.

"La Marseillaise" (De l'Isle) Muratore, in French. } 12"
"La Marseillaise" Enlisted Pals (Dear Dream), Muratore, in French. } No. 63[illegible]7

No necessity to change The permanent Pathe Sapphire Ball takes the place of needles.

Records don't wear out

With the Pathe [illegible] the tone volume can be increased or decreased at will.

Pathe phonographs play perfectly Pathe Records and all other makes of records.

Yes, this record will play on your machine. *It will.* Ask the nearest Pathé dealer how. *All* Pathé Records may be played on *any* machine, no matter what make.

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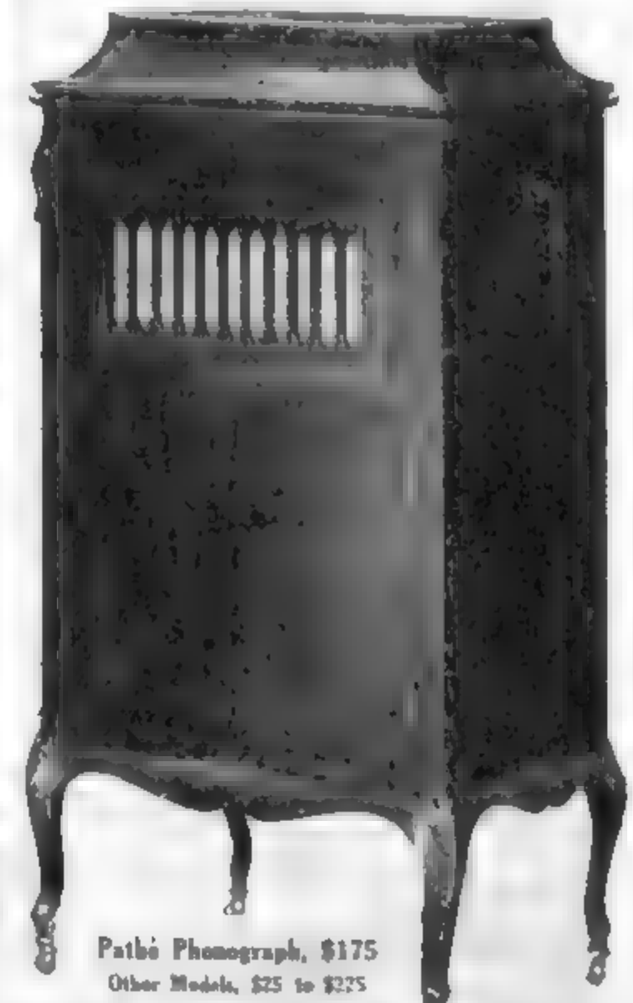
MURATORE

Muratore [illegible] Pathé [illegible] Ask the Pathé dealer to [illegible] Muratore Records



Pathé Phonograph, $175
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When Pathe Records are played on the [illegible] other Pathe Phonograph, there is a [illegible] of perfect tone, of true concert [illegible] of volume for ear, appearance, [illegible], fine quality, compare the Pathe Phonograph with any other at any equal price. The advantage will be all Pathe.

DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

Building Cantonments *with Disston Saws*

Where hours press, where every sweep of the saw must count, the experienced carpenter rightly depends upon Disston saws.

That is why you would have found Disston saws in the hands of about three out of every four carpenters who built the cantonments for the National Army.

Disston cross-cut saws have felled and bucked much of the pine, fir, spruce and hemlock for the 16 great army cities. Great power-driven Disston circular and band saws figured largely in milling it into proper lengths.

Every Disston saw embodies precisely the design, hang, temper, tension, set and polish, that help produce the best work. You will save much muscle-taxing labor by sawing with a Disston.

Disston saws run easiest, cut fastest, and last longest. Disston saws and tools are made from the highest grade of crucible steel, made in the Disston Plant, under Disston direction. So well-ground is the steel in Disston saws that the need of setting is reduced to the minimum.

When you buy your next saw, follow the example of experts, and get a Disston. Send today for the Disston Handbook on Saws. Disston saws and tools are sold by all progressive hardware dealers in your vicinity.

DISSTON FILES are as famous for quality and performance as Disston Saws. We manufacture all our files from the best quality File Steel, made in our own steel works. We use more than 35,000 dozen Disston Files annually in our own shops. Every Disston file is marked with the name "Disston." Ask your dealer.

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FIGHTING THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE

(Continued from Page 17)

was that the second state of the refugees was worse than the first. They did not have to pay rent, to be sure; but living in such vicious surroundings, with insufficient food, heat, light and air, had its deadly effect, and the toll of tuberculosis among this class is extremely high."

Let us call this family Exhibit Number Two.

The next day, still attended by the nurse, I visited a family of *rapatriés*. There was a tall, gaunt, hollow-eyed, taciturn father in a workman's white smock; a tiny energetic mother, gray-haired, black-eyed, and neat as a pin; a slender gold-haired daughter with a cough; and her son, a ruddy clear-eyed schoolboy, not yet infected, but what is technically termed predisposed. In this small cramped household of two rooms all told, absolute cleanliness prevailed. And moreover, it was cheerful, cozy, homelike. One knew on the instant who was the fairy upon that hearth. It was the wiry intense little old woman with work-worn hands and heart of enduring steel.

Exhibit Number Three

The daughter's husband, it appeared, had contracted tuberculosis in a munitions factory in the invaded district, where he had been held to enforced labor by the Germans. Long brutal hours, undernourishment, exposure, compulsory work during sickness—these things had finished him. And when he was done for, a liability henceforth instead of an asset, the Germans had flung the entire submerged family back upon France.

There after a month the breadwinner had died. Technically he died of tuberculosis. But his wife said quite simply with never a tear in her eye that he did not die of tuberculosis; he died of a broken heart. And now the little family was shipwrecked, without a sou to call its own. The government gave it a nucleus of support, and this was being supplemented by the American Red Cross, which was also undertaking the specific problem of tuberculosis.

Let us call this Exhibit Number Three—*rapatriés*, infected with tuberculosis by a member of the family who developed the disease through working under intolerable industrial conditions in the great mining and manufacturing districts of the north captured by the enemy. Here the Germans are gutting not only the natural resources of the country but also the health of its inhabitants. At the time of the invasion about two and a quarter million French people remained back of the lines in the captured territories. And when these became too old, too sick, too broken down for economic profit, they were transported back to France by Evian-les-Bains on the Swiss frontier. This small town thus became a kind of Ellis Island retention station for a vast processional of the physically unfit.

Just what is the exact percentage of tuberculosis among these returned civil prisoners it is impossible to state, but certainly the percentage is high. From 150,000 to 175,000 would be a conservative estimate of the number of cases. This is one of the most malignant effects of the whole war—its repercussion upon the health of the innocent noncombatants, the aged, the women, the children.

Within the course of the next few days I made the rounds of the barracks for French soldiers affected with the disease. This class we may call Exhibit Number Four. And here also I put the invariable queries: How many tuberculous soldiers are there in France right now, at the present minute? How did they contract the disease? Did the war do it—the inevitable exposure and hardships of trench life, the wet underground shelters, the sudden return of civilized human beings to savage, almost primordial, conditions of existence? Or was the disease in all of these men beforehand, and did war simply bring it forth?

In short, what effect has war upon the great white plague, the curse of modern civilization? Does it tend to make the percentage soar skyward or does it tend to depress it? Just where does tuberculosis hit a nation at war? Or does it, indeed, land a body blow at all? Is the idea that it does, after all, just a myth, a popular fallacy? These were the questions in the front of my brain—with America and our own soldiers in the background, of course—as I went to and fro and up and down. I demanded answers of every medical expert that I met—French, English, American. And if there had been any German savants round I should have asked them too!

Out of it all I made some rather surprising discoveries. Sensational journals and a certain portion of the lay public, always avid for the dramatic, the melodramatic—whether true or untrue—have for the last few months, since America's entry into the war, been busily disseminating exaggerated reports of the amount of tuberculosis in France, and especially in the French Army. No doubt this particular report is traceable in some degree to German propaganda. For it is the foremost article in the creed of the enemy that the French are a decadent race—Verdun and the Crown Prince notwithstanding.

And this pseudo-scientific report artfully implanted in the breasts of American mothers is to the effect that to-day France and her army are eaten up with tuberculosis. That the death rate is frightful—though of course suppressed! That to American soldiers crossing overseas the menace of this disease from the French Allies is infinitely greater than the menace of the boche and his guns. That war kills its thousands but tuberculosis kills its tens of thousands. It is a beautiful piece of propaganda fiction—but here are the actual facts. They are vouched for by M. Godart, Undersecretary of State:

Since August 2, 1914, up to October 31, 1917, the French have had 80,551 *réformés* of the second class from tuberculosis, and 8879 *réformés* of the first class, by the same cause; making a total of 89,430 cases of tuberculosis in an army mustering millions of men, which has been in the field for more than three years. Where, then, are those terrible ravages from disease? They are not in the ranks of the French forces. They are in the minds of our enemies!

Not a Trench Disease

It is interesting to note at this point that at the close of the first year of the war France invalided six times as many men for tuberculosis as she did in the last year. The official count for 1915 was 65,000, while that for 1917 was about 11,000. The reason for the retirement of such a great number at the end of the first year is not far to seek. At the time of the mobilization the entire nation was called hurriedly to arms. It was impossible in that crisis to make complete examination of the troops. The consequence was that many cases of latent, incipient or arrested tuberculosis were mobilized, and many of these developed active disease in the preliminary training camps and still more developed the disease during that first terrible year of warfare.

But given a man in sound health, with no predisposition to the malady—and here is where the work comes in of the examining board which passes upon the candidate in the first place—trench warfare does not, as is popularly supposed, tend to develop tuberculosis. On the contrary the hours spent in the open air—and it will be remembered that the tubercle bacilli die in the open air; the hardening physical exercise; the regular hours; the discipline of habit; the curtailment of alcohol and of frequenting of the crowded places where it is to be obtained—all these elements tend to raise the physical standard of a man. A trench is a far better place any day than a sweatshop, so far as tuberculosis is concerned. So that if sufficient care is taken to sift out the infected candidates at the start the state—and the mother—may be reasonably assured that at least it will not be from tuberculosis that her soldiers die.

The Surest Remedy

England proved this thesis up to the hilt. The mobilization of her troops was done deliberately and with infinite precautions. Special examinations were made of all cases showing any signs whatever of infection, and rigid exclusion was enforced. The result of this fine long-sighted vigilance is that the English troops to-day are practically free from this disease. Instead of tens of thousands of cases the number is only a few thousands—and this out of a muster of more than five million men.

As a matter of fact tuberculosis, which does indeed pull down a nation at war—and there must be no mistake made on that score; it is a profound, a terrible menace to every belligerent power—does not achieve its result by a direct frontal attack upon the health of the soldiers in the trenches. The Front is not its theater of action, so to speak. In other words, it is not the hardships of the battle line which breed, develop and disseminate the disease; it is, instead, the misery war creates behind the lines. It is not upon the soldier in the trench but upon his wife and children reduced to want that the scourge falls. Vicious conditions of industry for women; long straining hours of labor in factories, no matter how good the pay; overcrowded living quarters; undernourishment; the whole by-product of war, its famine and poverty and woe—these, and not military life, are the progenitors of the disease.

Scourges which in former eras have decimated armies have been to a great degree exterminated by science. Cholera, typhoid fever, cerebrospinal meningitis, smallpox, those ravaging giants of disease that stalked the earth in bygone days, and by the smoke of whose breath whole armies festered and fell, trouble us no more. They have become legendary. But tuberculosis remains. And the reason for this is that war, modern war, is no longer a mighty pageant of fluttering banners and glittering armored knights on proudly prancing steeds, but a dull, humdrum business of railroads and ships; of munition factories and iron foundries; of coal mines deep in the earth; of food and clothing manufactories; of people speeded up, working long hours in crowds. And tuberculosis is a disease of crowds.

Thus it is not upon the Front but in the obscure rear that a nation must keep constant watch and ward against this disease. For what avail is it to maintain an army of soldiers strong and healthy and sound; to expend millions upon their physical welfare; to ransack the country for the best medical brains to serve in base hospitals and on examining boards—and then to leave the other half of the race, the women, the children, the aged, with the added burden of war, to scrub along as best it may?

Any nation that looks after the health of its troops at war and does not give equal—or more—attention to its people at home is a nation that is rowing a mighty leaky boat. To change the figure it is like barring the windows against attack, piling up barricades of furniture, placing sharpshooters at every crack, and leaving the door wide open to assault. A good slogan for wartime is the following: Take care of the health of the whole country and the health of the battle line will take care of itself. This is particularly true in the case of tuberculosis. And unless a nation is willing to do this thing it may as well ring down the curtain.

Gathering together the various exhibits and typical cases mentioned above it will be seen that tuberculosis has gained a strong foothold in France through the following channels:

The French prisoners returned from Germany. There are from 350,000 to 400,000 French prisoners of war in Germany, and among those who have been exchanged the death and sick rates are excessively high. It is estimated that in this class the percentage of those infected with tuberculosis is from 30 to 40 per cent.

The refugees. These number about two million, and while no accurate figures are available tuberculosis counts its thousands among this group.

The *rapatriés*, or civilian prisoners, enslaved in brutal industrial conditions in Northern France. Of those who have returned to their native country from 150,000 to 175,000 are tuberculous.

The army, with its 89,430 cases.

The civilian population outside the above groups. Tuberculosis has not of course decreased in this class since the war. It would be a conservative estimate to say that about 150,000 cases exist here in addition to those already accounted for.

The Records of the Past

This makes a grand total of from 400,000 to 500,000 cases of tuberculosis in France to-day. This is a higher proportion than is to be found in England or America. By glancing again at the various groups it will be seen that one reason for this high rate of disease is due to the fact that France has paid—and is still paying—the heaviest price of any of the Allies in the war. She has lost not only her soldiers, her industries, her lands, but she has had thrown back upon her straining shoulders millions of civil invalids and economic dead weights. Her frontiers are filled to overflowing with sick, diseased, mutilated, aged, used-up, burned-out, broken-down refugees and *rapatriés*; and her cities are crowded to their very gates with the same. No other nation has suffered such an open, bleeding wound in the side as has France in this affair. Her own body has borne—and is still bearing—the unspeakable brunt of this war. Constant allowance must be made for this abnormal situation in any study of figures or of fact.

The above statistics represent the *status quo*, the now, the to-day of tuberculosis in France. Let us turn back a moment and look at the yesterday of the disease, since all our to-days are built on our yesterdays. Before the war France was not roused to the peril of tuberculosis as were England and America. There were a few leaders, to be sure, who knew all about it, but knowledge concerning it and its prevention was not popular or widespread. No national educational campaign had been conceived to combat its growth. There were few clinics, no visiting nurses, practically no hospitals or sanitaria given over exclusively to the care of the disease. It was not generally supposed to be communicable. An advanced case was placed in the general ward and took his chance with the others; and they took their chances with him.

In addition to this lack of specific medical and nursing attention the French themselves have an invincible distaste to fresh air. Windows in their habitations are not

(Continued on Page 70)

The Traveling Tuberculosis and Child-Welfare Exhibit of the Commission for the Prevention of Tuberculosis

We Save by Making Only the Shoes that Women Want

EACH season, out of hundreds of styles and lasts in the average maker's output, there are a dozen or two that women want. The rest are mere variations, novelties, trial designs

Storekeepers buy according to their judgment.

This element of guess work in shoe styling is expensive for everybody—the maker, the store and the customer. You pay for the shoes you want and you pay something toward the shoes nobody wants. They are a part of the cost of doing business

Almost any storekeeper or manufacturer will admit that he could afford to sell much cheaper if he knew in advance just the styles that would take.

IT does not seem to us there should be any great mystery about what women are going to want. Shoes are intended to dress the feet, to give comfort and service. If they are to be smart and dressy they must go with the current styles in women's clothes.

This for instance is a tailored season, and shoes must have a simple, smart, tailored effect

Much of the success of the Regal business is due to the sense of what women are going to want in footwear

We have perhaps a peculiar position or advantage in our 26 years of experience as retailers.

Besides a thousand Regal dealers in towns and cities throughout the United States, there are half a hundred Regal Stores in the great metropolitan centers where we are in touch every day with the current style tendencies and we get our knowledge of the shoes women want right at first hand.

HOW many shoe manufacturers or retailers are posted on the style tendencies in women's dress? Yet shoes are made to wear with clothes—they are not a thing apart—not an article of household decoration—but the very foundation of a correct general effect in dress

Here is an example:

Put on this Mineola Pump (illustrated)—note the refinement in its lines and modelling—note the little Tailored Bow of brown silk, the newest style feature—feel the "glovey" Nut Brown calf-skin mould itself to your foot. Also to be had in Black selected calf-skin with bow to match—plain toe. You can go a long way and not find its equal at **$6.75**

You may see shoes that *look* handsome in the *store windows*—but you know a Regal shoe is made for *service on your feet* as well and earns its popularity because the price is right.

REGAL SHOES

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
208 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

(Continued from Page 68)

numerous, and at night are always kept closed. The houses too are apt to be low-ceiled, dark and damp—safe harborages for microbes. As an offset to this the French peasant of the old agricultural régime worked in the open air, walked several kilometers to and from his field, and had a constitution like heart of oak. But once infected, his home surroundings, his hatred of fresh air made him an easy prey.

It was not until 1915, at the close of the first year of the war, that France became roused to the fundamental gravity of the situation, and also to her own backwardness in general education in this subject. In that year, 1915, she invalided, as has been said, 65,000 tuberculous soldiers from the army. Somewhat startled by the size of this figure she began to look about her and investigate the why and the wherefore of this unfortunate state, as well as where she stood on the entire problem. She took stock.

There is one fine characteristic of the French race: They are realists; they don't try to dodge the issue; they face facts; they want to know the worst; and they stick the truth about themselves in the newspapers for all the world to read. Thus the tuberculosis situation in France when it first saw the light of publicity seemed much graver than it actually was, because the French themselves aired it so thoroughly from every point of view. They were bound to get to the bottom of the subject—to probe the wound to its full depths—no matter what sensation-mongers and scare-head journals and feeble-minded pacifists might say. And they found two causes for the increase of the disease: First, the reaction of war upon the population; and second, their own negligence and inertia.

Practical Difficulties

With these facts in its possession the French Government, thoroughly roused, took immediate action. Ten thousand beds—all it could muster at the hour were placed at the disposal of the tuberculous soldiers. Five thousand more were to be added within the year. These were for the advanced cases. But most of the soldiers were returning home, where of course they spread infection. So it was decided further to combat the disease by installing dispensaries and visiting nurses. In accordance with this decision the government called upon the different departments, which correspond approximately to our states—to care for their own infected soldiers, to erect barracks or sanitary stations, and to give the patients a three months' course of instruction in the care and the prevention of the disease.

But to build up a strong, effective organization, involving sanitaria, clinics, visiting nurses and educational propaganda, is not the enterprise of a day, especially when there are no bricks to build with, and no straw to make the bricks. Hospitals? They were already crowded with wounded. New hospitals, then? No lumber or labor to build them. Doctors? At war—save for a few exempt by age from military service. Nurses? Also otherwise engaged. Educational propaganda? Not yet printed or even conceived. Moreover, the 10,000 beds commandeered by the government for the soldiers were not by any conceivable stretch of the imagination sufficient for 65,000 cases. And that left, moreover, no provision for the civilian population.

It was in fact a grim problem with which France suddenly found herself confronted. And its grimness was intensified by the fact that she dared not deflect her energies from the war in order to cope with it full face. She had to come at it obliquely, with what money, scientific men, buildings and apparatus she could spare from the big struggle in front. The inevitable result was that such barracks as were established suffered from an insufficient staff; from poor food ignorantly prepared; from a lack of necessities and comforts; and from a general meagerness and slackness of administration. They were sorry and desolate places. French organizations were at work all over the country trying to ameliorate conditions, but their labors were isolated. There was no concert or harmony of action, no big consolidated vision to inform the whole.

Joining Forces

At about this period Mrs. Edith Wharton, the novelist, whose efforts for France have been unremitting since the outset of the war, started a campaign for the relief of the tuberculous created by the war. Money was collected; committees were formed; sanitaria were opened; and, what was best of all, the eyes of the world were focused upon this new field. It was pioneer work of the finest description. All this took place before America entered the war. Her advent into the conflict, in 1917, meant of course American soldiers in the field; but it also meant American doctors, American trained nurses, and the finest scientific and medical aid for the suffering country behind the battle lines.

And before our first oversea troops landed in Europe the American Red Cross, that extra-military organization which General Pershing called the first constructive contingent of the American Army, was already on its job. And almost the first thing which hit that organization square in the eye was the gravity of the tuberculosis problem. Accordingly a bureau to handle that phase of relief work was immediately organized, with Dr. Charles White as its head.

Simultaneously with the establishment of this department in the Red Cross the Rockefeller Foundation Commission for the Prevention of Tuberculosis in France began its activities. Its chief was Dr. Livingston Farrand. Thus there were two—three, if Mrs. Wharton's society be counted—distinct American organizations whose goals were similar. Obviously the first step was to pool interests, coordinate, amalgamate.

And this is what was done: Mrs. Wharton turned over her activities to the Red Cross, as the more powerful organization with an all-American support. And her work thus became a nucleus for future development. Then the director of the Red Cross and the director of the Rockefeller Commission took counsel together and evolved a plan of campaign, a kind of working hypothesis, so that all their individual schemes dovetailed, and each backed and supported the other. In other words they decided on teamwork instead of single harness. This is the salient characteristic of the policy of the Red Cross organization in Europe. Its watchword is: Get together, compose your differences; merge; unify; collaborate; hit harder by everybody hitting all together at once. No doubt it is better fun for each separate little relief organization to play the game off in a corner by itself; there is more color, more human contacts, more personal prestige, more leeway for individual idiosyncrasies. But America is not in this business for fun, and these scattering attacks are not going to win the war. If persisted in they will help to lose it.

It should not be understood, however, that the goals of these two big serious organizations, the Red Cross and the Rockefeller Commission, are identically the same. The Red Cross in all of its diverse, complicated phases—and to-day it is one of the most complicated organizations in Europe, with almost as many convolutions as the human brain—upon all its battle fronts and rears, no matter how widely the individual problem varies, has for its aim always and forever the one thing—to help win this war. That achieved, its function in Europe eases.

It is a supple emergency organization, forged to give swift reënforcement to any segment of the circle which stands in danger of caving beneath the pressure of war. It plays the entire circle. It has hundreds of radii. The tuberculosis problem is simply one of the segments. To-morrow it may be another segment clear across the circle. The aid given is war aid, immediate, varied to the individual need. That sketches in, the large the policy of the Red Cross with regard to this particular field.

The Rockefeller Foundation

The policy of the Rockefeller Foundation is different; it is at once more permanent and profound. It is not here for a month or a year or for the duration of the war; it is here until it has achieved its purpose, which is, as its name signifies, the prevention of tuberculosis in France. A big program, that! Its aim is not to cure so many tuberculosis patients, to relieve so many families containing an infected member, to send so many blankets and supplies to meagerly equipped plants—though it does that, incidentally, through the collaboration of the Red Cross. Its main purpose is to strike, through the French Government itself, at the very root and cause of the disease.

To state the problem differently, by means of a figure: The commission does not propose to catch one after another the mosquitoes that infest a swamp, in the hope that some day the rest of the mosquitoes will become discouraged and fly away; it proposes to induce the government to drain that swamp. In a problem of this proportion, involving the education of an entire nation, years are as but a day, as a dream in the night, and this whole war itself but an episode. Ten, twenty years hence, the work of the Foundation will be more manifest than it is to-day. For what it proposes to build, or rather to induce France to build, is nothing more or less than a noble edifice of public health. It is building block by block, and the Red Cross is contributing some of the stone. Stated technically, by a physician: "It is the Herculean task of Doctor Farrand and his associates to begin at the bottom and to organize in France the voluntary and public effort that will secure for the nation institutional, dispensary and nursing care; and that will provide educational facilities to safeguard and instruct the people concerning the ravages of tuberculosis."

American Publicity Methods

"It is not to be supposed," said Doctor Farrand, speaking on the subject, "that France has done nothing for herself. Much original work has been achieved by her great scientific men; but this knowledge has not been applied. The commission intends to disperse this knowledge. It intends to introduce American methods in the treatment of the disease."

"What are our American methods?" I inquired.

"There are three important agencies in any systematic campaign against tuberculosis—clinics, visiting nurses and educational crusades. Of these three the last is absolutely indispensable, and should precede the other two.

"In America the public exploitation of an idea is an old story. It is simply the last word in up-to-date scientific advertising. Take any idea—the Liberty Loan or milk stations. How do we set about to rouse public enthusiasm and achieve results?

"By mass meetings, torchlight processions, exhibits, cinemas, lectures, posters, pageants, editorials, gigantic advertisements in the papers and on the billboards, street meetings, mothers' meetings—the whole orchestra playing the same piece of music.

"As I said, America knows all about this game because she invented it herself. But it's new over here. And we're depending upon it very largely for the success of our educational campaign. Let me explain in detail. It is evident that we could not begin with our work all over France at the same time. We had to discriminate, choose a starting point. So, after a thorough survey of the resources of the entire country, we selected one department in which to try out our threefold campaign, and also one *arrondissement*, or ward, in Paris. Thus we get city and country conditions.

"And this is our mode of procedure: Let us say that we are going to mobilize the public sentiment of the town of Chartres on the subject of tuberculosis. First of all we send on an advance courier or press agent. He 'papers' the town for us; hires a hall; sees the editors, engages the services of the *maire* to make a welcome speech; visits the school-teachers and officials. Thus the time clock is set and public interest awakened. Then upon the appointed day our motor arrives. This motor contains the entire equipment for the scientific exploitation of our

(Concluded on Page 72)

The American Red Cross Has for Its Aim Always and Forever the One Thing—to Help Win This War. The Hospital at Bligny Is One of Several Established to Help the French Government Wipe Out Tuberculosis

CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES

For MEN *and* YOUNG MEN

$15 to $30

SERGE SPECIALS

"5130"—$22.50 Blue

"6130"—$22.50 Gray

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The Joseph & Feiss Co., Cleveland

Clothcraft Guarantee
We hereby Guarantee this Clothcraft garment to give satisfactory wear and service. We stand back of the retailer in assuring prompt and satisfactory adjustments should any cause for complaint or dissatisfaction arise
The Joseph & Feiss Co
CLEVELAND OHIO

Because they are scientifically tailored, Clothcraft Clothes continue to sell at prices that, for war times, are extremely moderate! And they continue to yield the utmost in fit, looks and wear! The pocket of every Clothcraft coat carries the makers' Guarantee as shown above.

The CLOTHCRAFT STORE *in Your Town*

(Concluded from Page 70)

idea—a cinema, posters, literature for children and adults, panels with graphic illustrations and the kind of statistics that drive the truth home. For example, to say that there were 85,000 cases of tuberculosis in France in one year spells absolutely nothing to the average mind. But to say that in France a person dies of the disease every six minutes invariably gets a rise. For it engenders the fear that you may be that unlucky person.

"After the motor has arrived and the crowd collected we proceed to the mass meeting. When we first began these mass meetings we received a big surprise. For we had been advised to go gently in this business of American publicity not to let the eagle scream too loudly, not to thrust ourselves unduly forward, to keep to the background of the stage—in order not to wound the alleged sensibilities of the French. But this we found at once was a great mistake. For the French hailed us and our idea with open arms. And they hailed us thus just because we were Americans.

"That one word—America—was the open sesame to their hearts. Our soldiers were on the line relieving their men who had borne so long the strain of war, and now here behind the lines in their homes Americans had come to help them fight disease. And so they welcomed us, and they welcomed our ideas in double measure because they came from us. This unexpected spontaneous cordiality of the French people has rendered our task comparatively simple. It is, moreover, the most remarkable by-product of our activities in France, for it signifies the closer welding together of two great peaceful nations after the war."

Rousing Public Opinion

"After the big general mass meeting the exhibit remains in town for a few days, with special lectures, cinemas, and mothers' and children's hours. A primer in French, with numerous illustrations, gives elementary instruction in the subject and is eagerly read in the schools. We distribute thousands of these books each week. At the same time, in connection with the Children's Bureau of the Red Cross, we conduct practical demonstrations as to the care of children, with a trained nurse in costume and a big doll to visualize the lesson. This portion of the show invariably draws a crowd. Simultaneously, in the leading dailies we try for as much space as possible. The French are great readers. Even the poorest home has its morning paper, which is read—and discussed—from cover to cover. So we run a series of brief popular sketches, under such titles as this: Who is the most dangerous man? The answer is, of course, that the most dangerous man is he who refuses to take proper care of himself, and thus infects a whole community with disease.

"This is the first part of our program in any new district—the rousing of public opinion by an educational campaign. And we make it as intense, as personal and gripping as we know how. Our publicity man is constantly thinking up new wrinkles to catch the public eye. Then before the interest can flag we introduce the second part of our program. This consists of the establishment of clinics, with visiting nurses in the homes. The nurses are for the most part French and instruct in the three great means of prevention: Fresh air, cleanliness, and isolation of the infected member of the family.

"These nurses we have had to manufacture as we went along, for practically none of this particular specialized type existed in France when we arrived. So one of the first things we did was to investigate the nursing system and get a bird's-eye view of the needs, with the result that we decided to subsidize some of the already existing institutions. By such financial aid—and also by means of certain scholarships—we were able to control the course of instruction and type of nurses desired, while still keeping the administration French. And now these institutions are turning out a steady stream of very competent women. This whole proposition is a very important branch of our service, for every French visiting nurse means a nucleus of education in herself.

"This year we are testing, devising, scheming, laying our foundation plans. Next year we expect to turn out a larger crop of nurses, and then we shall begin to work on a grand nation-wide scale. Our goal of course in this entire affair is not to handle the problem as external agents but to induce France to do the work herself—to make laws, create her own sanitary system, raise her nursing standards, unify her isolated efforts; incorporate into her body politic big natural measures that will wipe out this plague.

"And toward this ultimate goal we have already made visible headway. For the French are collaborating with us in every way. They are supporting our labors with enthusiasm while devising fresh schemes of their own. From all of the departments come calls for clinics or for aid to back their own; for nurses, for doctors and for all the literature we possess—so that they may initiate campaigns for themselves. Their spirit, considering the handicap of war, is remarkable. France, all France, is now thoroughly awake. Already she is taking giant strides in the matter of education and prevention. At this rate of progress America and England will soon have to look to their laurels."

Continuing the subject with Doctor White, chief of the Tuberculosis Bureau of the Red Cross, we came at the problem from a different angle.

Still Much to be Done

"When the Red Cross landed in Europe," he said, "the first thing we came up against was the inadequacy of the provision for tuberculous patients. As you know, 65,000 soldiers were invalided the first year on account of the disease, and for these the government mustered, with difficulty, 10,000 beds. For the civil cases there were no beds at all. Add to that deficit an insufficient number of doctors, with no specialized knowledge of the disease; few nurses; and practically no equipment in the hospitals or comforts such as these patients require.

"This is not a criticism of the French or of their methods. No one can remain long over here, close to the frightful problems of war, without realizing to the full what a gallant and, above all, intelligent fight France has put up against tremendous physical odds. And such intelligence is bound to survive in the end. In the emergency situation that confronted us the obvious thing was first aid—assistance in food, dietitians, hospital supplies of all descriptions, games, literature; and, of course, material financial aid. It was with this kind of immediate help that we first got into the game.

"In order to see where we stood we sent delegates to cover every tuberculosis hospital, every barracks, every factory in France. These delegates were instructed to give aid wherever aid was needed, and to bring back an exact tabulated report as to existing conditions, equipment and personnel. That was the first step, to get hold of our resources. And that in itself, as you may imagine, kept our first months absorbingly busy. For to provide doctors, nurses, instruments, and all the highly organized elements of a modern hospital plant means—well, it means 4000 miles of wartime transportation to begin with! And after that it means any amount of discrimination to settle the right person or the right unit in exactly the right place. Throughout these months we kept in closest touch with the Foundation, though each bureau had its own specific goal; but we seconded their efforts and they clinched ours, and thus each rendered the other twice as effective. For example, in aiding the various barracks and hospitals our immediate aim is to give relief. But also, underneath that, our larger objective is to weld all the different organizations and societies together into one big active harmonious whole, so that the departments, instead of having a lot of hit-or-miss unfocused effort, will move as a single unit.

"Thus passed the first months, a period of stock-taking, of first aid. And presently out of the chaos and the maze—with everybody working his head off, too busy almost to breathe—the big outlines of the work began gradually to emerge. We began to get a perspective, to see what was behind and what was before. We began to start hospitals of our own. At present, outside of the French tuberculosis institutions, which we are assisting up to the number of 162, we have already installed five independent sanitaria. At Lyons there is an American Red Cross hospital for the tuberculous *rapatriés* of 200 beds, which may be enlarged on demand. At Yerres we have organized the Edith Wharton Hospital, a fine modern and effective institution with a capacity of 300 beds. In Paris we conduct a small military hospital of about 30 beds for French soldiers. And we are now in the process of establishing a hospital for American tuberculous soldiers at Pau."

"What is the general condition of our men with regard to this disease?" I interrupted.

"Their general health standard is high. Our medical examining board at home has done a thoroughly fine piece of work in rigorously exempting all cases that showed any signs of the disease. They cannot be too careful in this respect. Nevertheless, some cases have developed over here. It has been an extraordinarily severe winter. Our first troops were not seasoned, and they were used to American steam heat and higher standards of physical comfort than obtain in France. Then some of the first troops had to sleep out of doors in the snow while barracks were being reared. It all boils down to the same old question of shipping: No transportation facilities, no lumber, no labor, no shelter—a lot of sick men. Some of the soldiers came down with pneumonia. And the aftermath of pneumonia is apt to be tuberculosis unless one is mighty careful. Now of course, with spring coming on and the first congestion of shipping over, that particular situation is on the mend.

"That makes four hospitals we are carrying on. The fifth and most interesting is the Second Edward L. Trudeau Hospital, at Hachette. We named it in honor of the great pioneer specialist in tuberculosis in America because he was himself a Frenchman."

Later in the week I found my way out to this sanitarium—a fine old château with various outlying buildings, set in the midst of one hundred acres of beautiful woodland and meadow, the whole a gift from the French Government. The château itself has been completely reconstructed, and is now a handsome modern sanitarium with a capacity of 80 beds. In addition there is a preventorium for children not actively infected but with a predisposition to the disease. About 500 is the child capacity of this farm. Aside from the above buildings numerous little two and three roomed portable cottages are scattered through the picturesque grounds. Here a family, one member of which is infected, can be together. Or if it is an advanced case he can be cared for in the hospital and the relatives remain near at hand. Thus the family ties, so dear to the French, are not broken.

Here also instruction is given in cooking, sanitation, hygiene. The mothers learn to care for their sick members and thus prevent the spread of disease. The men patients have their vocational schools. At present the French Government lays great stress on agricultural pursuits. It wishes its ex-soldiers to learn American intensive farming methods. And so an expert in this line has been installed. Upon sunny days the men able to be about take their way to the fields; the women patients sit on the terraces; the children live in the open.

More and more cases keep arriving every day. When a family is declared well—or well enough to care for itself—it takes up its bed and walks. Or rather, it takes up its little portable house, its furniture and its tools, and moves back to the reconstructed district in the north, where a place has already been found for it by another department of the Red Cross, and there it begins life afresh. Thus the vast organization moves, wheels within wheels.

This is the present status of tuberculosis in France. Much has been done; much remains yet to do. The work is not spectacular. On the contrary it is quiet, undramatic, hidden from the public view. Here are no honor lists; no frenzied populace strewing roses before its heroes and delighting to do them honor. No glory. No newspaper fame. And yet these are the men and these are the deeds which uphold the pillars of civilization and make mighty nations endure.

Posterity and Ourselves

WE ALWAYS remember with glee the man who inquired, "What has posterity ever done for us?"

It would be hard to tell just how much posterity really has done for us. Certainly it has given us all our churches and cathedrals and our homes and our great business institutions, our great industrial organizations, most of our art and some of our literature. In short, posterity has given us about everything we have that is worth having and induced us to do about everything that we have found worth doing.

Such sermon as there may lie in the foregoing is sermon enough on the question of the enforcement of our game laws and the preservation of our wild life, but every once in a while one runs across some glaring instance of the necessity of some such sermon.

The other day a friend came back from Geauga County, Ohio, where he spent some days afield. He might not shoot a quail, because the quail is now under a perpetual closed season in that state. Nevertheless, in his wanderings afield without a gun he met two foreigners, at present tarrying under our flag, who had been hunting all day. He asked to see the contents of their deep game sacks, and with much pride the said foreigners turned them out on the ground. There were robins, woodpeckers, a rabbit or two, a quail or two, several species of songbirds, including some little towhees, and sparrows. The two gunners informed my friend with much glee that when they started out in the morning on a hunt there were several of them, that they took spaces about one hundred yards apart and walked across the country, shooting everything that moved. I do not know just how much posterity ought to do for us, but I am pretty well convinced that the posterity of that kind of people will prove of no special value to America.

The whole question of game laws is slow in reaching any definite maturity, but I do not doubt America eventually will settle this question of bad business decisively. I think the main trouble is that Americans have not realized the value of the fish and game of the country, nor have they put the proper value upon the privileges we have always enjoyed under our constitutional license to bear arms. A curious and very interesting view of this question appears in the sporting columns of one of the great Chicago dailies. I should like to extend that writer's point of view as widely as possible, hence may perhaps quote rather fully:

"There never was a time when there were enough well-to-do men in this country interested in sport to make a dent in our enormous game supply. It is true that our forests, mines and water-power resources have been plundered by big corporations, but plundering of the fish and game has always been the poor man's field in this country.

"To us, it appears that it was merely a matter of desire and utility—the rich wanted the mines and forests and the poor wanted the fish and game. Both were too successful for even bountiful America, and now we are paying the price.

"The trouble has been that people look upon our natural resources as belonging to the man who could grab them and put them to his own use and gain. The idea that the duck we shoot out of the air belongs to every man, woman and child in the United States has never been encouraged.

"If Willie Jones catches a dozen bullheads in the creek back of the lower forty he should be required to pay a tax—say, one penny—and acknowledge his indebtedness to the people of the state for these fish. Then by the time Willie got to be a man he would realize that everything he can grab does not necessarily belong to him. Such a tax should be levied on every bird, fish, animal, every pound of mineral, every tree, and every horse of power. It would give the public using these resources some sense of responsibility and would give the state a line on those who are getting more than they should."

"This is the Breakfast!"

That's what the "man of the house" says when "the wife" gives him hot, golden-brown Aunt Jemima pancakes! Morning after morning he grins delightedly at their always-perfect flavor—the flavor that has made the Aunt Jemima recipe famous.

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Some mornings make waffles instead of pancakes. And make Aunt Jemima muffins! Besides being the best muffins you ever ate—there's no fussing with flour substitutes—and they save wheat bread! You'll find the easy waffle and muffin recipes on the Aunt Jemima package.

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"Army pay is about half what I was used to. A man's got to smoke. So I asked Sergeant Gregg how he managed to keep supplied.

"I smoke Ricoro," he said.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's this!" said Gregg and he handed me a regular Kipling beauty of a Panetela.

"How can you afford to smoke such an expensive cigar on your pay?" said I. Gregg laughed in my face as no non-com should.

"W,-w,-why sir," he said, "that's a Ricoro—only seven cents, on sale at all United Cigar Stores."

"Say, man, you ought to be helping Goethals with his war-buying—you're a *real* purchasing agent."

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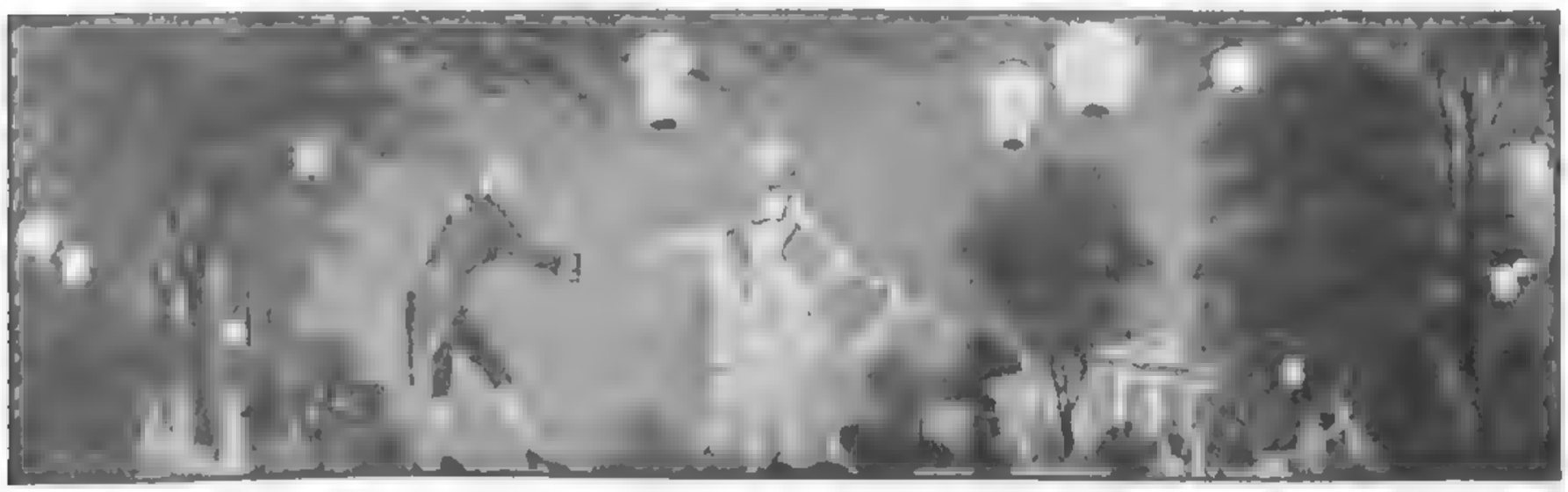
SENSE AND NONSENSE



Tecumseh and the Eagles

I

TECUMSEH of the Shawnees,
He dreamed a noble dream—
A league to hold their freedom old
And make their peace supreme.
He drew the tribes together
And bound them to maintain
Their sacred pact to stand and act
For common good and gain.

II

The eagles taught Tecumseh
The secret of their clan—
A way to keep, o'er plain and steep,
The liberty of man.
The champions of freedom,
They may not weary soon,
Or lay aside in foolish pride
The vigilance of noon.

The teachers of Tecumseh
Were up to meet the dawn,
To scan the light and hold the height
Till the last light was gone.
Like specks upon the azure,
Their guards patrolled the sky,
To mount and plain, and soar again,
And give the warning cry.

They watched for lurking perils,
The death that skulks and crawls,
To take by stealth their only wealth
On wind-swept mountain walls.
They did not trust the shadows
That steep upon the hill;
Where menace hid, where cunning slid,
They struck—and struck to kill.

Through lonely space unmeasured
They laid their sentry rings,
Till every brood in eyrie rude
Was shadowed by their wings.
Tecumseh watched the eagles
In summer o'er the plain,
And learned their cry: "If freedom die
Ye will have lived in vain!"

III

The vision of Tecumseh,
It could not long endure;
He lacked the might to back the right
And make his purpose sure.
Tecumseh and his people
Are gone; they could not hold
Their league for good—their brotherhood
Is but a tale that's told.

IV

The eagles of Tecumseh
Still hold their lofty flight,
And guard their own on outposts lone
Across the fields of light.
They see on earth, below them,
Where time is but a breath,
Another race brought face to face
With liberty or death.

Above a thousand cities
A new day is unfurled;
And still on high those watchers cry
Their challenge to the world.
They hold their valiant instinct
And know their right of birth;
They do not cede their pride of breed
For things of little worth.

Where patriots are marching
And battle flags are borne,
To South and North their cry goes forth
To rally and to warn.
From border unto border,
They wheel and cry again
That master cry: "If freedom die
Ye will have lived in vain!"

Bliss Carman.

Range-Bred

"WE AIN'T mad," he declared as he haltered a mule
As you might put his cap on a boy still in school.
"We ain't mad"—and he held the mule's head by an ear
With a grip like chilled steel and a smile in the smear
Of gray dust in his face. "We're the unmaddest men
That ever raised hell and can do it again;
We're fed up and fit, and we're lean and we're tall,
And we're tough, and we want to go over—that's all.

"We ain't mad," he repeated, and calmly looked down
From the six feet of height that was dusty and brown
From tiptoe to crown; all of sinews and strength
Like the panther he was; and his ax sank blade-length
In the log that he chopped at the back of his tent:
"We ain't mad, but we're rough and we're ready and bent
On mixin' it up with the Huns in a fuss,
And we want to go over—go over—that's us!

"We ain't mad—not a bit; we ain't turned us a hair,
But we're mostly range-bred, and we've lived in the air,
And we're all mighty healthy—we've lived pretty clean,
And we're muscled up strong and we're lanky and lean.
We've got old-fashioned Longhorns from Texas down here
Big enough in the shoulders to wrastle a steer,
All waiting and anxious and right on their toes.
Just you say 'Go over!'—and everything goes!

"No, sure, we ain't mad—we're just going to be firm!"
And the grizzlylike grip of his hand made me squirm
As he closed down on mine and he bade me good-by
With a smile that was kind in the blue of his eye.
"We're the unmaddest army that ever made war,
But we know what we're slinging them hand grenades for,
And we know what the ticklers are for on them guns,
And when we get mad—well, then, God help them Huns!"

—James W. Foley.

Modern Bass Rods

DO YOU perchance know that the tendency to extreme shortness in bait-casting rods seems to have been arrested? Let us not undertake to say what the animating cause of this was, but be glad that good sporting ethics establish themselves, for whatever reason. To-day you will see many men using a six-foot casting rod, or even one of six feet and a half, instead of the abbreviated throwing stick, which for a time was so popular. This seems to me a tendency in the direction of better sportsmanship.

Seven feet is short enough, and too short, for a casting rod—I want to allow the bass a little chance for his white alley, or else I don't want to get him at all. Even the old eight-foot bass casting rod, which was standard for so long in America, was a sportsmanlike tool before the invention of the wooden minnow, with its abominable gangs.

Let us hope that the multiple-gang bait will be legislated off the earth, along with a lot of other contrivances intended to "beat the game."

When the game is mechanically or commercially beaten you may conclude there never was any game at all worth a sportsman's notice.

A Literal Censor

JOE T. MARSHALL, formerly of Kansas, recently became the father of an eight-pound boy, and wished to cable the news to his family in America.

The censor refused to allow the message to go through.

"What's the matter?" Marshall asked indignantly.

"We aren't permitted to announce the arrival of Americans in France!"

The Turkey Call

THOUGH to-day the pursuit of wild game is a luxury, and a very expensive one, in the times of the early settlement of the States of the American Union the hunter's art was one followed of necessity by practically every man who could claim to be the head of a household. Venison was pursued not for sport, but for meat. The wild turkey was not so much a rare as a very useful game bird, and one that must be hunted successfully for the needs of the larder. No one knows who invented the turkey call; but less than a hundred years ago many and many a householder felt that education upon the turkey call was of far more worth than any musical education.

The original turkey call was made out of the wing bone of a gobbler, and by the use of this simple instrument grandpa was able to allure even the wisest gobbler—sometimes. Such a call was difficult to master. Perhaps you have not in your lifetime seen a dozen men who could successfully "yelp" wild turkeys by the use of the old bone call. But the commercial man, taking into consideration the difficulty of this simple instrument, has invented other turkey calls to sell to you, the intent of these being to simplify the art, so that its use shall include a larger list of purchasers.

One such commercial call is made of a piece of cedar, hollowed out, with a hinged lid pivoted to the top. To make the call, rub the lid vigorously across the top of the box edges. A certain strident note is thereby produced, which—believe the clerk!—is a precise imitation of a wild turkey hen.

A more frequent form of mechanical turkey call is the old slate-and-nail call, which, even to-day, a few turkey hunters still employ in parts of the South where a few turkeys remain. This call is made by hollowing out a piece of wood until the sides are quite thin. Through the bottom, which is left slightly thicker, is driven a wire nail, so that the projecting end extends slightly beyond the sides of the call.

To make the call, hold a piece of slate in your left hand and scratch upon it with the point of the nail, held in your right. If you have been fortunate in making the call precisely right you will get a very fair imitation of the yelp of the hen or the young wild turkey.

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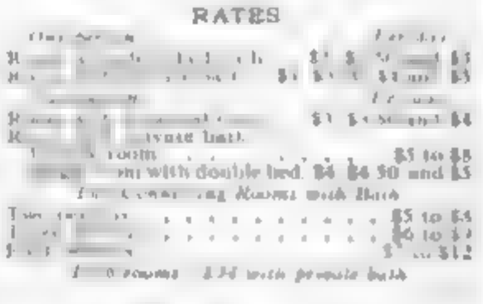

HUMANE TREATMENT—GERMAN STYLE

(Continued from Page 16)

this officer was saved from attack at the hands of a hostile crowd of onlookers only by a well-disposed woman who happened to speak English.

The condition of the wounded under these circumstances was in very many cases such as can hardly be described. The general rule seems to have been that officers should travel in third or fourth class compartments and the men in closed cattle trucks. As a matter of fact it constantly happened that officers and men alike were shut into trucks for the inevitably slow and lengthy journey. The use of these trucks for the transport of unwounded men is of course familiar in every country.

But the use of them, uncleansed and manurial, for men severely wounded, so overcrowded that fifty or sixty men would be placed in a single small truck, half the size of an American freight car, with the doors closed and any sort of alleviation absolutely denied—this is a different matter; and it is possible to gather from the descriptions given an idea of the terrible suffering it meant for the prisoners. It was a frequent experience, and for the men even a usual one. The most elementary requirements of decency and cleanliness were regularly refused them. Not only were the prisoners thrown and in some instances actually kicked into trucks, often inches deep in horse manure, but for days and nights at a time they were forbidden to leave them for any purpose.

Special Attentions to British

Care was taken to make the conditions specially degrading for the English. Where French and English prisoners were conveyed by the same train the French would be better accommodated and allowed privileges in the matter of obtaining food at stations. The persistent attempts of the French on such occasions to supply the English prisoners were invariably frustrated. If there were negro troops on the train the same method was employed. A medical officer describes his journey in a freight car with negroes and British wounded. Food was refused to the English, but the negroes gave them some of theirs when they were unobserved. On another occasion three Englishmen, among them an officer, and six Senegalese were shut into a third-class carriage for sixteen hours. Food was given to the Senegalese, who were told they might give some to the English swine if they liked.

Besides the miseries of filth, of suffocation, of overcrowding, of untended and putrescent wounds, the prisoners endured prolonged and quite needless torment through hunger and thirst. On one journey, which lasted for three days, four officers and twenty-eight men were given three loaves of black bread to divide between them. This had to last the entire journey, and during these three days they had nothing whatever to drink, not even water, until on the last day they were given a cup of coffee apiece. On another occasion a carriageful of prisoners were given one small jug of soup among them all and a small cube of raw bacon apiece to last for forty-eight hours.

Again, on a journey lasting three days and nights, sixty men in a cattle truck were left for thirty-six hours without anything at all; then the door was opened and a few pieces of bread were thrown to them, as though they had been dogs. They begged for water, and it was only after twelve hours that a bucket was placed in the truck. Instances of this kind might be indefinitely multiplied; they were so common as to be the general rule. The behavior of the German Red Cross shows conclusively that these privations were deliberately inflicted and were due to no difficulty in providing the prisoners with food and drink.

Moreover, the physical sufferings of the British were everywhere aggravated by incessant brutality. At all stages of the journey the prisoners were displayed as an exhibition to the crowd. On the thirty-first of August, for example, a party of British officers, wounded and unwounded, were kept standing for two hours outside the station at Cambrai, exposed to a disorderly crowd of soldiers and transport drivers who threatened, insulted and spat at them. The escort in charge of the prisoners made no attempt to protect them; their officer had disappeared, and other passing officers, when appealed to, merely laughed. A large party of prisoners had the same experience in the station yard at Mons on the first of September throughout the day. On all journeys without exception, whenever the train stopped—and halts were always long and frequent—a dense and highly hostile crowd was found on the platform, who surged round the carriages and trucks containing prisoners, threatening them with knives and revolvers and insulting them with the grossest forms of abuse. German officers often took an active part on these occasions.

One scene in particular, at Aachen, on the second of September, is described by several reliable witnesses, all officers. Here a mob of drunken uhlans and railway employees was deliberately incited against the prisoners by a German colonel. Their behavior became so threatening that the train was saved from mob attack only by being moved out of the station. If there happened to be among the prisoners a Highlander in a kilt, this curiosity would be exhibited in the doorway of the truck. Well-dressed women were constantly prominent in these scenes, and often at wayside stations rows of school children would be found drawn up, chanting choruses of abuse.

At the journey's end the prisoners would have the same experience as they were marched from the station to their camp. At Torgau, for example, a party of thirty officers, arriving in the evening after a three days' journey, were marched through the town with a thin guard of old Landsturm troops, and had great difficulty in getting through the immense spitting, threatening crowds, mostly well-dressed people of the middle classes, which thronged the streets. At one large house several ladies in evening dress stood at an open window shouting and shaking their fists. One of these officers describes how, as they left the train at Torgau Station, a woman leaned from the window of a first-class compartment and spat in his face.

Instances of where German women—women wearing the Red Cross uniform of mercy, women nurses—spat in the drink which they offered to famishing and fevered wounded Englishmen are described by the victims without end. At least half a dozen men tell how German women showed them food and drink, and then when they, starving and with parched tongues, put forth their hands to take it these women tossed the food away out of their reach and threw the drink in their faces.

One man narrates how, as he hobbled along on improvised crutches, a kindly Prussian soul kicked these poor props out from under him so that he fell sprawling upon his wounded leg, to the very great joy and satisfaction of the onlookers. Another tells of having refuse of an indescribable nature thrown in his face by a well-dressed man. Here is a characteristic bit of evidence offered by Major R. F. Meiklejohn, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

Major Meiklejohn's Story

"The day was very hot, and we had no chance of getting any food, though this was given in abundance to the German wounded at every large station; and they even had to refuse it—having more than they wanted. Finally after much protest from us a German officer on the train got us a cup of soup each at Mons, in the evening.

"We traveled all night, going very slowly, and with many long stops [some to allow the German wounded to have food] and received nothing else to eat till the evening of the fourth [twenty-four hours later] beyond the bread we had received at Cambrai, and a little water.

"German Red Cross women refused us any food, calling us insulting names and spat toward us, telling us they would give nothing to the English *Schweinunde*, though we told them some of us were very ill and all were wounded. German soldiers at Aachen and other places climbed up on the platforms of the carriages, shaking their fists at us, spitting at and abusing us, while their officers looked on, saying all English should be killed, and so on. At Aachen things looked so threatening that the train was moved on out of the station.

"I myself saw one, and other officers saw several German women, dressed as nurses and ladies, and wearing the Red Cross, deliberately empty bowls of soup on the platform before us, saying something about giving nothing to 'English swine.'

"Other officers, among whom I understand was Captain Pelham Burn, of the Gordon Highlanders, saw Red Cross women spit in the soup before offering it to them. Throughout this journey the conduct of the German women, especially those dressed as Red Cross nurses, was revolting and barbarous beyond words; and as a result of the continuous brutality of Red Cross women and officials many prisoners of war besides myself have still a repugnance to seeing a Red Cross armlet.

"During the fifth of September we appeared to be making a tour of Germany—on exhibition, being insulted in every way, especially by Red Cross women. About midday we got a few rusks, thrown into the carriage by mistake; and at eight A.M. a German officer came past our carriage and, hearing us ask for food and seeing it refused, ordered a Red Cross woman to bring us a cup of soup and some sandwiches. During this day also soup was emptied on the platforms in front of our carriage when we asked for it."

Further Light on German Character

Another major—Vandaleur, of the Scottish Rifles—was badly wounded, as indeed were most of his companions in misery. Nevertheless he, for all his wounds, was forced, according to his sworn evidence, to undergo the following treatment:

"At the station we were driven into closed-in wagons, from which horses had just been removed, fifty-two men being crowded into the one in which the four other officers and myself were. So tight were we packed that there was only room for some of us to sit down on the floor. The floor was covered fully three inches deep in fresh manure, and the stench of horse urine was almost asphyxiating. We were boxed up in this foul wagon with practically no ventilation for thirty hours, with no food, and no opportunity of attending to purposes of Nature.

"All along the line we were cursed by officers and soldiers alike at the various stations, and at Mons Bergen I was pulled out in front of the wagon by the order of the officer in charge of the station, and after cursing me in filthy language for some ten minutes, he ordered one of his soldiers to kick me back into the wagon, which he did, sending me sprawling into the filthy mess at the bottom of the wagon.

"I should like to mention here that I am thoroughly conversant with German, and understood everything that was said. Only at one station on the road was any attempt made on the part of German officers to interfere and stop their men from cursing us. This officer appeared to be sorry for the sad plight in which we were. I should also like to mention that two men of the German guard also appeared to be sympathetic and sorry for us; but they were able to do little or nothing to protect us."

Personally I am inclined to think that the most characteristic example of Prussian cruelty is contained in the simple recital of Lieut. H. G. Henderson, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Says Lieutenant Henderson:

"Arriving at Tourcoing we were put into a theater, and I spent the night on some straw shivering from wet and cold, with no covering. In the morning we were marched to the station, and there we waited. I lay down on the ground, and while there a German officer came in with a bulldog. The dog came up to me and licked my face, whereupon the officer kicked it, at the same time making some sneering remark about an *Engländer*, at which all the soldiers laughed."

I leave it to the reader to say which was the bigger brute of the two—the friendly bulldog that licked the face of the young Englishman lying wounded on the earth or the officer, owner of the dog, who kicked it. The Ayes have it—the officer wins without a struggle. How ashamed of him the dog must have been!

But the crowning example of humane treatment according to Prussian interpretation of the phrase is contained in the story told by Lieutenant Dennys, of the Somerset Light Infantry. First reciting the fact of his capture, after being badly wounded, Lieutenant Dennys goes on to tell how finally he reached the railroad station at Lille and what followed:

"The ambulance drew up at the entrance and a German hospital nurse, who spoke English, came to the door and asked me if I could walk. I said I thought I could if it was not far, but that I had no clothes. I was then lying on a stretcher under a blanket, with nothing on but a pair of socks and a bit of string which acted as a sling for my arm.

"However, the lack of clothes did not seem to worry the nurse, who repeated with great vigor that I must get up and walk to the buffet, a distance of eighty to one hundred yards, through a crowd of German troops and French civilians.

"After many protestations I got out and wrapped the blanket round me; this caused awful indignation with my nurse, who said that the blanket belonged to the ambulance and that I could on no account have it to wrap myself in, and I must put it back; this I flatly refused to do, so after a short argument a German sentry was called up, who took my blanket away, put the point of his bayonet very close behind me, and urged me to 'March! March!' which, after one or two gentle prods, I did for about one hundred yards through a hilarious crowd of Germans, who much enjoyed the joke.

"When I reached the buffet I found it full of German wounded lying on rough wooden beds; I was taken to one of these, presented with a shirt and a pair of a most peculiar sort of linen pants that tied with tapes round the ankles.

"I lay there till evening quiet and undisturbed except for one incident: The nurses had a habit of throwing handfuls of cigarettes into the air for whoever's bed they should land on. This, as far as I could see, was the only way of distributing anything, as the beds were so closely packed; there was no aisle, and consequently no way of reaching the ones in the center. By chance one of these cigarettes landed on my bed; I picked it up, put it in my mouth, and in a moment of rash gratitude said '*Danke*' to my neighbor, who was lighting his, and whose match I was hoping to share.

"The next thing I knew was that my cigarette had gone, and everybody seemed to be yelling at me. Four nurses and three orderlies assembled at the foot of my bed and helped to swell the din, which chiefly seemed to consist of '*Engländer Schwein*' and '*Engländer kaput.*' However, later on I was allowed a cup of coffee without any vocal accompaniment."

En Route to Prison

"In the evening I was again put into a motor ambulance, this time being carried there on a stretcher. I was placed on the platform on my stretcher for a minute or two while the orderly was getting somebody to help lift me in, when an individual with a black beard arrived, who, on learning that I was an *Engländer*, was seized with a wild desire to spit in my face; he stood over me and commenced to prepare in a most unpleasant way, but luckily for me, just as I calculated he must be about ready, the ambulance driver intervened and pushed him away. This chauffeur turned out to be quite a good fellow, for when on the way to the hospital, after he lost his way and had sent an orderly to find it, he came and gave me cigarettes, and attempted an amicable conversation which did not get very far. True, he took all the cigarettes, including the one I was smoking, away again when the orderly came back, but I suppose he had to do that."

It would appear that some gentle phase of the Prussian psychology which induces Red Cross workers to spit in the faces of wounded men likewise manifests itself in the act of a sentry forcing a naked man with a shattered arm to parade through a jeering crowd. The officer who kicked the bulldog had congenial fellows evidently. To the recital I would add but one more bit of evidence—that of a lance corporal who tells how a Highlander with his left hip blown almost entirely away was nevertheless compelled to show himself to derisive audiences at each stopping place; and having stated this the witness goes on to add: "We were packed in wagons, about sixty to a wagon, and traveled that night and next day; there was no room to lie down or even for nearly all the men to sit down.

(Concluded on Page 78)

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GLIDDEN

VARNISHES - ENAMELS - PAINTS - STAINS

(Concluded from Page 76)

"The first-aid dressings were taken out of our tunics, and no attention was paid to any slight wounds; they were not even dressed. The badly wounded were separated and taken away. This was at the coal-shed place.

"After twenty-four hours in the train we got half a tub of soup. This was the first food we got. It did not come to more than about three mouthfuls each. We had nothing to eat it with except some old sardine tins, broken bottles and such like, which we picked up at the station. We arrived at Hameln in afternoon of the twenty-fourth. They gave us a slice of dry bread each day and occasionally a drop of water. There were two holes about one foot long and six inches high in each wagon; that was all the ventilation we had.

"During the journey when we stopped at stations the Germans would come in with revolvers and make us give up our overcoats. By the time we got to Hameln all the coats were taken from us. All the water we got was from Red Cross nurses occasionally. No water was ever served to us as a ration. One day when we were calling out for water an English-speaking German, who was very affable, said of course we could have water, and got buckets of water, which he sluiced all over us in the wagon."

It might be argued in defense of our enemy that these things happened in 1914 and that the treatment of prisoners may have improved since then. It is undoubtedly a fact, and is conceded as a fact by the British Government, that English prisoners are probably not being subjected at present to the same hideous barbarities that took place in the earlier stages of the war, though at the same time there are grave reasons for believing, according to what I recently have been told in London by persons in position to know, that English prisoners in German prison camps would now be starving to death were it not for the food sent them, through the good offices of neutral nations, from home.

Italian Prisoners Starved

But if the leopard does not change his spots it is quite apparent that the Prussian doesn't change his either. It will doubtless be of interest to the hundreds of thousands of Italian-born Americans who have enrolled in our national army, to learn from indisputable evidence that at the present time Italian prisoners taken by the Germans in their great 1917 offensive are undergoing frightful privations in German laagers. For some reason the Germans appear lately to have singled out their Italian captives for strafing of the most barbarous sort. The testimony on this head comes not from Italians but from invalided and exchanged British soldiers who within the last few weeks have been brought out of Germany. The evidence furnished for publication in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is short but convincing. For example, Corporal A. F. Borden, of the First Canadian Mounted Rifles, deposes as follows concerning the camp at Stendal in Germany, where he was confined:

"The Italian prisoners were treated very cruelly. They were practically starved. We supplied them with all the food we could spare over the wires and they crowded round to get the food and they were often beaten back at the point of the bayonet, and one man was shot at nine yards and died the next day."

Lance Corporal Horace Hills, of the Seventh Suffolks, offers corroborative evidence to show a similar state of affairs existing at the camp in Langensalza. This is Hill's statement: "They [the Italians] had traveled three or four days and had had nothing at all to eat. After they arrived soup was brought in, and as they were starving they rushed at it. The Germans then dashed forward and stabbed them with their swords and bayonets and killed and wounded a lot. Seven or eight Italians were dying every day in the camp of starvation. They had no parcels. I saw an Englishman give an Italian bread and the Italian went down on his knees and kissed his hands."

Another lance corporal—by name H. J. Dadd, of the Second London Regiment—who likewise was kept at this laager in Langensalza, states, according to the transcript put in my hands:

"There is a strong feeling amongst the English prisoners that something should be done for the Italian prisoners, who are being badly fed and generally pulled and knocked about, and who are, I understand, in our camp dying at the rate of six or seven a day through starvation and dysentery. I have seen them run to pick up a piece of carrot peel."

It would seem that the conspiracy to starve Italian prisoners to death during the last few months must have been a general one, because from still a third prison camp—the one at Münster—a permanently disabled soldier, one Private G. M. Hart, arriving in a neutral country and, having no knowledge that certain of his comrades from other parts of Germany had brought similar stories, made this declaration:

"The Italians at Münster where I was kept are badly treated and starving. I have seen Italians make a frenzied attack on loads of turnip tops being brought to the camp, and getting through a cordon of fixed bayonets to seize the vegetables for food. This occurred in November and December, 1917."

There is no use multiplying. The record stands complete; fully fifty British soldiers returning home from all parts of Germany have substantially the same thing to say of the state of Italian prisoners on German soil. And presumably this is the fashion of humane treatment that is in store for American prisoners too.

The British Sailor's Story

Quite by chance, in going through the great mass of previously unprinted documentary evidence which was placed at my disposal by Lord Newton and Mrs. Livingstone, of the Committee on the Treatment by the Enemy of British Prisoners of War, I happened upon a copy of a letter written by a British sailor who was invalided into Switzerland after enduring captivity in a German camp for many months. In a crude but most graphic fashion this disabled British seaman told of as horrible a thing as I have yet heard about. I decided to reproduce his letter—punctuation, spelling, grammar and all—just as it was set down in the man's own way, and here it is:

"Now about a man named Genower his death; also the Death of Michael Murphy, have the German's sent the cause of or how they came by their Death's Well we will Take Genower's Death first, he was confined in cells, the reason was this as far as I can certify, when the barge left Maser, that is the name of a factory where they Make gun-cotton and Hyddite but our men wont work inside the factory, they work outside Making Roads, well as I said when the barge leaves the Maser, with the Men and arrived at the Brandenburg jetty, Men are told off to Make the Barge secure unhappily Genower jumped off the barge before it stopped, the consequence was a German hit Genower in the face with the Muzzle of his rifle and cut it, Genower went to the Doctor and had his face dressed, a few days after they came and put him in cells without any trial whatever and there he remained till his Death.

"The cell Barrack is all Build of wood, something like Match Boarding, they had a stove in the Passage of the cells, Well one forenoon in winter say about 11-45 a. m. just before Dinner, we saw smoke rising from the cells, at the time we thought it was the Parcel office on fire which is Next to the cells, and took no notice till one of the men shouted the cells were on fire, with that we all made our way to the cells as fast as Possible one man by the name of Betts had a large hatchet, which with a few strong blows would had smashed the sides in but he was not allowed to use it and it was taken away by a german, and not one of the Naval Ratings was allowed to go Near the cells.

"I myself was there on the spot, they Placed a guirdon of German soldiers at a distance of 60 yards around the cells with rifles loaded and fixed bayonets so as we could not get near. During the meantime Nothing was being done to get the Prisoners out, or Put the fire out, I happen to make inquiries of the interpreter of the cells who was a Russian I asked him what was the Reason the cell Door was not opened when the fire was first Noticed and he told me that the Sentry who was a Private soldier Dared not open any of the Doors till the under Officer came and gave him orders to do so, consequently the door Leading to the cells was Never opened, and we could hear the Poor fellows inside screaming it was heartrending and all us chaps standing there helpless. Afterwards I heard that the Key of the cells was Lost, also I heard, that Genower tried to get out through the small square window, but was run through with the sentry's Bayonet but that I cannot vouch for it is only what I heard, 5 russians 1 french and 1 Englishman was Burnt to Death.

"About Murphy's Death I could not get the Proper Reason, only that he was shot through the stomach with an explosive Bullet at a distance of about 4 yards Range and when we went to go to his barrack from the mine a distance of about 200 yards he fell several times and the Posten threatened to strike him with the butt of his rifle he died the same night."

Farther along in the papers I found a copy of another statement which appeared to bear upon the same case, and upon inquiry was told that a mechanical engineer named George La Porte, who had been released as disabled in September of 1917, on reaching Switzerland told a story confirmative of the preceding narrative. At that time La Porte did not know any deposition regarding the horror at Brandenburg camp had been given by any other man. His story, which is confirmative in every respect of the death of Genower—whom La Porte calls Genoa—is this:

"I do not remember the date when the cells were burnt down. Being an eyewitness I claim to be an authority. The cause of the fire was not known but what is known, a British bluejacket, Genoa [Genower], a French soldier, and five Russians were burnt alive without any attempt being made to release them. I went down with some men whose intention it was to save life. What I saw was Genoa [Genower] forcing the upper part of his body through the small window he had broken. The sentry seeing him drove his bayonet through the man's chest and sent him reeling back into the fire.

"A rush forward was made to break the place open, but we were driven off by other armed Germans who had arrived on the scene. I attach a photo of the funeral of the victims."

Kultur in East Africa

Americans will probably be interested to know how the Germans treated British civilians whom they took prisoners in German East Africa at the beginning of the war. Many of these prisoners were missionaries. Others were gently born Englishwomen who had gone out to Africa as nurses and as teachers.

They were gently bred Christian folk, these unfortunates; and assuredly, when they bear witness, what they jointly and severally say is worthy of belief. Here is a description, in the calm dispassionate language of the official report on file in the London Foreign Office, touching on one experience of a file of civilian captives who were being moved across country by their German warders:

"Before entering Bejamoyo township the caravan was halted, that the porters, askaris and the rest might be formed into a close procession. The porters were directed to sing as they went, so as to attract the people, and thus it was that the streets were lined by excited crowds collected to look at the prisoners. These were drawn up, on exhibition for half an hour outside the Boma, surrounded by a crowd of natives and Arabs who were left free to amuse themselves by a competition in insult and invective. The evidence is cumulative as to the hardship and privation—in many cases quite gratuitous—to which the prisoners generally were subjected on these marches."

It is of evidence that these civilian prisoners, none of whom had borne arms, were driven on long marches; that in the midst of plenty they were fed on starvation rations; that they were flogged, some of them, by a drunken German gang boss in captain's uniform, absolutely without cause; that they were forced, men and women alike, to sleep on cement floors without mattresses or blankets for weeks on end; that native negro servants and soldiers were permitted to shove them about and strike and beat them; that for trivial or fancied offenses ministers of the gospel were locked in punishment cells of corrugated iron, where they remained, exposed to terrific heat from the African sun by day and to the biting cold of the African nights, for weeks on end.

For doing something or other a British planter named Wickham was locked up in a chicken house from which the fowls were driven out in order that he might be driven in. Wickham was six feet and one inch in height. The height of his prison was five feet six inches. And he stayed there three days. But for white men in a black land worse indignities than any of these were reserved. Again I quote from the official statement:

"Civilians as well as service prisoners had to work every day from seven-thirty to eleven and from two-thirty to five. The work was hard, and in the climate and without sun helmets these hours were excessive. Apart from that the work was, the committee feel sure, made degrading by design, and was invariably carried out under native supervision. It included such things as drawing water from a well at which native women were working, and carrying it four hundred yards to the camp; carrying water and sand for native masons engaged in building operations and acting as their laborers; dragging a lorry containing empty drums from the camp to a well near a native encampment, the men being insufficiently clothed and without socks or boots."

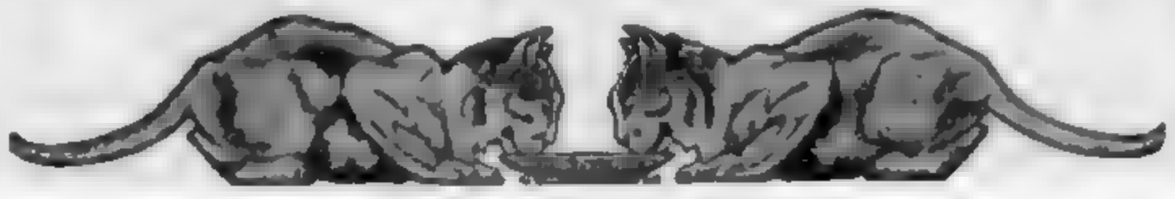
Further Testimony

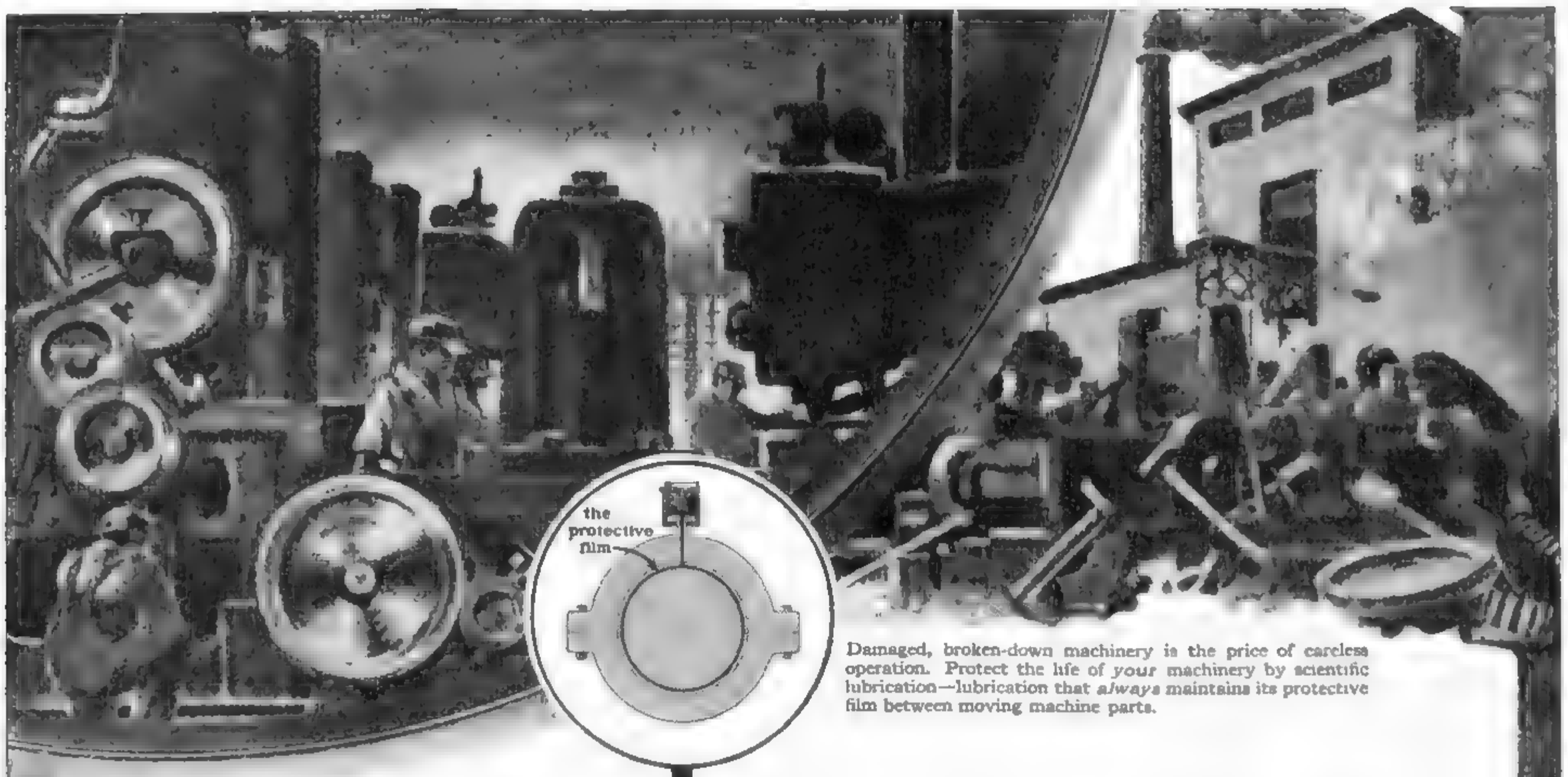
"Mr. Scott Brown [a civilian prisoner] says that it was the work of a certain number of men to clear the sanitary buckets of the native guard. These buckets had to be carried out of the camp and emptied in a pit some little distance off. At times the men were employed in the useless work of emptying these pits, standing up to their knees in the filth. On several occasions prisoners were sent out of the camp under native guard to collect cow dung, which they had to place in sacks with their naked hands.

"Peculiarly degrading tasks were reserved for the service men. Four of them were set to clear out a pit into which all the offal of the camp had been thrown. The stench rising from this was such that these men were all confined to their beds on one and the same day. Again on numerous occasions service men were sent under native guards to carry ox hides from the camp to a Kraal some considerable distance away. They then had to scrape and bury the skins in manure. After an interval it was their task to dig them up, scrape them again, and in a stinking condition carry them back on poles to the camp through the askari barracks and the Indian encampment.

"Referring to what one would regard as the least degrading of the tasks which the committee have mentioned—that of dragging the lorry through the Town—Archdeacon Woodward, speaking with forty-one years of experience of East Africa, including twenty-five years in German East Africa, says that for a white man to be forced to perform such work is most degrading in the eyes of the natives, and in regard to the task of working with the hoe the committee are informed that it is not customary for white men to work with the hoe in tropical Africa, and as a result of their being required to do so at Tabora it is recorded that it became current talk among the natives in the Kilimanjaro district, some hundreds of miles away, that the English had become slaves to the Germans and were carrying buckets and stones on their heads. At Tabora itself the British prisoners came to be generally spoken of by the natives as slaves, the Swahili word *malika*, which they applied to them, being stated to be from an African point of view a peculiarly offensive term, never used by one African with reference to another unless he wishes violently to insult him."

Add it all up, you stay-at-home readers—the things that happened in 1914 in Northern Europe and in East Africa, the things that have happened since in German prison camps, the things that must at this very minute be happening in those German prison camps—and decide for yourself what the sum total of the humane treatment promised by the Germans for American boys is apt to be.





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THE GREAT AND ONLY LESLEY

(Continued from Page 11)

astonishing rapidity. As Mr. Benedict was leaving the theater he wasted a glance on his juvenile man. That devoted disciple of the drama was sullenly kicking his way into his ragged trousers—and incidentally staging the only convincing bit of pantomime in his short career. It was good enough to hold Mr. Benedict's attention. He noted the downcast eye and the sagging lip, and some faint and hitherto undiscovered human instinct stirred in the managerial breast. Business had been very good in Pewahimo; Mr. Benedict's share of the night's receipts was safely tucked away where no creditor could find it; and it occurred to him that he could afford to be generous. A silver half dollar spun through the air and clattered on the floor at Joe's feet.

"There, kid!" said he. "Buy your girl a box of candy!"

He departed without waiting for Joe's stammered thanks, warmed by the consciousness of a worthy act. "And that," thought Mr. Benedict, "will keep him hanging on a couple of weeks longer anyway."

Joe followed him to the door, opened it a few inches, and watched the manager until he turned out of the alley into the main street. He headed for the hotel, and Joe heaved a sigh of relief, for he knew that Benedict would soon be playing poker with his host, and out of the way for the rest of the night.

Returning to the scene of his late activities Joe laid hold of a trunk and dragged it into the nearest dressing room. In less than half a minute the Richard Hare suit was hanging over the back of a chair, and a cascade of collars and ties had come to light.

"Might as well go the whole hog," said Joe to himself as he fumbled expertly in the bottom of the trunk for the mustard-colored spats of Lord Montsevern.

Four minutes later an extremely natty gentleman viewed as much of his magnificence as was visible in the small dingy mirror, transferred two silver coins from the discarded trousers to the elegant light-blue waistcoat of Richard Hare, thumbed his tall collar, tugged at his scarf, turned out the light and departed, walking swiftly on his toes.

The other coin troubled Joe somewhat. It was a silver dollar, and to get it he had betrayed the trust reposed in him as property man. Joe had peddled four thirty-cent passes at a discount for cash, and had pocketed the money. It was wrong—criminal, in fact—but what is a penniless youth to do when the lady of his love promises to eat oysters with him?

Biddy, a little frightened and nervous, was waiting for him at Cusick's place, which was empty of other customers save for a large fat-faced gentleman stolidly eating a steak in the far corner of the room.

"I thought you'd never come!" she whispered as Joe hung up The Silver King's best hat. Then she caught her breath suddenly. "My! But you're all dressed up to-night! And what a perfectly gorgeous suit! I simply adore that shade of blue!"

"Yes," said Joe casually as he seated himself. "I kind of like it myself."

"Do you know"—and Biddy leaned toward him impulsively—"you're much better looking than I thought. I'm thrilled to death to be sitting here with such a terribly handsome man!"

Joe blushed to the very roots of his wavy hair—truly he had not been an actor long enough to hurt!—and sought to change the subject, but at this point a large calm Swedish waitress drew near to take the order. Fate had assigned but one line to this anonymous member of the cast—one line, but a pregnant one; and one important bit of stage business. Joe handed the bill of fare to Biddy.

"What'll it be?" he asked with all the nonchalance of great wealth. "Pick out something nice."

"Oh, oysters, of course! Don't you just adore oysters? I do, but my aunt can't bear them on the table. . . . Now, let's see ——"

The bovine waitress shifted her slippered feet and spoke her line.

"Cream stew, it bane purty gude," said she, and lapsed into silence.

"Cream stew!" cried Biddy. "With oodles and oodles of butter in it! That would be lovely, but—it's thirty-five cents?" Her tone changed a statement of fact into a question. Joe answered it by lifting his right hand from the table in a slight gesture, an indifferent flip of the fingers, as who should say: "Pray, what is thirty-five cents to me?"

"Two cream stews," ordered Joe carelessly—a decision lightly made, but heavy with consequences. Had the choice inclined to fried oysters or oysters on the half shell his little world would have continued to wag on undisturbed and the whole round world would have been the loser. One cannot be too careful with oysters, in season or out of season.

The Swedish waitress ambled away to the kitchen, leaving Biddy and Joe to enjoy what little remained of their happiness—to be precise, eight minutes by Cusick's clock. What did they say to each other during those eight minutes? It does not matter. Fate was hurrying them swiftly to the climax, and their drama had become one of action rather than words. Joe posed and Biddy was thrilled, and so engrossed were they that they did not even notice the entrance of the fourth member of the cast—a sleek, black tomcat, which padded softly in from the kitchen and sat down to regard them with a round yellow stare. They did not even notice the waitress as she advanced, bearing two steaming bowls on a huge tray. The tray being in front of her the waitress did not notice the cat, and so at the appointed time and place the climax came upon them all, as a climax should come—suddenly and without warning. And mark you, fifty rehearsals could not have produced such perfect coordination, such flawless synchronism.

The waitress planted her broad Swedish foot squarely on the cat's tail, the cat squalled, the waitress jumped and lost her balance, the tray tipped forward, and just as the startled Joe lifted his head a Niagara of hot milk and cream and oysters and melted country butter grazed his chin and went cascading down the immaculate front of the light-blue suit—the borrowed suit of Richard Hare! Above the crashing of crockery, the wailing of the waitress and the complaint of the outraged feline rose the dry howl of a wretched and a ruined young man:

"Now look what you done! Look what you done!"

A few minutes later an agitated couple turned swiftly into a quiet side street. The low-hanging trees, the screening hedges, the mellow moonlight and the deep pools of shade made it an ideal spot for sentimental strollers, but the girl, clinging desperately to the boy's arm, was barely able to keep pace with his long nervous strides. Joe seemed determined to turn Lover's Lane into a speedway.

"Don't walk—so fast!" panted Biddy. "I—I'm all out—of breath!"

"I've got to hurry, I tell you!" snapped Joe. "There's a bottle of cleaning compound at the theater — —"

"But a minute or two—won't make any difference—and I'm so sorry ——"

Joe laughed a bitter mirthless laugh.

"And you're the one that went and asked for all that extra butter too!"

"But I didn't know. Please don't be mad—at me—just because you got a few spots on your coat —"

"Spots! I'm soaking wet clear to the knees—soaking wet! And like as not it'll never come out!"

"I'm awfully sorry. It—it's just terrible. Can't you make Cusick buy you another suit?"

"In time to play East Lynne next Tuesday night? Bah!"

"It's spoiled my whole evening—upset everything—and we were having such a wonderful time too! Please! I can't walk any faster!"

Joe halted suddenly.

"You can take your own time from here," said he. "It's only a few steps to your front gate."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Biddy, between amazement and anger. "You won't even see me home?"

"Sorry—can't spare the time—got to hurry—good-by!"

Joe twitched his arm free from the clinging fingers and was gone, almost at a run. His last words were thrown casually over his shoulder. And here we take leave of

(Continued on Page 83)

Stewart Accessories For Ford Cars

Increase the Pleasures of Motoring

YOU have not fully experienced the pleasures of motoring unless your Ford car is equipped with Stewart Accessories.

Stewart Accessories not only increase the pleasures of your motoring, but also increase the service and efficiency of your Ford car.

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Note closely the illustrations on this page. Each shows an accessory which you need—an accessory which will make your Ford a better automobile.

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The Instrument Board is made of selected wood with black satin eggshell finish. Very handsome—looks like a built in part of the Ford car. Clock, headlight switch, starter control, primer, and other accessories can be easily added to the board.

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There is also a Stewart Instrument Board for Ford Sedan and Coupélet models at $15.

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For your Ford's protection you need the Stewart Autoguard both front and rear. It is furnished with special brackets which fit the Ford car without any cutting, boring of holes, or other alterations. When installed, looks like a built in part of the car.

The Stewart Autoguard not only protects your Ford car against damage but adds much to its appearance. The rear model includes a tire-carrier which holds two tires. Also includes license bracket and rear lamp bracket.

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1126

(Continued from Page 60)

poor little Biddy Bradley, a lonely figure standing at a corner of the street, quivering with a mixture of disappointment and exasperation, and listening to the rapid thud of departing footsteps.

"Oh!" she cried, and stamped her foot. "Oh! I wish he'd tried it! I wish he had! What a slapping I'd have given him!"

At this very moment a fat-faced gentleman was buying into a poker game in a back room at the Pewahmo Hotel.

"Saw a funny thing just now over at Cusick's," said he, addressing the company at large. "An actor was in there with a girl——"

"Deal 'em up!" interrupted Mr. Benedict, who was losing.

"And that big cow of a waitress dumped a couple of bowls of oyster stew all over him—like to drownded him. You never heard a feller holler so loud in your life. Well, he had a holler coming, I guess. Oyster stew ain't no great benefit to a light-blue suit."

Mr. Benedict jumped as if stung.

"A light-blue suit! Was it the kid that plays the drum in the band?"

"I dunno what he plays in the band, but he's the one that carries the handbills."

Mr. Benedict leaped to his feet with a sudden burst of savage profanity.

"The swellest suit in the bunch!" he cried. "I'll be back in a few minutes. Somebody watch my stack."

"'Tain't necessary," said the fat-faced man calmly. "You're the only stranger in the game."

Thus it happened that as a breathless and badly frightened young man swung into the main street and turned in the direction of the theater he heard a harsh voice behind him—the voice of all voices which he had no wish to hear:

"Hold on a minute! I want to see you!"

Joe turned his head—and there was Benedict bearing down upon him. For the second time that night the boy made an important decision—made it without stopping to think. Joe's first wild impulse was to run, and the loud yell of "Stop thief!" gave him a second impulse, which was to keep on running. Mr. Benedict was no athlete, and moreover he was wasting his breath in shouts which echoed up and down the deserted street. Joe saw visions of the jail, and fear clipped at least three seconds off his time for the first two hundred yards. It was not a race but a procession.

In this manner there passed from Pewahmo rapidly and forever the Richard Hare suit, the Lord Montsevern spats, the hat of The Silver King and the juvenile man of the Excelsior Stars; nor did that terrified embezzler pause to draw breath until the town was a twinkle of lights behind him, and the county road an open highway stretching to the state line.

II

A LARGE white limousine rolled swiftly along a boulevard in Hollywood, which is a suburb of Los Angeles abandoned to sunshine, flowers and motion-picture studios. Jitneys rattled to right and left, flivvers honked in shoals, touring cars took notice, but the white limousine held on its course like an ocean liner steaming through a fishing fleet.

Pedestrians, recognizing the car and its liveried chauffeur, paused to stare, for the passing of the Great and Only Lesley was an event even in Hollywood, where scores of film favorites live, move, and pay or receive their alimony.

On the seat beside the chauffeur sat Mr. Lesley's dresser—valet, he preferred to call himself—a very stiff-backed person whose clean-shaven jowls, tiny ear tufts and manner of polite oblivion marked him for what he devoutly hoped the common folk thought he was—a high-class English manservant.

Inside the car lounging far back among the cushions the Great and Only Lesley listened and yawned as his private secretary ran through the morning's mail.

"Another woman's club tea-fight, eh?" said he listlessly. "A beastly bore, Howard, but I suppose I must give the dear ladies a close-up. Send them word accepting the invitation, and make a note to jot down a few things for me to say. Something clever, Howard; clever and—light. You know. Nothing serious."

"Right-o! Clever and light; that's attended to. . . . Now then, here's another female detective who thinks she's got a line on you and your family. Want to answer her letter?"

"What does she say?"

"Says she thinks you're English and your real name is Lesley-Creighton—with a hyphen. Wants to know if you're not the younger son of Nigel Lesley-Creighton of some place or other in Surrey. Says you have all the family characteristics."

The Great and Only Lesley looked dreamily out of the window, just in time to give a bevy of high-school girls a treat.

"The Lesley-Creightons, eh? Rather a pity to disappoint her, but say that Mr. Lesley begs to offer his respects, and explain that for obvious reasons his incognito must remain undisturbed. . . . And she thinks I look like an Englishman, eh? Make it a nice letter, Howard, on the new cream stationery, and I'll sign it personally."

The secretary almost grinned as he bent over his notebook. He had been with Lesley for nearly a year, and he had his private opinion concerning that carefully preserved incognito. Before Lionel Lesley became the Great and Only, there had been no mystery connected with the trade name of his choosing. It had been presumed that the rising young actor had availed himself of the mummer's privilege, and had selected for himself a combination of syllables at once soothing to the ear and easily remembered by the proletariat.

Then popularity had swept upon the new star, bringing in its wake a personal press agent of fertile imagination, and a pathfinder in his profession. The press agent's first invention had been the title of Great and Only. Later it had occurred to him to bestow upon his patron a towering but shadowy family tree. The story which he had written for the newspapers had hinted at certain high connections, and had even mentioned a white-haired patrician mother who could not bear the thought of an honored name dragged through miles and miles of celluloid; hence, of course, the frankly fictitious Lionel Lesley.

The yarn being the first of its kind in connection with a motion-picture actor it had made a tremendous hit and been copied far and wide. The press agent realizing that the lead was a good one had asked for more money and had written more stories, each supporting the original fiction and adding to the general effect. The result had been an established conviction in the minds of such as believe the printed word; and now at the end of three years the star himself, a sedulous reader of his press notices, spoke glibly of his incognito and the obvious reasons for its preservation. There were times when he nearly believed in his family tree, and on such occasions his associates found him very much up stage, and haughty as a belted earl.

Guessing at the Great and Only's real identity had long been a popular pastime among film fanatics, and hardly a day passed without a letter from someone who felt that the secret of the star's mysterious past had been uncovered.

"And that'll be about all, I think," said the secretary; "except the requests for photographs—seventy-nine of 'em."

"Only seventy-nine? Did they all inclose the twenty-five cents?"

"About a dozen didn't."

"Autograph the others," said Lesley, "and send them out promptly. Nothing tickles a nut like an early response."

"Oh, yes! Speaking of nuts," said Howard, "here's a letter I overlooked, from the prize nut of the entire collection. Woman wants to know if you remember Pewahmo—wherever that is—and the two oyster stews. Says she recognized you the minute you came on the screen, and thinks you're just as handsome as ever. She hopes you haven't forgotten Biddy; she's glad you're doing so well in pictures; she likes Lionel Lesley better than Norval Montressor, but thinks the other one came out of a book too; and she wants you to know that she's married now and has a kid five years old. She says ——"

The Great and Only Lesley stretched out a languid hand.

"Let's see the letter," said he.

He read it slowly, an amused smile playing about the corners of his handsome mouth. He might have saved that smile for the screen; the secretary was not watching him. When he had finished he crumpled the letter into a ball and dropped it in Howard's lap.

"Never mind answering it," said Lesley with a laugh. "No use wasting stamps on crazy people. . . . Pewahmo. . . . It sounds like an Indian name. . . . Well, here we are at the workshop again. Ho, hum! It's a dog's life, Howard, my boy, a dog's life!"

(Continued on Page 85)

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Manufacturers and repair men say, "90% of magneto trouble is due to improper lubrication." Your neglected instruction book says something like this: "Oil the magneto every 300 to 500 miles with a *highly refined light* oil." In spite of all this, many motorists persist in using cylinder oil or light mineral oil, which gums and clogs the delicate mechanism. Don't court trouble. Oil your magneto regularly with

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When unswallowed food particles dissolve against the teeth or under the gums a mild acid condition results. Acid is unfriendly to teeth. It slowly though ceaselessly weakens the hard enamel. Cavities appear in the weaker parts of the enamel. Gradually but surely the mouth-acids work through the cavities into the soft interior pulp—the very life of the tooth. Decay becomes more rapid then—and pain occurs. Authorities believe that "Acid-Mouth" is the chief cause of tooth-decay. Ninety-five out of every hundred persons are said to have it.

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Besides using Pebeco twice a day, visit your dentist twice a year. Then you will be sure to have your teeth and gums well cared for. And between Pebeco and the dentist, you should be able to keep your teeth for life.

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PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from Page 63)

The star's daily arrival at the El El Studio was also something of an event, and though no film favorite is ever a hero to the hired hands this favorite insisted upon an outward semblance of respect, no matter what lurid comment surged in his wake.

Old Davy Gillespie, the gatekeeper, who had served queen and country on the sea, swung wide the door and bowed obsequiously, but after the procession had passed he snorted behind his hand.

"Comes aboard, 'e does, like a blinkin', bleedin', goldlace admiral, convoyed fore an' aft. That wooden-faced Perkins, 'e won't let anybody approach 'Is Royal 'Ighness dead on; whilst the sec'etary, 'e maneuvers at 'is stern, cuttin' off torpedo attacks an' two-bit touches. All we need now is a salute of Gawd knows 'ow many guns, an' the 'oistin' of a flag to let everybody in 'Ollywood know 'e's in again!"

The star had no sooner reached his large sunny dressing room than Rollinson, the assistant director, knocked at the door and delivered his message.

"As you were yesterday, Mr. Lesley, please. We have retakes on some of the library scenes."

"Damnation!" growled Lesley. "What's the matter with that infernal camera man?"

"Don't know, sir. Some of the library stuff was light-struck. It's too bad, because all the extra people are here for the carnival scenes. Evans is waiting to strike the library set and put up that other big interior, Mr. Dalton is running round in circles, and he asked me to tell you that we're ready to shoot as soon as you are."

As this was no more than a polite way of asking the star to hurry into his make-up Lesley very properly took no notice of it. He believed in keeping underlings in their places, did the Great and Only. Perkins, the valet, silently laid out his master's evening clothes and began to unbutton his smart cloth-topped patent leathers. From time to time he permitted himself brief observations concerning the weather or the criminal carelessness of the American laundry, but elicited no response. The Great and Only Lesley was thinking.

Memory is a tricky and at times an exasperating blessing. We may believe that the past is a book that is closed, sealed and forgotten, but give us no more than a familiar date line in a newspaper or perhaps the glimpse of a pair of eyes in the passing crowd—and lo, the sealed book opens at the very page we wish to forget, nor will it suffer itself to be put away unread.

It had been years since Lesley had given Pewahmo a thought, but Biddy's letter had brought back his trouping days to him; and no part of the humiliating picture was missing. He remembered the section houses, the oilcloth-covered dining tables, the everlasting corned beef and cabbage, the snoring Bohunks, the holes in his trousers, the three jobs, the salary which had never been, the pitiful pretense at acting, the savage criticisms of Benedict, the sneers of the other troupers, the very color and texture of the costumes which he had folded and put away so often. He remembered the Richard Hare suit, the eager little girl at the front gate, the appointment at Cusick's, the Swedish waitress, the black tomcat, the two cream stews ——

At this point the voice of the deferential Perkins broke in upon his reverie.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Very sorry, sir."

"Eh? What's that, Perkins?"

"I thought I had hurt you, sir. You flinched—jumped a bit, like, sir."

Yes, he remembered the two cream stews, the sudden, numbing shock of catastrophe, the panic-stricken departure from Cusick's, the breathless scurry through the quiet streets, the unmannerly parting, the unexpected challenge, the foot race and the all-night walk which had followed his flight from town—why, it might have been yesterday!

Poor old Benedict! Where was he now? Lesley wondered. What had become of the other Excelsior Stars? Were they playing The Convict's Daughter and doubling in brass, and giving away the parlor set on Saturday nights? Did Benedict still appear between the acts and recite The Face on the Barroom Floor, with Gunga Din as an encore? Benedict! What a film heavy he might have been, with his piercing eyes, his beak of a nose and his tangle of dark curls! Benedict! A hard man to work for, but oh, what an actor!

It is a strange thing, but true, that the idols which a boy builds for himself are of a material that defies the passage of time. In Lesley's memory—in his heart, which was still the heart of Joe Hopkins—Benedict remained the polished actor and the master of stagecraft, the keen and merciless critic of every word and gesture. Had Benedict ever seen him upon the screen, he wondered, and if so had those thin lips registered approval or had they twisted into that well-remembered sneer? Would he be willing to admit that the boy he had known as Joe had learned something about acting? Or would he

"O Lesley, have a heart! I've got a flock of extra people tied up, and these retakes to shoot!" It was the voice of Dalton, the director.

"Coming directly!" called the star, whereupon Perkins gave him an approving glance. Perkins never mentioned doing anything "right away." It was always "directly."

The Great and Only faced the camera across a large library table. As the society detective, the wealthy young man dabbling in criminology to save himself from ennui, Lesley was about to perform the very necessary act known as finding the papers.

On the table stood an electric reading lamp—a pedestal and globe affair, listed in the prop room as "1 practical lamp, swell." Now this was no ordinary lighting device, and it played an important part in the unfolding of the story. It had been registered in twenty scenes—eight of them close-ups—and it was the very finest and most expensive lamp that the property man had been able to find; nor was there anywhere another to match it. The glory of this lamp was its globe. An artist had designed it, a master had constructed it, and out of hundreds of bits of colored glass there had been created a thing of beauty, frail as an eggshell, iridescent as a bubble. The property man muttered a prayer when he handled it, for he had seen the price tag, and the El El Film Company was paying forty dollars a week rental for the lamp and guaranteeing its safe return to the furniture house. It was in the globe of this lamp that the papers were concealed.

"All right, Lesley; you remember the business of the scene: You come forward, hesitate a bit, lift the globe from the pedestal ——"

"Oh, I know," said the star wearily.

"Well, rehearse it once," said Dalton. "Simply walk through the scene."

Lesley advanced to the table, moving almost automatically. His eyes were fixed on the troop of extra people waiting in the background. Most of them were seasoned campaigners to whom the mechanical rehearsal of a star was no new thing. They might look up when the camera began to click, but not before. Some of the women were knitting; the men were gathered in small groups, conversing in low tones.

Lesley's hands were touching the globe when he became aware of a sudden movement just outside the library set and beyond the camera. One of the extra men had taken two quick steps forward, and come to a rigid halt. Lesley sensed rather than saw that the man's whole attitude was one of strained attention; he felt that a pair of eyes were boring him through and through. Hardened to the keen scrutiny of the curious and the admiring regard of a worshipful public Lesley shifted his own glance to meet that piercing stare, and as he did so he lifted the globe from the pedestal. . . . Almost instantly there came the crash of metal and the thin tinkle of shattered glass—came also the anguished howl of the director to break the spell.

"My God, Lesley! You've done it now! You've smashed the lamp!"

The Great and Only gulped as he lowered his eyes to the ruin on the table top.

"I—I'll pay for it," he stammered. "It's all right. I'll pay for it."

"You'll pay for it?" shouted Dalton, dancing up and down and tearing his hair. "Do you think I'm worrying about what the thing costs? That lamp has been registered in a lot of scenes, and there ain't another one like it! We'll have to shoot all the library stuff over again!" His voice rose almost to a scream. "Hell's bells, man! There ain't any double for the lamp!"

Lesley walked to the nearest chair and dropped heavily into it.

"I m sorry, Dalton. I'm awfully sorry. I give you my word ——"

"Gimme nothing!" raged the director. "Here's Isenstein, long-distancing me from Chicago every night, and all he says is 'Speed up that production—speed it up!'

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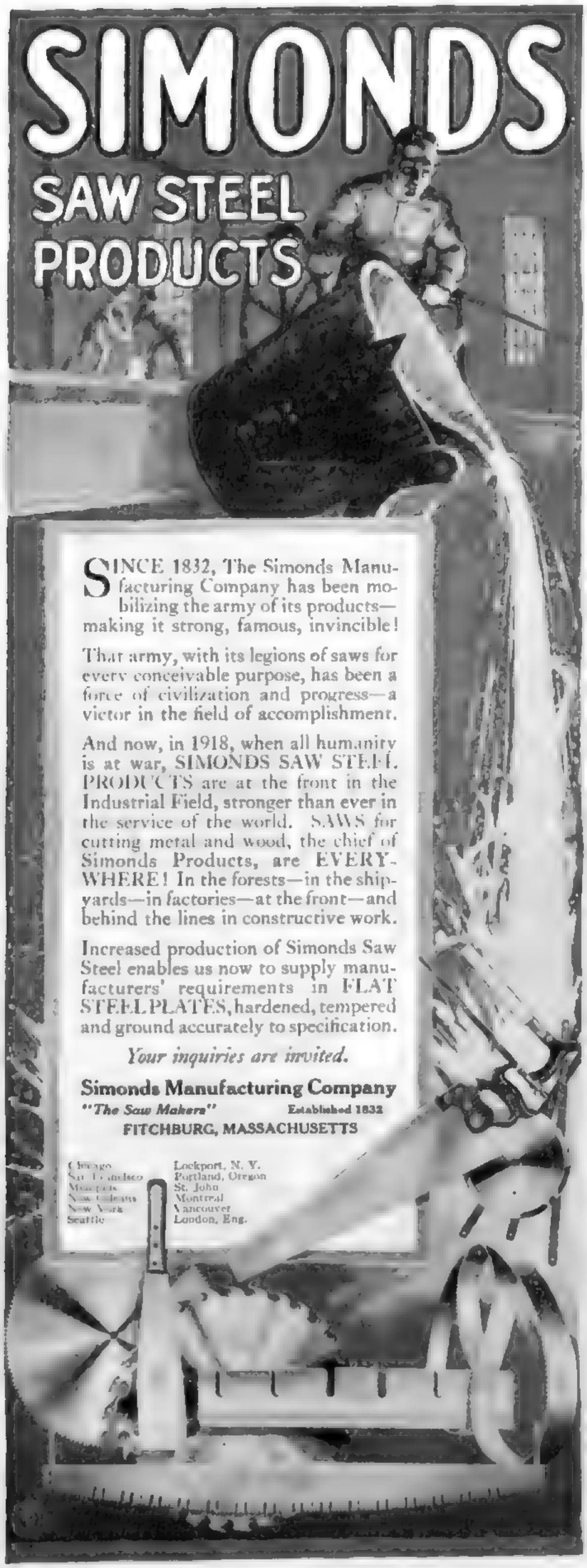
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And you—you go to work and bust that lamp, hand me a big bunch of retakes, and tie me up in a knot! Now I can't strike this library set and start putting up the other! How on earth did you come to do a fool thing like that?"

Lesley's attention seemed to be focused on the floor in front of him. Had Dalton been in a calm frame of mind it would have struck him instantly that this humility on the part of the star was something uncommon, even abnormal.

"I—I just dropped it," he mumbled without lifting his eyes. "I don't know why. It—slipped."

Again the exasperated director found it necessary to take hold of his hair in order to keep his head on his shoulders. At last, breathless and empty, he ceased to wail over spilt milk and bethought himself of salvage.

"Well, we can shoot the carnival stuff anyway," said Dalton. "Go and change, and for heaven's sake get a hump on you!"

As the Great and Only Lesley walked to the other end of the stage he passed within arm's length of a tall middle-aged extra man garbed as a Venetian gondolier—a man who had evidently seen better days. His dark curly hair was quite thin in front and gray at the temples, but the years had not been able to conquer his beaklike nose, and his eyes, as they rested upon Lesley, burned with the fire of suppressed emotion. As the star passed him by the man's lips twitched into a savage sneer. They moved, and a whisper reached Lesley's ears—and turned them pink under the grease paint:

"Don't know me now, eh? But you knew me a minute ago, you four-flusher!"

Mr. Benedict, former owner and manager of the Excelsior Stars, had at last found his way into the safe haven of the broken-down trouper—the pictures.

Behind a locked door Lesley took his head in his hands and tried to think. Four-flusher! His first angry impulse was to send for Dalton and insist that Benedict be thrown into the street. He need give no reasons; a flat demand would be sufficient. Dalton would have Benedict thrown out, neck and crop—and then? Yes, that was the main point—and then? Benedict would begin giving his reasons, and it would be exactly like the man to surround his revenge with as large a degree of publicity as possible. Publicity—that meant the newspapers!

Like most chance-made celebrities Lesley was largely a creature of printers' ink. His egotism, fed fat on press-agent fiction, had grown to such proportions that it topped his common sense. He really believed himself to be an object of consuming interest to the public at large, and it was but natural for him to assume that Benedict would pay a grudge in print, striking where he could do the most harm. Lesley could almost hear his voice, explaining to the reporters:

"Had me thrown off the lot, he did, and all because I knew him when the seat was out of his pants! That's gratitude, that is! Why, I put that fellow in the show business—taught him all he knows about acting; and this is what I get for it! I took hold of him, a gawky farmer kid ——"

Here, Lesley imagined, the reporters would interrupt, offering corrections.

"What? Fine family—and rich, too? Don't make me laugh; my lip's split. A lie, I tell you! He's a farmer kid, from a little one-horse town in the Middle West. Dexter, Iowa, that's where I picked him up; and his real name is Joe Hopkins. And that's not all. When he jumped the troupe in Pewahmo he stole a fine suit of clothes and some other stuff out of my trunk. His family! Bunk!"

Lesley shivered, for he made no doubt that he would be exposed in headlines inches tall:

"MYSTERY SOLVED—INCOGNITO EXPLODED

EXCITING EPISODE AT EL EL STUDIO REVEALS SECRET OF LESLEY'S PAST! ! ! !"

A man in order to be perfectly happy must have too much imagination or none at all. Lesley had just enough to picture a toppling family tree, and the commotion caused by the fall of that giant of the forest. What then would become of the white-haired patrician mother, the long line of kid-gloved ancestors, the carefully preserved incognito?

Lesley was no wiser than Joe Hopkins had ever been—great intellectual stature cannot be attained on a mental diet restricted to laudatory press clippings—but he knew enough to fear certain things. Contempt was one of them, and ridicule was another. What if Benedict should tell the story about the oyster stews? The curled and silent lip of the public was bad enough, but open laughter—ah, that was the thing which killed!

Plainly, it would not be good policy to throw Benedict off the lot; nor was it safe to allow him to run at large in Hollywood's film colony. The venomous old rascal was probably bursting to tell all he knew, especially since the star had refused to speak to him. That, Lesley now saw, had been an error of judgment. Perhaps a few words, a cordial handshake. . . . Couldn't make a chum of him, of course. . . . Might lead to comment . . . but wasn't a friend better than an enemy? Lesley thought so, particularly as this enemy seemed to have the upper ground and all the heavy artillery.

With this thought in mind the Great and Only went forth to the gay carnival. His body was clothed in rose-colored silk but his soul was in sackcloth and ashes.

Shortly thereafter he heard a voice which he hardly recognized as his own. It said: "Well, how's everything with you, old man?"

The Venetian gondolier looked the star squarely in the eyes for a long five seconds, then flung his cape about his shoulders and walked slowly away.

Eight days afterward Mr. Immanuel Isenstein arrived from Chicago—a small, fattish man, bearing a great burden. Dalton met him at the train.

"Any news?" asked the owner as he shook hands.

"Worse and more of it," replied the director. "He's at home sick, or at least he claims to be."

"Since when has he been sick?"

"Since yesterday morning. His doctor is talking about a nervous breakdown."

Mr. Isenstein grunted loudly.

"He should have nerves, that boy! He should have nerves, when he is making me do all the worrying!"

The two men drove straight to the studio and entered the projecting room, where they spent a bad half hour.

"No use to see any more of this," said Isenstein. "It's terrible! If we put it out we hurt Lesley with the public and we hurt ourselves financially. Why, you'd think he'd never been on the stage before! . . . What is your idea, Dalton?"

"Well," said the director, "I hate to say it, but I think he's throwing you down. Like as not he's had another offer of more money. He can't break his present contract, but by pulling this kind of stuff on you he can make you break it. It's been done before, you know."

"But not to me," said Isenstein.

"They're all on to the trick by now. All a star has to do is gum up a few productions like Lesley is gumming this one. Pity there ain't a law to cover the situation."

"Law," said Mr. Isenstein gravely, "is no good except for lawyers. While we fight they clean up. No matter who loses, the lawyers win. No good. . . . But could Leslie really be sick?"

"He could be, but he's not. Look at the way he smashed that lamp. He knew—everybody knew—that there wasn't a double for it, and he waited till almost the last scene and then blewey! away it went. Good-by, lamp! And there I was, sewed up for three days more on the library scenes. And right on top of that—the very same day, in fact—he began to stall and stumble and moon through his work!"

"Yes," said Isenstein thoughtfully, "it shows on the film. Something else shows there, too. . . . That boy is scared half to death."

"Scared! How do you make that out?"

"With my eyes. You say he is at his house? I think I will run out there and surprise him."

"Give him hell for me!"

"By all means—if he needs it. He may need something else. Actors, they are just like children, and they must be handled like children. I make it my business to know all my people, and to like them—when I can. I like Lesley, and I think he likes me. In business affairs he has always been straight as a string. That is why I think he is not trying to make me break his contract. . . . Well, we shall see."

"Want me to go along?" asked Dalton.

"No-o," said the owner. "Thank you just the same. If he had wanted to tell you

(Continued on Page 89)

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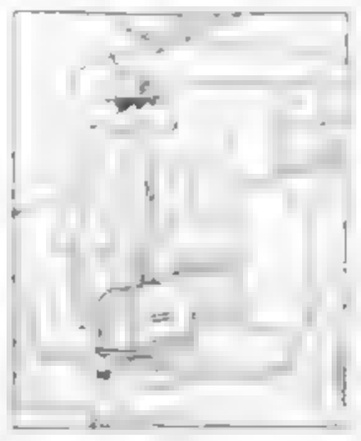

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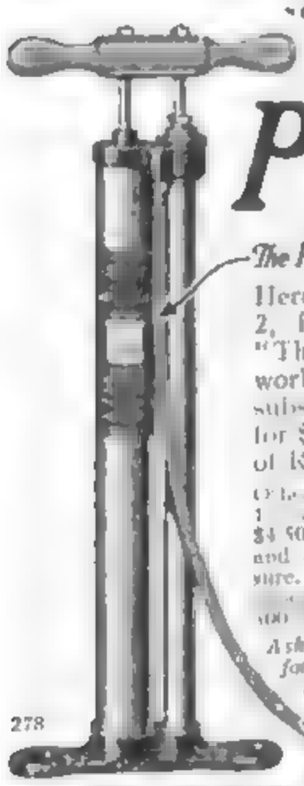

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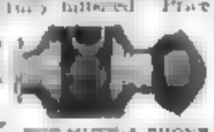

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(Continued from Page 86)

why it is that he is always watching something out of the corners of his eyes he would have done it before now. . . . Young men, they get in so many scrapes! I did when I was a boy."

Perkins entered the sick room with a soft and professional tread.

"Mr. Isenstein to see you, sir."

"What?" The Great and Only bounced among the pillows. "Isenstein? The big boss? What's he doing here? I can't see him, Perkins—can't see anybody! I'm sick, I tell you!"

"That is why I came," said a cheerful voice from the doorway. "When we are sick—that is the time we need our friends." Mr. Isenstein took a limp hand in his, and one glance told him all he wanted to know. Lesley's eyes were bloodshot, there were deep lines in his face, and the cold, moist hand trembled. Isenstein drew a chair close to the bed and seated himself. "Those bromide tablets," said he, nodding at a fat glass tube on the table, "they are bad for the heart. Go easy on them, my boy. Now then, what is the matter?"

"Nerves!" groaned Lesley.

"But why? Perkins, if that is your name, go outside and sit on the porch. This is a star-chamber session—ha! A joke, and I do not often make jokes. . . . Now then, my boy, he is gone. I am an old friend and I can keep secrets. I have made a great deal of money by knowing how to do that. . . . Tell me, is it a matter of money?"

"No."

"Ah. A woman, then?"

"No! Oh, I can't talk about it I can't!"

"H'm-m. Then it must be a man."

Lesley turned his face to the wall.

"I can't talk about it. It—it's a private matter."

Mr. Isenstein considered this statement in silence. After a time he took a cigar from his pocket and put it in his mouth.

"Tobacco always helps me to think," he observed. "Not the smoke of it, but the taste. . . . Now about this private matter. It occurs to me that it may not be as private as you think ——"

A muffled wail interrupted him.

"He's told it! I knew he would—I knew it!"

"Steady, my boy! Nobody has told anything, yet. What I mean is that this trouble of yours, which is private, is also my trouble because it ties up my plant and stops a feature production. It hurts you in your nerves; it hurts me in my pocket. . . . Do you feel that I have treated you fairly—in a business way?"

"Best in the world," muttered Lesley, turning to the wall again.

"Then, my boy, I am entitled to fair treatment from you. I have said that I know how to keep secrets. I have kept bigger ones than yours—yes, and I have helped many a fellow out of a worse scrape. . . . Who is this man, and what does he know about you? Is it anything they can send you to jail for?"

Lesley shook his head.

"Well," said Isenstein, "I have even kept men out of jail in my time—and kept out myself." He reached over and took Lesley's damp hand in his. "Whatever it is," said he gently, "tell me and let me fix it up for you. That's a good boy; let the old boss help you out of the mess."

There was a long silence, broken only by the labored breathing of an extremely nervous young man.

"You'll find it out anyway," whispered Lesley, with his face against the wall. "Everybody will. You—you know all that stuff about—about my family connections—my mother being opposed to the stage. Oh, you know what I mean!"

Isenstein's eyes brightened and his lips twitched, but his voice gave no hint of the humor he found in the situation.

"Good publicity," said he. "Wonderful publicity. Best line of stuff our press department gets out. The element of mystery ——"

"It won't be a mystery much longer!" cried Lesley. "The damn stuff isn't true! It's a lie—a lie!"

"Of course," smiled Mr. Isenstein. "Of course it is a lie. Press agents are the greatest liars in the world. They get money for it. In a way it is a gift. The fellow who invented your family—he got a raise of ten dollars a week. I would have paid twenty rather than lose him. . . . Now then, who besides us knows that the press agent lies?"

"A man named Benedict ——"

The dam had burst at last and the truth came like a flood—the whole ridiculous truth, even to the light-blue suit and the oyster stews. Mr. Immanuel Isenstein, specialist in troubles, nursed one fat knee as he listened, and grinned at the very simplicity of the case as it unfolded before him.

"But I haven't been trying to throw you down," concluded the sufferer. "Dalton said so, but it wasn't true. How could I work, with that sarcastic devil sneering at me every minute, refusing to speak to me, keeping me guessing, always just where I could see him, never really coming out with anything but looking as if he was getting ready to? How could I work? I didn't dare have him fired ——"

"Of course not." Isenstein's voice was soothing. "You did the very best thing. Benedict had all the cards. . . . There is a man in New York who holds a couple of cards on me, and though he never says anything, and I feel quite sure he will never dare to play those cards —— Well, I know how it feels. My boy, the-man-who-knew-us-when, he is a tough proposition. Benedict knew that you had been afraid of him once, and he made you afraid of him again—perhaps even doubtful of your ability to act—you, the best screen actor of the day! But there we are getting into psychology. . . . Dalton is a good director, but blind as a bat. . . . I think if I were you I would throw those bromide tablets out of the window and try to get a little sleep. This fellow Benedict—forget him."

"But he won't forget me"

"My boy," was the sententious reply, "an extra man at three dollars a day cannot afford a memory."

Lesley sat up in bed.

"You think you can get away with it?"

Isenstein laughed.

"I have been getting away with bigger things all my life. Yes, it's a promise. Come down to the studio to-morrow morning and you'll think the whole thing has been a bad dream."

The Great and Only heaved a tremendous sigh of relief.

"Oh-h! You've saved my life, and any time you want to renew this contract you won't have to figure on these other folks at all! You can write ——"

Isenstein held up a warning finger.

"When I talk money," said he, "I am a hard man. I might take advantage of you."

"You're welcome!" The Great and Only Lesley held out his hand, and his voice shook with emotion. "As long as you've got a foot of film and a camera left to hold it you've got me too, contract or no contract! That's what I think of you, boss!"

A small, fattish man smiled and chewed on his cigar as he rolled back to the El El Studio.

"Saved his life!" he chuckled. "I saved the life of that white-haired mother, that's what he meant! And we'll plant no more family trees for our stars. . . . Saved his life. . . . Oh, well, pride is the real life of the actor, after all. Saved his life, and saved myself about two thousand a week on his next contract! Not a bad afternoon's work!"

The next day's sun was swinging low in the west and the Great and Only Lesley, in his dressing room again, was permitting Perkins to ease him gently into his street costume—rather a difficult proceeding in view of the fact that the Great and Only was performing an intricate jig-step at the time.

"Forty-seven scenes to-day!" he exclaimed. "That's going some, eh, Perkins?"

"Glad you're fit again, sir," said Perkins.

"You're a week behind with your correspondence," said the secretary, looking up from a desk in the corner. "Here's a whole batch of wild guesses. Women mostly, and every last one wants to know if she's right."

"Ah!" said Lesley. "The old incognito, eh? The usual letter, Howard. Mr. Lesley presents his respects, his very warm respects, and for obvious reasons must decline to divulge the secret of his birth. . . . And Howard?"

"Yes."

"Be sure to thank 'em all for writing!"

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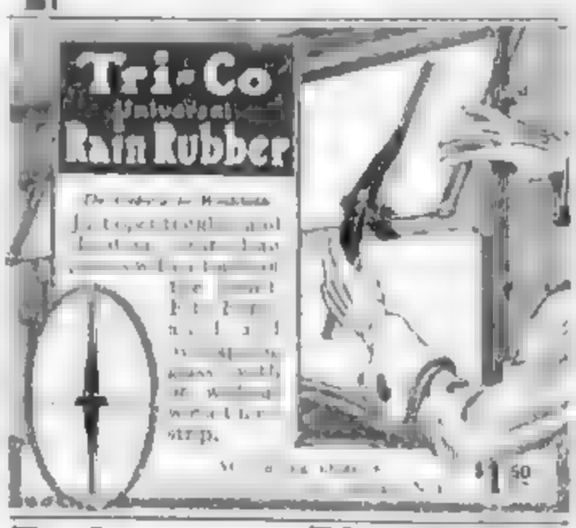

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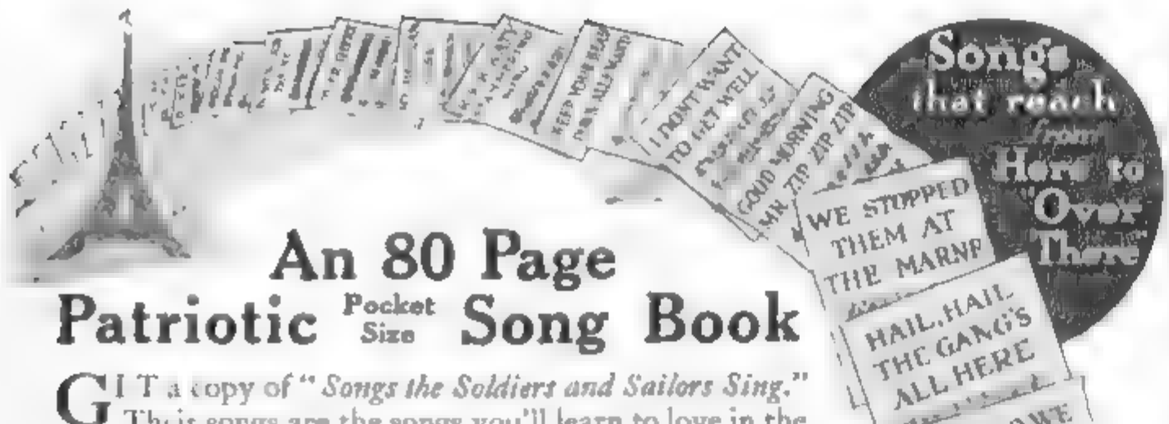
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Surrounds your night auto trips with safety. Shows you the road far ahead as well as in daylight. Focus instantly adjustable from the thousand foot beam to a wide diffused flood of light ahead of the car and illuminating both sides of the road. Once set bracket stays put. A recent 100-mile country test proved this.

DELTA

Thousand Foot Spotlight

Can be slanted in any direction—even on a slanted windshield—forward, back, up, down and to either side. It is based on the regular approved searchlight design of the United States Government and is a finished product of the skill of the Delta engineers. Economical to use. Gives greatest light on least battery "juice."

The Delta Thousand Foot Spotlight is priced at $7.00. In Canada, $10.15. It is highly finished in high-class baked enamel.

The Delta Special Ford Spotlight No. 4 at $3.50—$4.25 with batteries—is a good one. Operates on two ordinary dry batteries which will last six months in ordinary use. Quickly detached, it is handy for use as a trouble lamp. Canadian Price, $5.10.

Any dealer will supply Delta Spotlights. Write for illustrated circular.

DELTA ELECTRIC CO.
Dept. 58
Marion Indiana

Manufacturers of the World's Best Electric Lamp for Autos, Boats, Buggies, Bicycles and Hand Use.

holding forth to an interested audience. This person had about him an unmistakable air of prosperity. His suit was new, his hat was new, his shoes were new, and he smelled strongly of the barber shop. A twenty-dollar gold piece rang on the mahogany.

"Another quart of the bubbles!" cried the stranger with just a shade of thickness in his speech. "What's matter with you? Can't we get any service here? Better hurry up—I got to catch a train! . . . Where was I? Oh, yes! Well, I saw this little fat fellow watching me, sizing me up and down, and pretty soon he sidles over and he says to me 'You look as if you understood this business,' and I says to him 'Why wouldn't I understand it? Been troupin' for twenty-five years—head of m'own company starred all over the Middle West—there ain't much 'bout actin' I don't know—actin' or stage managin' either. My name's Benedict,' I says. 'So they tell me,' he says. 'And you're the very man I'm lookin' for. Got a studio at Fort Lee,' he says, 'and I'm shy one director. Come into the office; I want to talk to you.' Grabbed me on the spot, he did, just on my looks—looked like a trouper, he said. Hunnerd'n' fifty a week to start with, two weeks' advance and a ticket in m' pocket right now—ticket to New York. I guess that's shootin' 'em on the wing, eh? Oh, this Isenstein, he's all right! He ——"

"Isenstein?" said one of the listeners. "Doesn't Lesley work for him?"

"Lesley! Why, say, that feller ——" Mr. Benedict checked himself with such suddenness that his mouth remained open. Into his eyes crept an expression of great cunning. "Lesley! Oh, I ain't goin' to say a word about him, not a word pers'nally, y'understand. Where he come from, who he is, where he's goin'—nothin' in my young life. Nothin' whatever. So far's I'm concerned he gets by pers'nally, but I'll tell you this, and it goes! Nobody can make me shut my mouth when it comes to sayin' what I think about him as an actor! Great'n' Only, hey? Great'n' Only—hell!"

EUROPE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

(Concluded from Page 22)

public opinion with a newspaper, a periodical or a book, you must use the government-controlled mails. In the face of an autocratic government which controls not only the telegraph and mail facilities but has a grip on capital, you can do nothing—simply nothing.

Though you be a Milton, a Defoe or a Rousseau, your voice will be smothered. Only the writer who writes what the established autocratic government wants, what it suggests, what it orders, will get his word before the people. The press, from being, on the whole, a light-giver and an agent of progress, becomes a light-deflector and an agent of reaction. This sounds perhaps like sensationalism; but so, three years ago, would have sounded many things Germany has since made into commonplaces.

The worst of it is that a victorious Germany would impose her kultur in a very sinister sense. Nations and individuals alike, we all ride on currents—"Napoleon was only a bubble on a wave." If Germany should win, put through her Middle Europe plan, consolidate stolen West Russia, Persia and heaven knows what else into a greater, stronger, intensified empire, the rest of us, willy-nilly, would be forced for self-preservation into that imperial game which England was ready to abandon. There would be four great empires—England, Germany, Japan and the United States; for we ourselves simply could not avoid it.

The game of armaments, of territory grabbing, of winding down the mazes of secret diplomacy, would go on as before; only it would be worse, for Germany would set the pace of an intensified imperialism.

Moral breakdowns proceed with ever-accelerated force. If Germany goes on the way her rulers have chosen she will enter the third stage. From repudiating, on behalf of the glorious state, all moral considerations between members of a nation and outsiders, and then between rulers and peoples, she will pass quite easily to the point where the average German repudiates the moral attitude toward even his Germanic neighbor. The law will remain, of course, a force carefully calculated to keep the state running with maximum order and efficiency.

But about the moral code, as expressed in the law, lies a wide marginal field of morals. If I beat my wife the law may punish me; I can break her heart by gross selfishness or subtle neglect, and the law cannot touch me. "Let the buyer beware!" says the law. If I conduct my business so as just to shave that principle I act legally; but most of my business associates will say rightly that I act immorally. We have all known men whose epitaph, if truthfully written, should be "It was a rotten, dangerous life," but who have stayed within the law. And clear beyond that margin of extra-legal morals which surrounds law is the fine fringe of honor.

In their ordinary dealings between themselves the Germans of the period before the war were a fairly honest people. They were not, on the whole, so honest as the British or the French, neutral business men tell me; but they were more honest than people of certain other European nations. That, too, is bound to pass if imperialism and the imperialistic program prevail; and we come down to the paradox of a law-abiding people which is also an immoral people! This is German kultur stripped to its bones.

Keep tabs on your war-time shipments

"Somewhere in transit"—the words tell almost as little, these days, as "Somewhere in France."

War shipments take railway precedence. No matter how important your shipment may be to you, it must give Uncle Sam's business the right of way.

So, when you get a wire from a frantic customer, expressing his doubts as to whether you ever sent his goods, you can't blame him too much.

You have a mental picture of his package, sent by express or parcel post, caught somewhere in a maelstrom of commercial shipments, sidetracked through "military necessity." What you'd like most would be to pry that package out of the jam, and speed it forward, today, to its destination. But you can't do that.

The next best thing is to have the customer satisfied. If he is certain the goods are on the way, he won't burn up his money in useless telegraph tolls. And among the many simple and convenient forms contained in the Hammermill Bond Portfolios is a triplicate shipping label, for express and parcel post packages, which meets this precise need.

A white label goes on the package. The duplicate—in blue, let us say—is preserved in your files. That copy, in case the shipment is questioned, proves that it WENT. The triplicate, in yellow, perhaps, is mailed to the consignee. When he gets it, he knows the goods were shipped, and when, and how.

There is a Hammermill Portfolio for every business, containing forms invaluable in standardizing office and factory routine. Write us on your letterhead, and we will send you the one you need. You will find in it many ways to save time and avoid worry.

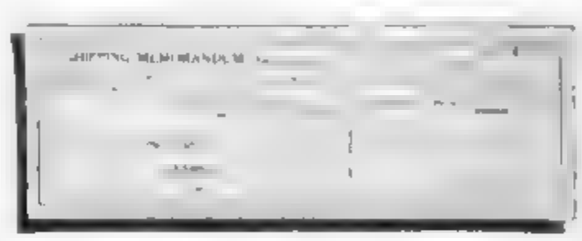
Acquaintance with Hammermill Bond will show you, too, the advisability of using for all your printing one thoroughly dependable paper stock. Hammermill Bond is just that. You know the quality of every sheet of every order before your printer puts it on the press. The Hammermill watermark is your guarantee.

Made in white and twelve colors, Hammermill Bond insures instant identification of each office form by its color. There are three finishes—Bond, Ripple, and Linen.

The complete set of portfolios will be sent to any printer who writes us for them.

Original on package

Duplicate for your files



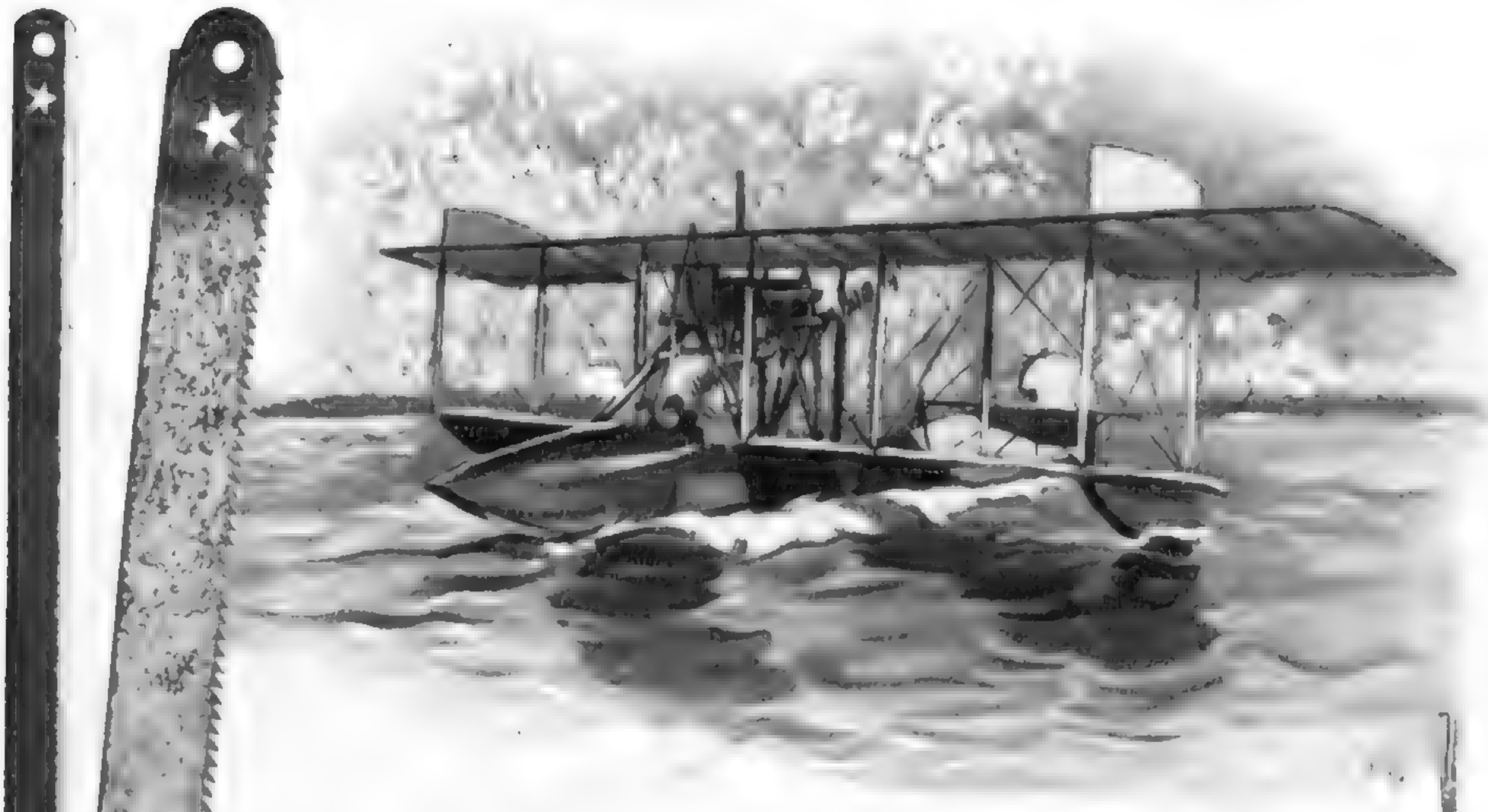
Triplicate memo for consignee

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"



Wings of Victory Made with Star Blades

The Curtiss Aëroplane Company, which is playing a most important part in the American airplane production that is expected to turn the scale of victory in our favor, is still another famous user of Star Hack Saw Blades.

To use the fastest cutting hack saw helps to give you the lowest cost of production and the selling advantage over your competitors.

What better proof that the Star is the fastest cutting blade than its universal adoption for war work on airplanes, ships, ordnance and munitions of every kind where the all-important consideration is speed—speed, and yet more speed! Bethlehem Steel, Cramp Ship Yards, New York Shipbuilding, Union Iron Works, Fore River Shipbuilding and the U. S. Government itself are all using Star Blades to speed production and help win the war.

STAR HACK SAW BLADES

made of Tungsten Steel

Machine and Hand *Flexible and All Hard*

When you follow the example of these and other leading concerns and use Star Blades you are cashing in on the tests and experience of industries with millions of dollars in output at stake who have spent thousands of dollars to find the efficiency facts.

Or if you want to find out the facts for yourself we make it easy for you to prove to your own satisfaction which is the best blade.

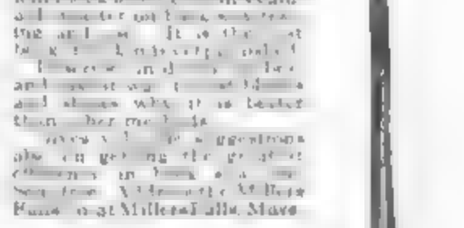
We gladly send you our handbook on "Hack Saw Efficiency," which shows you the best way to test saws, and we supply you with Test Blanks as an added help and convenience.

Look into the question from every angle, and unless you shut your eyes to the facts you must recognize the lower cutting cost of Star Blades. There are the best of reasons why these blades should show such superiority. Their faster cutting and greater durability start with the special Tungsten steel mixture used, which combines fast cutting qualities and toughness in just the right proportions—qualities which are greatly intensified by the special heat treatment they undergo. The other big factor in the faster cutting of Star Blades is the unique shape of the teeth which are lathe cut to a shape that is not possible with teeth milled in the ordinary way. This makes the teeth of the Star Blade cut fast and keep on cutting long after other saws have ceased to work.

Whatever your cutting problems, our Engineering Department will be glad to help you lower your cutting costs.

Address the Millers Falls Co. at Millers Falls, Mass.

Send for this Handbook



Manufactured By
CLEMSON BROS. INC.
MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

Sole Distributors
MILLERS FALLS CO.
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

SHOT WITH CRIMSON

(Concluded from Page 19)

Leave me to myself. Thank you for—for being kind to me to-night—after all. I have told you the truth; you know everything that my conscience permits me to reveal. You know more than that man who sits out there like a vulture, waiting for—waiting for me. What I have confessed to you I would die a thousand times over rather than confess to another living soul. They could take me away to-night and torture me till I died and not one word of what I have said to you would pass my lips. They know enough, but you alone know all. You say the world will never know what I have done. I do not care. Let the world know. I am proud of my blood. I rejoice in the little I have been able to do for ——"

"Hush! Do not say it."

"Very well. It hurts you. I do not want to hurt you now, husband. The world is to believe that I—that an accident—a sudden ——" She buried her face in her hands. Her body shook.

"I would spare your son, Frieda," said he.

She looked up, dry eyed. A quick flash—could it have been of joy?—lighted her haggard face.

"Yes, yes! He must be spared," she cried. A deep inscrutable expression came into her eyes. She drew a deep, full breath. "Thank God! He is young—he has a long and useful life to live. I gave it him. That is the best, the biggest thing I have done. Now go, Davenport. Shall we say—good night?"

The following day in the noon issues all the New York evening papers printed under varied headlines the details, so far as available, of the shocking accident which resulted in the death of Mrs. Davenport Carstairs. She had fallen from a window in her bedchamber to the brick-paved courtyard ten stories below. Death was instantaneous. "Accidental" was the prompt decision of the coroner.

Deduction readily established the fact. Mrs. Carstairs must have become ill in the night. A bottle of smelling salts was found on the floor near the window, which was open to the full. Evidently she had gone to the window for air. After opening it wide a sudden faintness or dizziness caused her to topple forward. . . . Before retiring for the night she had complained to her husband of a dull, throbbing headache, due no doubt to anxiety over the alarming illness of her niece, Miss Hansbury. . . . Sometime after one o'clock Mr. Carstairs, in the adjoining bedroom, heard her moaning as if in pain. He rose instantly and opened the connecting door. She was lying on her bed, and in response to his inquiry begged him not to worry about her. Doctor Browne, called in to attend Miss Hansbury, had decided to remain for the night. He was lying down and had fallen asleep.

Uneasy over his wife's condition, Mr. Carstairs awoke the physician and together they returned to her room. A knock on the door brought no response, but some relief in the thought that she was asleep. The husband opened the door slightly and listened. There was no sound. He entered the room, which was dark, and approached the bed. Then he called out to the doctor to switch on the lights. . . . A cold, icy draft, the night wind, was rushing into the room through the open window. . . .

Continuing, the papers spoke profoundly of the great loss to society, of the qualities that made Mrs. Davenport Carstairs one of the most sincerely beloved women in all the great city, of her prominence in the conduct of important war charities and reliefs, of her unswerving devotion to the cause for which America and her sons were fighting, of her manifold charms and graces. Her untimely death created a void that could never be filled. Eulogy upon eulogy!

Among the hundreds of telegrams of condolence received by Davenport Carstairs was one from Mr. Paul Zimmerlein, couched in most exquisite terms, conveying tribute to the dead and sympathy to the living. It was sent on the second day from the smart club to which he belonged. On the third flowers went up with his card.

As business went on as usual at the office of Mr. Paul Zimmerlein it would be sheer presumption even to suggest that this unhappy chronicle has reached

THE END

THE DIPLOMATIC MESSENGER.

(Continued from Page 15)

After this Mrs. Caldwell kept her watch in her hand. At half past eight she called all her forces together, shut her lips tight and rose. Evidently something had happened to that young man. She wouldn't let herself get frightened—yet. Besides there was the diplomatic bag—her responsibility. In the midst of her indecision the concierge approached her. It was time to leave; if the gentleman came he would tell him that she had gone to the train.

"But if he don't come?" Mrs. Caldwell exclaimed.

The concierge spread out both hands.

Mrs. Caldwell looked down at the bag, up at the concierge and finally demanded her bill. There was none; monsieur was well known at the hotel; he would attend to that when he arrived.

"But if he don't arrive?" Mrs. Caldwell reiterated, her voice trembling slightly.

The concierge attempted to soothe her. If he didn't come to-night he would surely come to-morrow.

"To-morrow'll be too late. The boat starts to-morrow!"

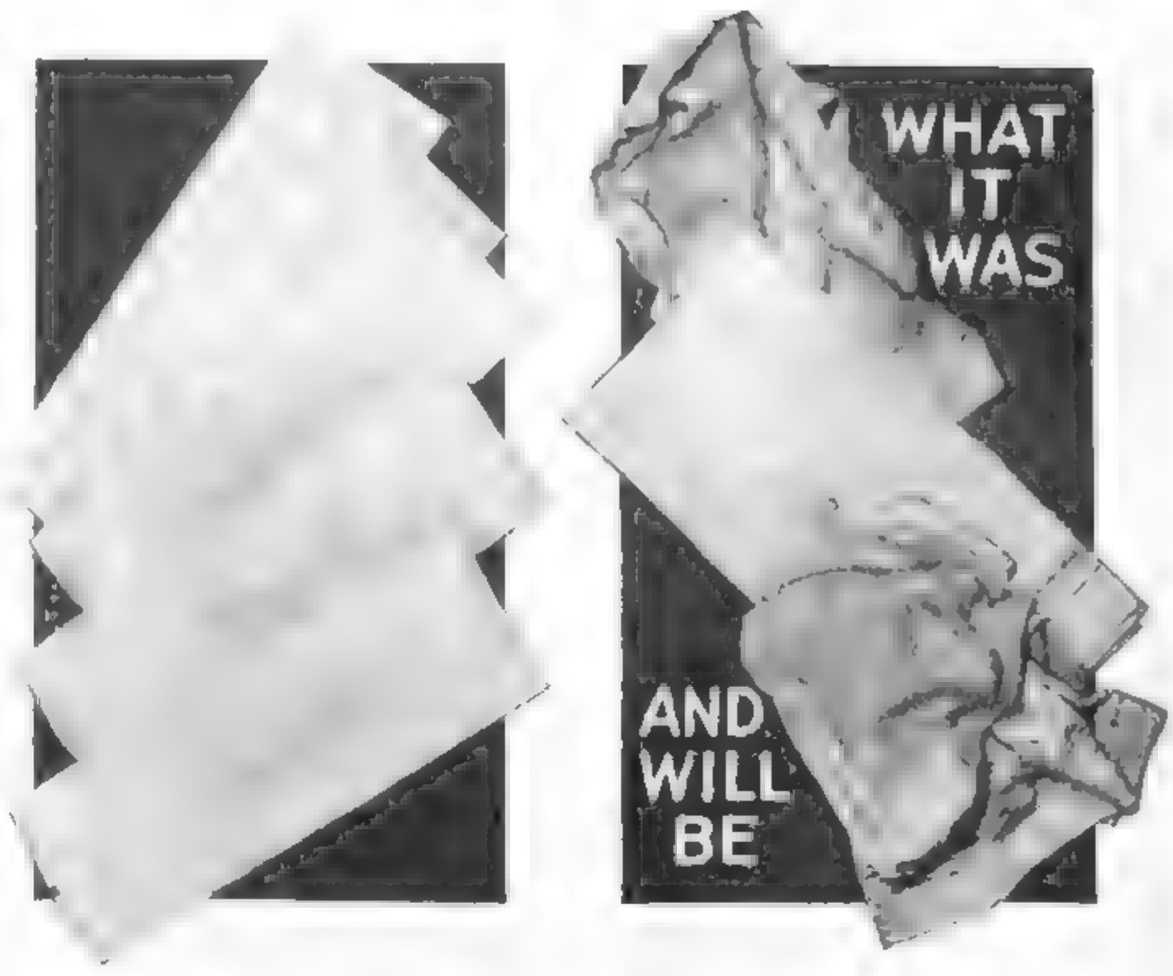
Then he would have to cross to Southampton and take an English boat. In the meantime the motor and a courier were awaiting madame.

She looked down at the bag again. Suddenly it had grown very heavy, weighted down with the responsibility it thrust upon the bearer. There was only one thing for her to do—assume the responsibility and carry it to its destination if necessary. It was characteristic of Mrs. Caldwell that she did not for one moment think of evading this responsibility. Of course something had happened to the young fellow; perhaps he had been killed; perhaps —— But there was no time to go into imaginary details; the bag was in her hands and there it would have to remain.

At the train she waited on the platform with a last hope. He might come. However, he didn't; and she spent a sleepless night, with the bag filling the rôle of cushion. Early the next morning at Havre she went on board the steamer and demanded of the purser to direct her to her cabin. Unfortunately—she attributed the tragedy of her journey to this moment—while speaking to him she rested the bag on the counter in front of him. His eyes fell on it immediately and remained riveted there; he even went so far as to pick up the tag, read the address, then with quite frank surprise look at Mrs. Caldwell. The next moment his manner changed completely; from indifference it became obsequiously respectful. Though others were waiting to speak to him, he left them and himself conducted Mrs. Caldwell to her cabin. Bowing her formally into the room he again glanced at the bag and told her he could take charge of any valuables she wished to intrust to his care.

Her suspicions rose with a bound. The purser rather summarily dismissed, she locked the door and began at once looking for a safe place to deposit the bag. It was plain enough now that they were going to try to get it away from her. She decided that between the mattresses would do for the moment, and having placed it there she sat down and began to plan. If by any chance they did get it away from her that young man would be ruined; and that would sure be a pity, for he was mighty like Amos, particularly about the legs. But they weren't going to get it away from her; not if she knew what she was doing.

At two o'clock the boat sailed. Immediately after, a knock sounded on her door. The purser was there again, smiling and scraping and saying he had come with a message from the captain. Would Madame Caldwell accept his greetings and consent to change her cabin; there was a very nice suite on the promenade deck, unoccupied, which he would like to put at her disposal. She was just as comfortable as she wanted to be right where she was. But the captain hoped that madame would change. Why? Only that she might enjoy the trip more;



Which Do You Prefer?

To use an immaculate ScotTissue Towel—a *new* towel, for use once by one user—a soft, comfortable towel that dries the skin instantly and leaves a glow of cleanliness and good grooming?

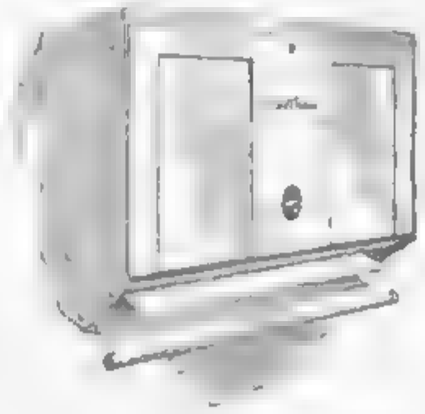
Or

To use a "laundered" towel of doubtful cleanliness, used time and time again, always with the danger of being a source of illness?
***You* can't tell what dirt it has carried.**

COMMONSENSE dictates the ScotTissue Towel for every washroom used by many people. It is the one towel that economically combines present-day standards of personal hygiene with *all* the qualities of a good towel.

In the hotel, club, office or factory, ScotTissue Towels are indispensable to perfect cleanliness. Men like them because they are safe and comfortable; women, because they meet every requirement of nicety and neatness.

The careful buyer will investigate the economy and satisfaction of ScotTissue Towels. A test will easily prove their worth.



Look for ScotTissue Towels on the shelf or in the ScotTissue Cabinet

"For Use Once by One User"

Scott Paper Company

Originators of the Paper Towel

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

723 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

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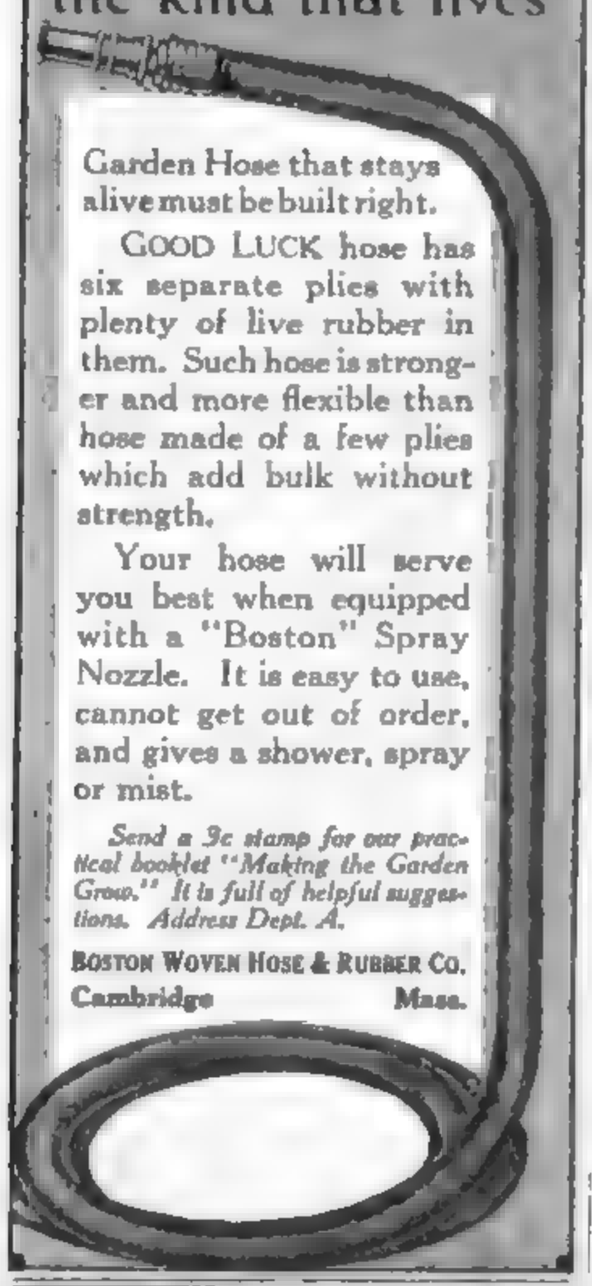
ScotTissue

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

Buy Good Luck Garden Hose
the kind that "lives"



Garden Hose that stays alive must be built right.

GOOD LUCK hose has six separate plies with plenty of live rubber in them. Such hose is stronger and more flexible than hose made of a few plies which add bulk without strength.

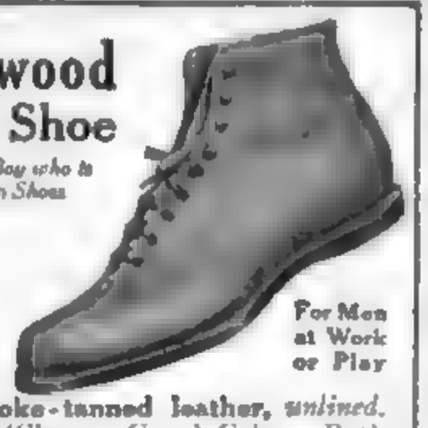
Your hose will serve you best when equipped with a "Boston" Spray Nozzle. It is easy to use, cannot get out of order, and gives a shower, spray or mist.

Send a 3c stamp for our practical booklet "Making the Garden Grow." It is full of helpful suggestions. Address Dept. A.

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER CO.
Cambridge Mass.

Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Men at Work or Play

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined.* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak-tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for golf, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe [illegible] No wasted threads or tacks to hurt the feet [illegible]

Youths' Sizes 8 to 11, $4.00. 11½ to 13½	$4.50
Boys' Sizes, 1 to 5	$5.00
Men's Sizes, no heels, 5½ to 11, $6. With heels	$7.00
Men's Golf Shoes—Hob Nails	$7.50
Women's Sizes, 2½ to 7 with Flat, Broad Heel	$6.00
For Golf, Rubber Sole and Heel	$7.50

Prices include delivery

Spring Booklet on request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 306 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.
The Home of Good Shoemaking

$1 A Week buys the Black Beauty

Our plan puts this [illegible] 1918 wheel in your [illegible] once. Easy payments [illegible] Only $1 per month.

On Approval Factory Direct

Freight Prepaid. [illegible]

Best Tires—the f[illegible]

Firestone Blue Non-Skid Tires

WRITE TODAY for Plan and big Black Beauty [illegible] colors). FREE. Put out your [illegible]

Save Money on Sundries. Get our Catalog of bicycle parts [illegible] everything for cyclists

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO. (Est. 22 Yrs.) Dept. R16, PHILADELPHIA

on the promenade deck the air was much fresher.

Without replying Mrs. Caldwell shut the door in the insistent man's face. She didn't like his looks, anyhow. She never could abide black mustaches, and when they turned up at the corners that way you might be sure there was something wrong every time. Hadn't she seen him looking at the bag? She might have known he'd have gone straight to the captain and told him. Change her cabin! She'd see herself doing it. It was as plain as the nose on her face what they were up to.

In this mood she was interrupted by another knock on the door. This time she decided not to open it until she knew who it was. Putting her mouth to the keyhole she said, in anything but a cordial voice: "Who is it pestering the life out of me when I'm trying to get a mite of rest?"

"It is I, Madame Caldwell, the captain."

She supposed she would have to open to the captain; perhaps she might even confide her dilemma to him. With the door a few inches ajar she peered out. Immediately her hopes fell; he was exactly like all the others—turned-up black mustaches and impudent, staring eyes.

"Well?" she demanded.

"I am very sorry to disturb you, madame. I only came to offer you in person the suite on the promenade deck. I hope you will honor me by taking it."

"Didn't I send you word I was comfortable enough here?"

"Yes, madame—I know—but ——"

"Look ahere! Why can't I be let alone?"

"You can, madame ——"

"Well, then, I'd like to be."

"Still—if you will accept the suite ——"

Mrs. Caldwell's temper was rising. She frowned as forbiddingly as she could, with her pale, withered little face and faded eyes. "Say," she interrupted, "I'd like mighty well to know why you're so bent on my changing my room!"

The captain bowed ceremoniously. "I know that you have a diplomatic bag in your possession—that you are a diplomatic messenger."

"Well, supposin' I am—what business is that of yours?"

"I only wish to show the attention that is due you, madame. We pride ourselves on giving all diplomats the freedom of the ship."

"Such being the case," said Mrs. Caldwell, "I'd thank you for the freedom of my room; and I'd be real obliged if you'd give orders for me to be left in peace. I don't want to be pestered every minute by somebody trying to get in my room.

"And what's more, since you take so much interest on yourself, I ain't any diplomat or nothing of that kind! Now—I guess you understand!"

The captain bowed again and was surprised to find himself confronting a closed door.

III

THE second day Mrs. Caldwell felt the need of air. She had now been shut up in a space six by eight for forty-eight hours. She had even ordered her food brought to her, though this had not proved the comfort she had expected. The stewardess was just like the others, even to the extent of having an incipient black mustache; and while she served the food her black eyes roved all over the cabin. Anyone could have seen she had been instructed to find out where the bag was kept.

The demand for fresh air became more and more imperative, though the safety of the bag made it appear impossible. She couldn't think of leaving it in the room; they would steal it at once. And if she carried it in her hand they would all come up and pester the life out of her. At last she hit upon a plan which, with some drawbacks, proved rather successful. She took the strap from her valise, ran it through the strap of the mail bag, then buckled it securely round her waist. This left the bag hanging from her waist in the back. Over this she slipped her black alpaca skirt. She hooked the band of the skirt successfully; the placket, however, proved obdurate. It had been made to meet over Mrs. Caldwell's spare figure and refused to adjust itself to such sudden increase.

Mrs. Caldwell surveyed herself in the mirror, and tears of despair came into her eyes. If it had been that memorable period when bustles were in fashion she would have been considered very chic; but today!—it wouldn't do at all. Then quite by accident her glance fell on her steamer rug, and the difficulty was solved. She draped it over her shoulders so that it fell in voluminous folds about her. She might have had half a dozen diplomatic bags concealed on her person now and no one would have suspected it.

Two comparatively peaceful days followed. Of course one or two things kept her from being entirely comfortable—particularly the mail bag. Worn as it was, it was decidedly uncomfortable—particularly so when she sat down; again, the weather was warm and the steamer rug suffocating. To increase her discomfort, when she finally made up her mind to go into the dining saloon a smiling, obsequious steward conducted her straight to the captain's table and placed her in a chair at his right. This might not have been so bad—she had successfully discouraged the captain's attempt at what she considered too cordial conversation by maintaining a rigid silence—if when she sat down the bag had not raised her to a conspicuous height above the others. Seeing her thus enthroned one would have taken her for a woman of at least five feet eleven.

The fifth day she was on deck, the stifling rug, for the time she was seated, discarded. The sky was clear, the sea smooth and she, Mrs. Caldwell, almost happy. Only four more days and her responsibility would be ended. Into these pleasant thoughts the captain intruded.

He bowed as respectfully as usual, said good morning, then in a voice sufficiently lowered so as not to be heard by neighboring passengers told Mrs. Caldwell that he had just received an important wireless message—in regard to her.

Her heart sank. Here he was trying some new way of getting the bag from her. Instinctively she began pulling the steamer rug about her.

"If you will come to my office, madame, I will tell you what it is."

"I guess you can tell me just as well here."

The captain gave an expressive glance toward the other passengers.

"If what I said was overheard it might be embarrassing to you."

Mrs. Caldwell flushed. "I ain't afraid to have anything that's the truth spoke about me!"

"The message is from the American Embassy at Paris and is signed by Mr. Reginald Carroll."

"I ain't acquainted with the gentleman. It's for somebody else."

The captain appeared puzzled.

"You are Madame Marie Caldwell, I understand."

"Madam nothing! I'm Mrs. Maria Caldwell."

"That was the name given. Mr. Carroll says he left a diplomatic bag with you at the Ritz Hotel in Paris."

"Well—supposin' he did?"

"He instructs me to ask you to turn it over to me."

Mrs. Caldwell drew the folds of the rug tighter and crossed her arms under it with effective determination. When her eyes met the captain's they were far from wavering.

"Say, you're real smart, but you don't fool me a mite!"

The captain's eyes changed into a baffled, angry expression.

"Madame, I don't think I understand you. My orders are to take that bag from you. If you will not give it to me I shall be forced to search your cabin."

Mrs. Caldwell's lips tightened.

"I ain't got a bag."

"You were seen carrying one when you came on this boat."

"If I ever get back to God's own country again," she answered, looking resolutely out to the dipping horizon line, "I certainly never will leave it again. I ain't had a minute's rest since I set foot on this boat." Her glance came back to the captain. "If you want to search my room, why, you go search it! Mebbe when you find I ain't got anything but what belongs to me you'll leave me be!"

The captain bowed and departed.

She watched him disappear through a door, then her expression changed. Her boldness left her; she shrank back into a timid little woman at bay. If they searched her cabin and found nothing they would not hesitate to search her person; then everything would be lost and that nice young man ruined. Suddenly she stood up, drew the steamer rug about her and walked aimlessly to the forward deck. If she only had someone to help her! If she could only

(Continued on Page 97)

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—BURNS

February 26, 1871

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Nassau Paper Co.

(Continued from Page 94)

trust one living person on that boat! But no, she shook her head, she didn't dare. Without knowing what she did she stopped before some narrow steps that led to an upper deck; then with the hope that they might lead her to some place where they could not find her she began the steep ascent.

In less than an hour she was back in her deck chair, reclining more comfortably than she had since the beginning of the voyage. Her feet were actually stretched out on the foot rest; and when the captain came up a little later she greeted him almost gayly.

"Well, did you find anything?"

"No, madame, I did not."

"There now! You thought I wasn't telling you the truth! Is your mind settled now?"

"No, madame, it is not."

"How are you going to settle it?"

"By searching you, madame."

Mrs. Caldwell's eyes blazed. "No foreign man livin' shall ever touch me!"

"Not myself. The stewardess shall."

"She daren't!"

At this moment two men approached and stood beside the captain.

"These are two of your countrymen, madame," the captain explained. "I have asked them to explain the situation to you. They have both seen the wireless message. Permit me to present Mr. Andrews—and Mr. Seldon."

Mrs. Caldwell barely acknowledged the introductions. One of the men stepped forward. "Perhaps my name is not unknown to you, Mrs. Caldwell. My firm is Seldon & Walker, of New York."

Mrs. Caldwell sat unmoved. "Never heard tell of it."

Mr. Seldon laughed easily. "I'm sorry. I hoped it might convince you, if we assured you the captain had received the message, that it was true; otherwise the situation is bound to be a little unpleasant if you force the captain to take it away from you. You see, the bag is not in your room; so necessarily it must be on your person. If it is not ——"

"You advise me to tell him where it is?"

"I think that would relieve the situation, yes."

"All right," said Mrs. Caldwell, rising. This time the rug was left neglected on the steamer chair. "I had just about come to that way of thinking myself. I tried to do my best for that young man. I wanted to help him all I knew how. He told me that bag was to be given to nobody but the Secretary of State himself at Washington. Well, sir, when I found all of you were going to do me out of it there wasn't but one thing left for me to do." She waved her hand in its black cotton glove toward the horizon. "It's out there. I threw it overboard half an hour ago."

IV

WHEN Mrs. Caldwell's eyes rested on the Statue of Liberty she could not keep back the tears. They rolled down her cheeks so copiously that she had to take off her spectacles and wipe them. If the good Lord only let her get her feet solidly on that ground over there —— But her troubles were not yet over. The captain was again standing before her with another telegram in his hand.

"This is from the United States dispatch agent," he stated.

Mrs. Caldwell's emotion at viewing her native land quickly subsided. "I don't know any of your friends."

"He wishes to know if I have that diplomatic bag."

Mrs. Caldwell's eyes almost twinkled. "That makes it kind o' awkward for you, don't it?"

"He is coming out in a launch to meet the ship. I shall bring him to you for an explanation."

"That's all right. I'll wait for him here."

When the dispatch agent was brought up to her she was sitting exactly as the captain had left her, with the exception that she was once more draped in the steamer rug.

"This is the gentleman who has come for the bag," said the captain. "Will you kindly tell him what happened to it?"

Mrs. Caldwell actually smiled at the officer in uniform. She had no doubts of his being American. "I've got a sight of things to tell you the minute I set foot off this boat."

"And the bag?" said the officer.

"There's too many foreigners listening here." She threw a last glance of contempt at the captain. "Take me off this boat and I'll tell you everything."

Safely on the government launch and speeding gayly toward the shore the officer again asked for the bag. It was important for him to have it at once; his instructions were to fetch it himself at once to Washington.

"What time does the train start?" asked Mrs. Caldwell.

"For Vermont? I'll inquire."

"Vermont, shucks! For Washington. I'm going with you."

"That's very kind of you, but it's out of your way entirely. You've only to give me the bag."

"I ain't got any intention of giving you the bag."

"But ——"

"There's just one gentleman I'd give that bag to, and that's the Secretary of State himself!"

"Then you have it?"

"I didn't say I had, did I?"

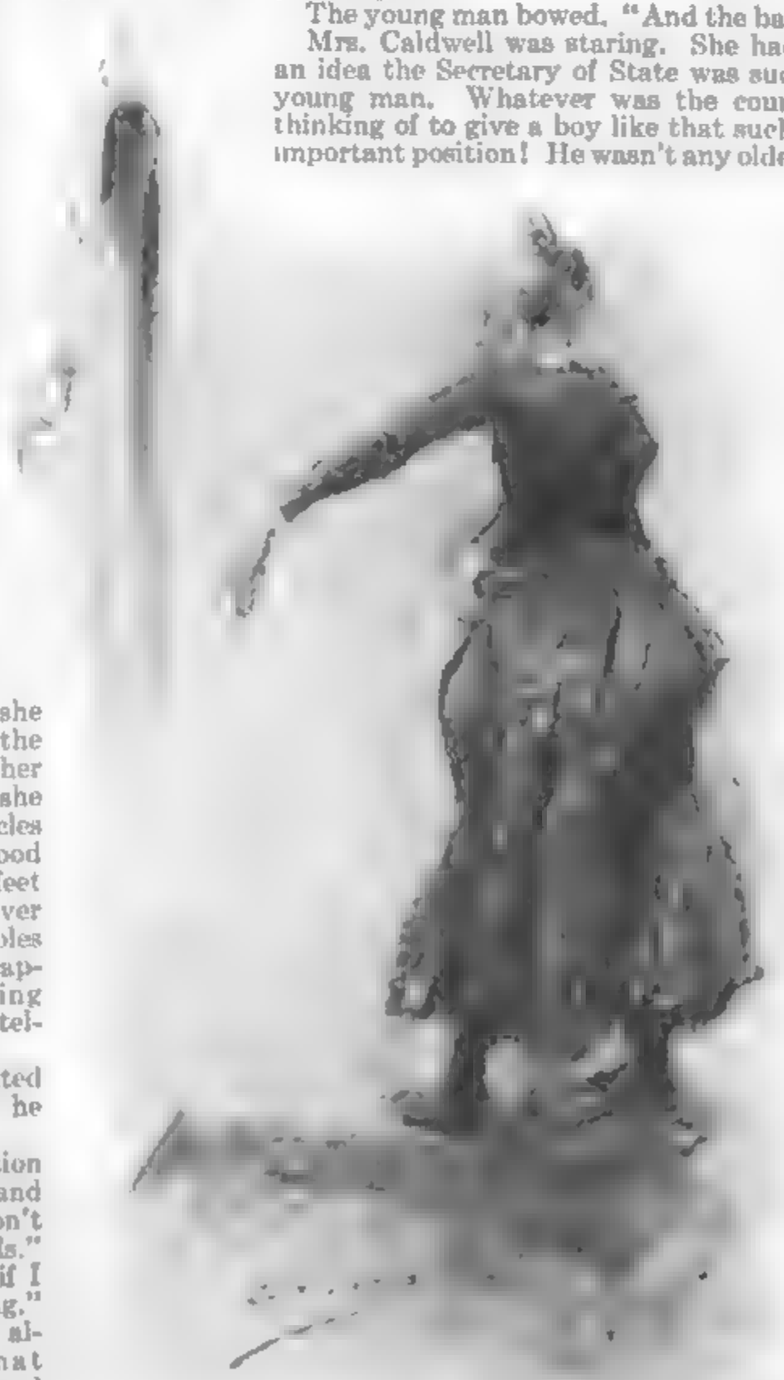
She was adamant. He could get nothing more definite out of her, even when they were seated on the train, bound for Washington.

They arrived at ten o'clock at night. The dispatch agent had telegraphed ahead so they would be expected. They drove straight to the Department of State and were conducted through vast, dim corridors and finally shown into a brilliantly lighted room where they were met by a young man.

"This is the lady," announced the dispatch agent.

The young man bowed. "And the bag?"

Mrs. Caldwell was staring. She hadn't an idea the Secretary of State was such a young man. Whatever was the country thinking of to give a boy like that such an important position! He wasn't any older or



Mrs. Caldwell Surveyed Herself in the Mirror, and Tears of Despair Came Into Her Eyes

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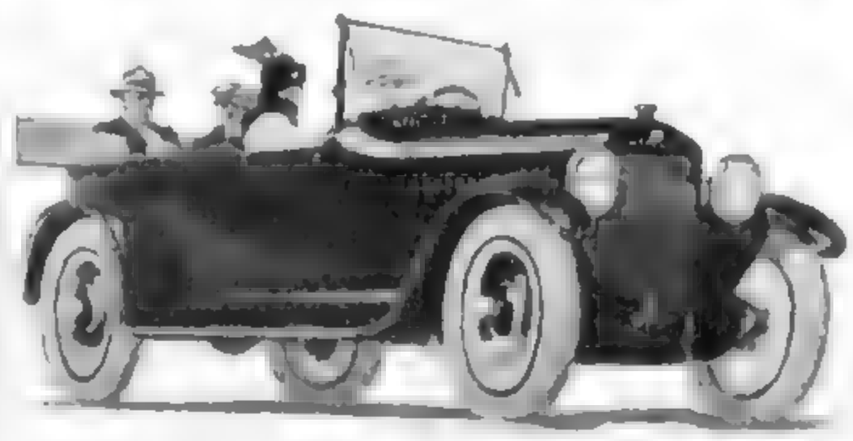

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LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT.

more reliable looking than that young fellow she had left—or who had left her—in Paris.

"Are you the Secretary of State?" she demanded.

The young man smiled. "His private secretary."

Suddenly Mrs. Caldwell's face expressed weariness, almost despair. She had thought her responsibility would surely end that night, but here she was once more in the hands of subalterns. However, she wavered for only a moment; she would go on until she dropped in her tracks.

"The secretary instructed me to receive the bag from you."

Mrs. Caldwell's face hardened. "I ain't got it."

The men exchanged glances. "Where is it?"

"When I see the Secretary of State I'll tell him; and nobody else."

"You can't see him until to-morrow morning."

"All right. Then I'll wait."

The two men consulted. There appeared nothing to be done. An appointment was arranged for the next morning and Mrs. Caldwell was conducted to a hotel and shown to a room, the door of which was watched until the next morning.

At noon the next day, still accompanied by the dispatch agent, she was shown into the waiting room of the Secretary of State, and a few minutes later was ushered into the august presence of that personage himself. Walking straight up to his desk and looking him squarely in the eyes she again put her question: "Are you the Secretary of State?"

The secretary bowed and smiled pleasantly into the weary but still determined old eyes that sought his. "I have that honor."

Mrs. Caldwell sank down in the chair beside his desk and let a long sigh escape her. "I'm pretty nigh tuckered out," she said feebly.

The secretary poured out a glass of water and handed it to her. His manner was solicitous and encouraging. "You've had a trying journey?"

"Trying! That don't begin to tell it!" She drank the water and began looking cautiously about the room. "Is there anybody in that room?" She pointed to a door.

"You can tell me anything without fear of eavesdroppers. We are quite alone."

"'Tain't that." Mrs. Caldwell colored faintly. "If there ain't anybody in there I'd like to go in there a moment."

The secretary rose and opened the door into his private office. Mrs. Caldwell hurried past him and shut the door securely behind her. In a few minutes she appeared again, without the steamer rug and with the mail bag in her hand. She walked to the desk and laid it there.

The secretary bent over the seals and examined them. "It doesn't appear to have been opened!"

"Well, I guess not!" Mrs. Caldwell exclaimed. "Now—I'll thank you for a receipt."

"Won't my word do?"

Mrs. Caldwell did not respond to his smile; she had had enough of them from the captain. "I'd feel more easy-like with a regular receipt."

The secretary, still smiling, sat down and drew a sheet of paper toward him. He had just begun to write when a man hurried into the room and spoke to him in a low voice. "Show him in," said the secretary without looking up.

A breathless young fellow rushed into the room. His clothes were crumpled, his hair disheveled, his eyes haggard and strained. He went straight up to the secretary and leaned heavily against the desk.

"I came on the next boat, sir!" he exclaimed. "I did my best to catch the one she was on. I—I ——"

His voice trembled and broke. Suddenly he saw the bag lying before him on the desk.

"Why—why—you've got it!" He ran his fingers excitedly over the seals. "Thank God, it's safe! It hasn't been opened! Good God, sir, you don't know what an ordeal I've been through! I know I'm to blame. I've already handed in my resignation. I'm disgraced but—there was an accident on the train from Fontainebleau. There was no way to get back to Paris—except walk. I ran all the way. When I got there she was gone. Where did you find the bag, sir?"

The secretary listened to the end; then with a look indicated Mrs. Caldwell. The young fellow's eyes opened wide.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Then—then you had it all the time. They wired from the boat that you had thrown it overboard!"

Mrs. Caldwell's eyes had not left his face for a moment. She had listened intently, though with an expression that gave no clew to what she was thinking.

"I hid it in one of those tubes that air the boat," she said; then added grimly: "When I wasn't carrying it myself."

"You have done an invaluable thing for the United States, Mrs. Caldwell," said the secretary, extending his hand to her. "If this bag had got into the wrong hands the result would have been very serious. I should like to show you my appreciation—and my country's. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Mrs. Caldwell was still looking at the young man. It certainly was queer the way he always reminded her of Amos. Finally she turned to the secretary.

"Say, does he have to lose his job?"

The secretary's face hardened. "We can't have men in the service who show a deplorable lack of discretion. I'm afraid he will have to go."

"It don't appear to me like you ought to say he ain't got discretion," she answered almost testily.

"A man who gives a bag of important dispatches to someone else?"

"He gave 'em to me, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"And I brought 'em to you, didn't I?" Her voice was rising.

"Yes—you did."

"Well, then, don't that prove his discretion? If a man's got horse sense enough to know who to trust, seems to me like you could come pretty nigh to putting your trust in him too." Her glance wavered again to the young fellow's face, then settled again on the secretary's.

"Say, were you in earnest when you said you wanted to do something for me?"

"Anything in my power."

"Then—don't you fire that young fellow. Somehow—he kind o' 'peals to me. Puts me in mind o' Amos—all the time—'specially about the legs."

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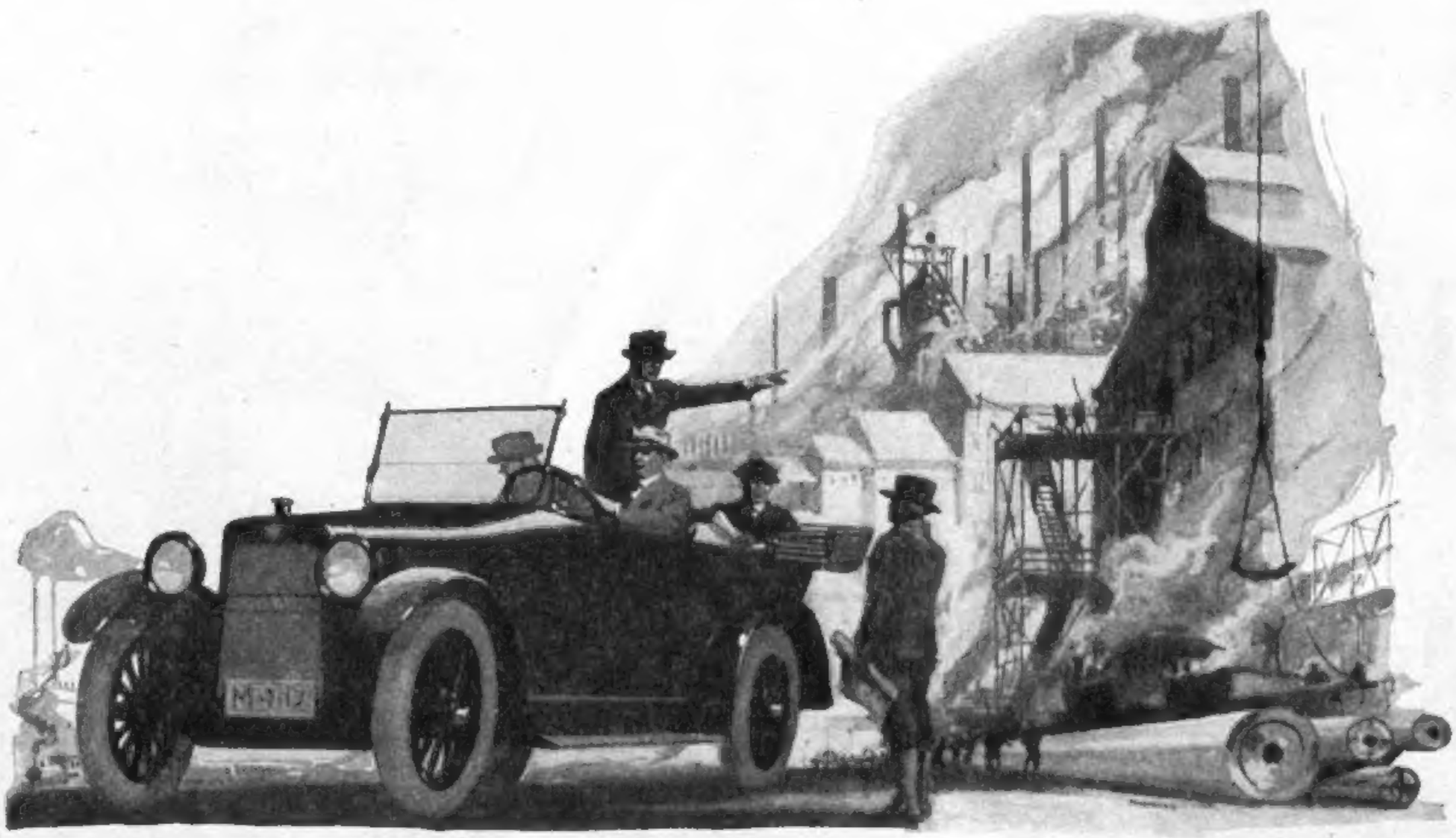

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SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT

(336)

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